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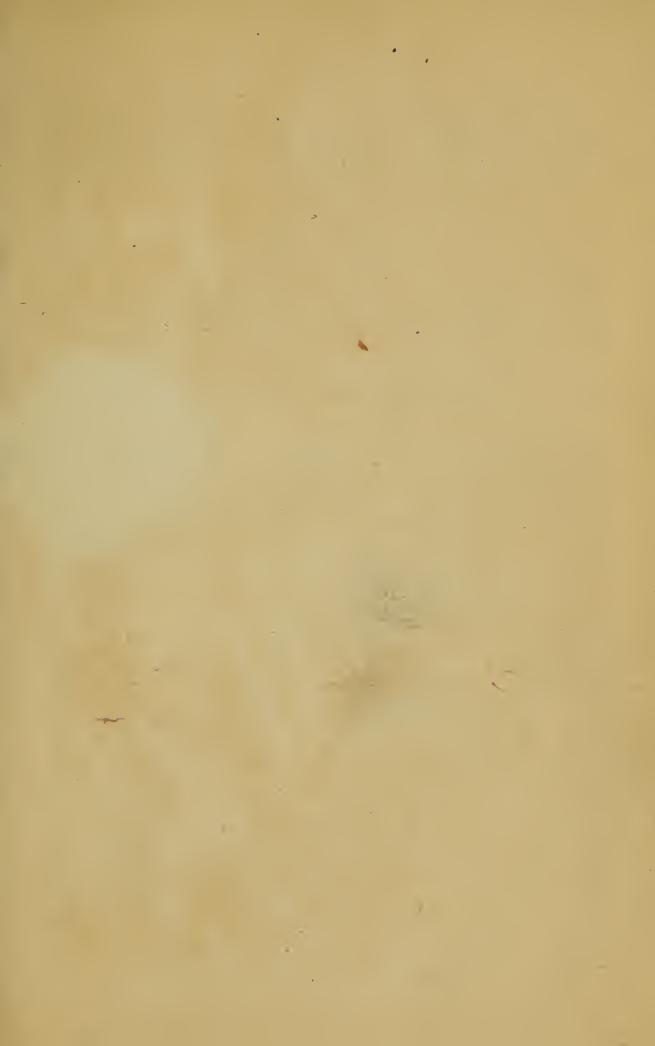
Division

Section

SCB

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c.1



Hallowed Songs.

(NEWLY REVISED.)

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

FOR

PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS.

Containing Hymns and Tunes, carefully selected from all sources, both old and new, and are of the most spiritual and reviving character, adapted also to

Divine Worship.

Mission churches, and those who are not able to provide the large Hymn and Tune Books, will find in this Collection 300 of the most precious Hymns in the English language, set to appropriate Tunes, making a *neat little Hymn and Tune Book*, for the *Choir and Congregation*, in which *all the people* can be supplied at a very *small expense*; also

Sabbath Schools,

who may use this book, will not only avoid *light, meaningless Hymns and Tunes*, but will also grow up to love and join the Service of Song in the Sanctuary; and old and young will thereby be taught to love and praise God together.

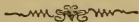
New York, 37 Union Square, Broadway:

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

CINCINNATI, CHICAGO, AND ST. LOUIS:

HITCHCOCK & WALDEN.

PREFACE.



THE first edition of this work, issued in 1865, embraced a selection of best of the old standard hymns and tunes, together with the choicest and most popular music of Messrs. Bradbury, Perkins, Main, and myself, joint compilers of the book. This work was especially adapted for prayer-meetings and Young Men's Christian Associations, and from the judicious selections of hymns and the absence of that musical monotony which characterizes the compositions of any one man, it was received as the best book of its kind ever published, and reached an extensive sale.

Notwithstanding this edition possessed all these requisites, I have given it a careful revision, expelled all the duplicate tunes, and added nearly one hundred pages of new matter, such as "Safe within the Veil," "I love to tell the story," "Pilgrim's Mission," "We've a home over there," "Tell me the old, old story," etc., chosen from the most popular pieces of the day, and composed since the publication of the first edition.

By this revision and addition the New Hallowed Songs contains, and is the only book containing the choicest gems from the early authors up to the present time. It has been arranged in a more convenient form, has 320 pages bound in muslin, and is published at the reduced price of 75 cents, or \$50 per 100.

Companion to Hallowed Songs.—All the words of New Hallowed Songs are embodied in a neat little hymn-book entitled "**Hallowed Hymns.**" The numbers of these hymns correspond with, and have reference to the tunes in the larger edition. Price, \$15 per 100.

Prayer-meetings, Young Men's Christian Associations, and those of our Sabbath-schools who wish to avoid light and meaningless hymns, can now procure one hundred Hallowed Hymns and ten Hallowed Songs (words and music for choir use) at the small expense of twenty dollars.

Supplement to Hallowed Songs.—To keep pace with the times, and to supply the continuous demand for new music, I have commenced the publication of a yearly supplement to Hallowed Songs, entitled "**The Singing Annual.**" It contains 64 pages of entirely new music. Price, 20 cents. \$15 per 100.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

New York, January 4, 1871.

Revised Edition, entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1871,

By PHILIP PHILLIPS,

In the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

SERVICES OF PRAISE.

AS DIRECTED BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Singing in the Prayer-Meeting.

“Speaking to yourselves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.”

How should singing be conducted in prayer and social meetings?

After the opening exercises—which usually consist of reading the Scriptures, singing, prayer, and singing another hymn announced by the pastor—let the singing assume more of a voluntary and impromptu character.

Should the hymns be read by the pastor before singing?

Only those in the opening and closing exercises.

What kind of hymns and tunes should be sung?

Only such as are of a deeply spiritual and prayerful character.

How often should hymns or verses be sung in our prayer-meeting?

If the meeting is dull, sing more frequently, but never so often as to give it more of a singing than a prayerful aspect.

Should any hymns be sung regardless of the pervading feeling of the moment?

Never, unless you feel confident that the singing will bless some soul under peculiar circumstances, and who has not publicly expressed his feelings.

How can we select the right song for the right place?

Wait until after the prayer or remarks are made, then instantly announce the page of some hymn or verse that is exactly adapted to the sentiment of the moment.

How can our devotional meetings be made interesting, and become better attended?

Good spirited and spiritual singing will always render a prayer-meeting interesting, attractive, and above all, profitable.

Every prayer-room should be well supplied with hymns and tunes of the most hallowed and spiritual character; not only those that are old and have endeared themselves to the hearts of older Christians by their earlier associations, but also such as are new and loved by the children of the Sabbath-school, because first sung by them when God put a new song into their mouths.



Singing in the Sanctuary.

"Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee."

What is the first requisite to congregational singing?

Let the people provide themselves with hymn and tune books, at least one for every two worshipers.

What kind of books should be procured?

Such books as contain the hymns of your own denomination. All the different evangelical Churches now have their own hymns set to tunes, and published by their respective societies.

How can the people sing who do not read music?

Every church should hold stated singing meetings, for the purpose of rehearsing the tunes for the coming Sabbath, and for the general improvement in music; and the whole congregation, with the choir, should attend these meetings.

How should such meetings be conducted?

Let them be opened with prayer by the pastor, closed with the doxology, and the music under the direction of the chorister, who should be well paid for his work—unless he is able and willing to give the church his services free.

What is the duty of the chorister, quartette, or choir?

To lead the congregation in the singing of all the hymns which are read or announced from the pulpit.

Should choirs ever monopolize the service of song in our Churches?

Never, no more than a few should monopolize the prayers of our Churches.

Should organ voluntaries be used in our Church services?

While the people are taking and vacating their seats, a good organ voluntary is always acceptable.

Should interludes be played between the verses, while singing the hymns?

In some few cases a very short one may serve as a rest; but in most cases a silent pause is better, and more impressive.

Should anthems and set pieces ever be sung by the choir or quartette alone?

Just before the minister begins his first service, and immediately at the close, a good appropriate—but spiritual—set piece or anthem will produce a good effect, when well rendered by the choir.

How can a general interest be awakened in our service of praise?

By obtaining the best chorister you can, if possible a devoted Christian, whose duty it should be not only to have charge of the music in Church and Sabbath-School, but also to teach and drill the people at the stated singing meetings. The pastor can do much to urge the attendance, and make interesting the praise meeting, and in carrying out the above suggestions.



Singing in the Sunday-School.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise."

What is the chief object of Sunday-School music?

To make more impressive and enduring the lessons taught in the school.

Should we ever sing for pastime and amusement in our Sunday-Schools?

Never. The Sunday-School is no place for music that only serves to amuse or to jingle sweetly.

What kind of songs should be used?

Only such as are praiseworthy, full of the Gospel, and adapted to the lesson.

How can we avoid light and meaningless hymns in our Sunday-Schools?

By discarding them entirely.

How much time should be devoted to singing in a Sunday-School session of one hour.

Not more than fifteen minutes, which should be at the beginning and close of the lesson.

How can children best be taught new songs?

First let the chorister sing one verse alone, after which let him sing with the children alternately, one or two lines at a time, until the tune is committed.

How can our Sunday-School hymns be rendered most impressive?

After the tune is committed and the sentiment of the poetry well understood, let the words be sung from the heart as the spirit of the verses demand, sometimes loud or soft, fast or slow, always pronouncing the words distinctly. Frequently a solo or duet, with full chorus, may be rendered with effect.

Should there be singing meetings for children, and when?

Yes, thirty or forty minutes just before or after the Sunday-School session, (or perhaps a special service in the afternoon may be more convenient.) In either case the time can be well and profitably employed, teaching the children new songs of Jesus, and also rehearsing such hymns as are adapted to the next lesson.

Can there be a general rule for the best method of conducting our services of song in Church and Sabbath-School?

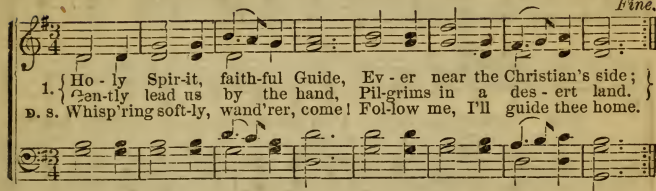
If Sunday-Schools would use more of the solid, substantial hymns and tunes, such as are used in Church, and our Churches adopt the Sunday-School mode of rendering their music, which is universally congregational, then would our Sunday-Schools avoid light or meaningless hymns and tunes, and our Churches would attract the "lambs of the flock," and old and young would grow up to love and praise God together.

HALLOWED SONGS, REVISED.

GUIDE. 7s.

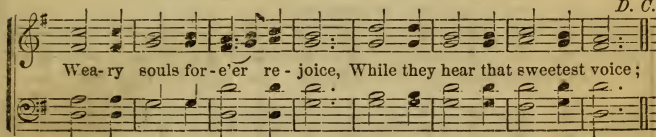
M. M. WELLS.

Fine.



1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side ;
 Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 D. s. Whisp'ring soft - ly, wand'rer, come ! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

D. C.



Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice ;

No. 1.

"He will guide us into all truth."

- 2 Ever present, truest friend,
 Ever near, thine aid to lend,
 Leave us not to doubt and fear,
 Groping on in darkness drear,
 When the storms are raging sore,
 Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er ;
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.
- 3 When our days of toil shall cease,
 Waiting still for sweet release,
 Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
 Wondering if our names are there ;
 Wading deep the dismal flood,
 Pleading naught but Jesus' blood ;
 Whisper softly, wanderer, come !
 Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT? 8s.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Oh! do not let the word de - part, And close thine

eyes a-against the light; Poor sin-ner, hard - en not thy heart;

f Thou wouldst be sav'd— Why not to night? Why not to -

slower. night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?

No. 2.

"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

- 2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time! oh, then be wise!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
- 3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our God in pity lingers still,
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will,
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to night?

JESUS WAITS FOR THEE.

H. P. MAIN.

Tenderly.

1. Come, come to Je - sus! He waits to welcome thee,

O Wand'rer! ea - ger - ly; Come, come to Je - sus!

No. 3. "Ye would not come to me that ye might have life."

2 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to ransom thee,
O Slave! eternally;
Come, come to Jesus!

3 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to lighten thee,
O Burdened! graciously;
Come, come to Jesus!

4 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to give to thee,

O Blind! a vision free;
Come, come to Jesus!

5 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to shelter thee,
O Weary! blessedly;
Come, come to Jesus!

6 Come, come to Jesus!
He waits to carry thee,
O Lamb! so lovingly;
Come, come to Jesus!

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Imman-uel's veins,

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains;

And sin-ners plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

No. 4.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,

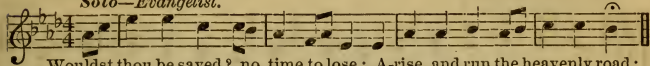
Redeeming-love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

- 4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor, lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue]

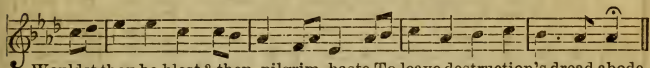
ETERNAL LIFE.

Solo—Evangelist.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

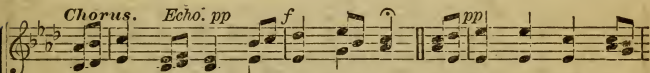


Wouldst thou be saved? no time to lose; A-rise, and run the heavenly road;

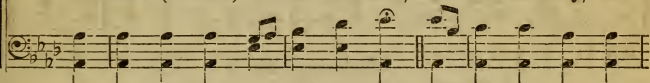


Wouldst thou be blest? then, pilgrim, haste To leave destruction's dread abode.

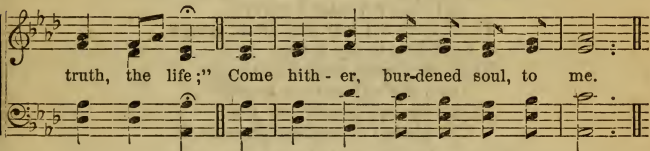
Chorus. Echo. pp



O come! (O come!) the Sav-iour calls, "I am the way, the



truth, the life;" Come hith-er, bur-den-ed soul, to me.



No. 5. "Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life."

Pilgrim.

Oh, tell me how! oh, tell me where!
The way I long have sought to know;
But fear the guilt and sin I bear
Will sink me in the depths of woe. *Cho.*

Evangelist.

God's word will guide thee; dost thou see
A light from yonder distant hill?
On, Pilgrim, on! it shines for thee,
With steady course pursue it still. *Cho.*

Pilgrim.

God's word shall guide me; yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will! *Cho.*

Pilgrim.

Farewell, a long farewell to those
Who seek to stay me as I fly;
My ears against their call I close.
Life, life, eternal life! my cry. *Cho.*

NOTE.—This song may be sung as a Duet between the Teachers and the School; or when rendered as Solos (in dialogue), the Chorus should be sung from another room, or gallery out of sight, as an echo.

ABIDING REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

1. { I now have found a-bid-ing rest, For which I long was sigh-ing; }
 { Now on my Saviour's faithful breast My wea-ry head is ly-ing; }
 D. C. I now am safe, by Je-sus' power, From all that else would harm me.

D. C.

This is the place where sin no more, And death and hell a-larm me;

No. 6. "I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake."

- 2 He whispers me—"I'm wholly thine,
 And thou art mine forever;
 Henceforth all fear and doubt resign,
 Confiding in my favor;
 Thy every want shall find supply
 From my exhaustless treasure;
 I'll fill thy spirit with my joy,
 The pledge of endless pleasure."
- 3 From Jesus and his love, who now,
 By terrors to divide me,
 My great and many sins would show!
 His wounds from vengeance hide me:
 My sins are great—I'll not despair,
 Though conscience, too, arraigns me,
 Nor doubt my Saviour's watchful care—
 His arms of love sustain me.
- 4 I thank thee, God's beloved Son,
 Thy boundless grace adoring,
 Which brought thee from thy glorious throne,
 Our peace with God restoring;
 Oh, make my heart a shrine, where peace
 Shall keep her constant dwelling!
 Where grateful praise shall never cease,
 Abroad thy glories telling.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Oh! there is a river whose fresh waters flow O'er earth's broadest

sur-face, a cure for all woe; Its streams are all healing, there's

life in each wave, Oh, try it, and prove it, 'tis mighty to save.

No. 7. *"And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as a crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."*

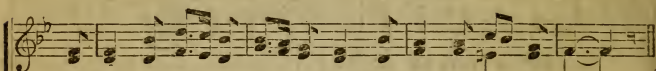
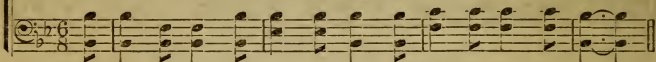
- 2 Oh, drink of this river, its full crystal flood
Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load;
Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife,
This is the "Pure River of Water of Life."
- 3 This beautiful river our boast well may be,
'Tis fresh, overflowing, and better, 'tis free;
The sin-sick rejoice in this "peace-speaking" tide,
This river is Jesus, the "once crucified."

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED?

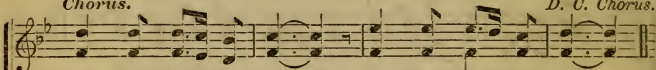
S. J. VAIL.

Fine.

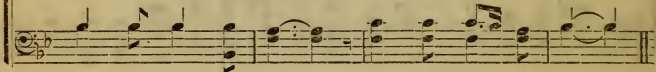
1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.



Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?

*Chorus.**D. C. Chorus.*

Je - sus died for you; Je - sus died for me;



No. 8.

2.

Was it for crimes that I had done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!
 And love beyond degree.—*Cho.*

3.

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
 For man, the creature's sin.—*Cho.*

4.

Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.—*Cho*

5.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.—*Cho.*

EVEN ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. } Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings, Thou art scatt'ring full and free;
 Show'rs the thirsty land refreshing, Let some droppings fall on me.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let some droppings fall on me.

No. 9.

- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou mightst leave me, but the rather,
 Let thy mercy fall on me—Even me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
 Let me live and cling to thee:
 Fain I'm longing for thy favor:
 Whilst thou'rt calling, call for me—Even me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
 Thou canst make the blind to see:
 Witnesses of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so rich and boundless,
 Magnify it all in me—Even me.
- 6 Pass me not, thy lost one bringing;
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to thee;
 Whilst the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me—Even me.

JESUS PAID IT ALL.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Naught of mer-it or of price, Re-mains to jus-tice due;

Je - sus died, and paid it all, — Yes, all the debt I owe.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All the debt I owe,
Je - sus paid it, paid it all,

Je - sus died and paid it all, Yes, all the debt I owe.

No. 10.

2 When he from his lofty throne,
Stoop'd down to do and die,
Every thing was fully done;
"Tis finished!" was his cry.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

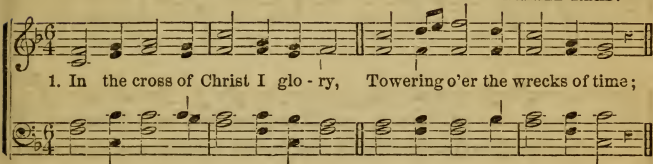
3 Weary not, O toiling one,
Whate'er thy conflict be,
Work for him with cheerful heart,
Who suffered all for thee.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 Clinging to the Saviour's cross,
Look up by simple faith,
Praise him for the pardoning love
That saves from endless death.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

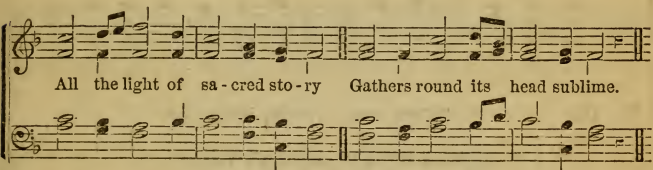
5 Bring a willing sacrifice—
Thy soul to Jesus' feet;
Stand in him, in him alone,
All glorious and complete.
Jesus paid it all, &c.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s.

DANIEL READ.



1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Towering o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sublime.

No. 11. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord."

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

THE PILGRIM INVITED.

Fine.

1. { Pil - grim, burdened with thy sin, Come the way to Zi-on's gate; }
 { There, till Mer-cy let thee in, Knock and weep, and watch and wait; }
 D. C. Watch—for sav-ing grace is nigh; Wait—till heavenly light appears.

D. C.

Knock—he knows the sin-ner's cry; Weep—he loves the mourner's tears;

No. 12.

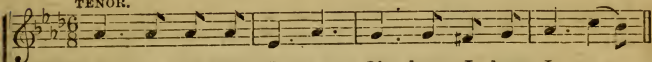
" Turn, turn ye, for why will ye die ?"

- 2 Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice :
 Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest ;
 Now within the gate rejoice,
 Safe and sealed, and bought and blest :
 Safe—from all the lures of vice ;
 Sealed—by signs the chosen know ;
 Bought—by love and life the price ;
 Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

- 3 Holy pilgrim ! what for thee
 In a world like this remain ?
 From thy guarded breast shall flee
 Fear and shame, and doubt and pain :
 Fear—the hope of heaven shall fly ;
 Shame—from glory's view retire ;
 Doubt—in certain rapture die ;
 Pain—in endless bliss expire.

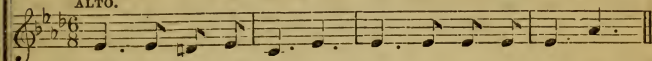
OH, HOW I LOVE JESUS.*

TENOR.

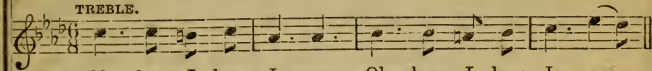


1. Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

ALTO.

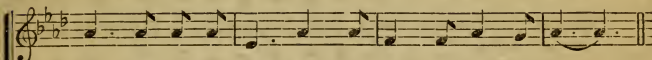
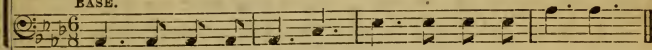


TREBLE.

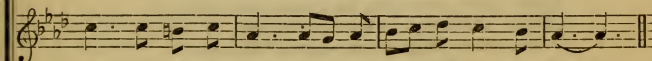
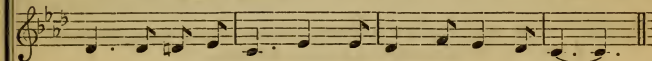


1. Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,

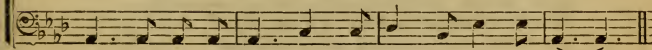
BASE.



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me!



Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - cause he first loved me!



No. 13.

2 How can I forget thee,
 How can I forget thee
 How can I forget thee,
 Dear Lord, remember me.

* May be sung after any hymn, where thought proper.

WITH ME ABIDE.

Arr. by PHILLIPS.

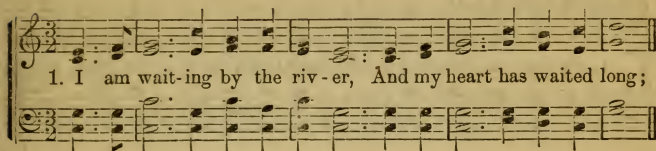
1. A - bide with me ; fast falls the e - ven - tide : The darkness
 deep - ens ; Lord, with me a - bide ; When oth - er help - ers
 fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me.

No. 14. *"Abide with us ; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."*

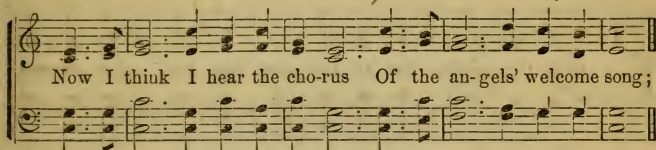
- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see,
 O thou who changest not—abide with me.
- 3 Thou on my head in early youth didst smile,
 And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me oft as I left thee ;
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me.
- 4 I need thy presence every passing hour,
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ;
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be,
 Through clouds and sunshine—oh, abide with me.
- 5 Hold on thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee,
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

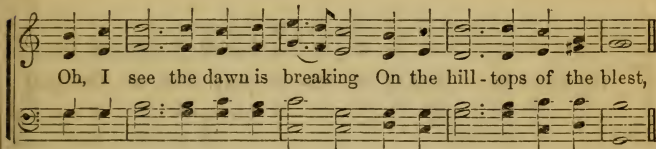
DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



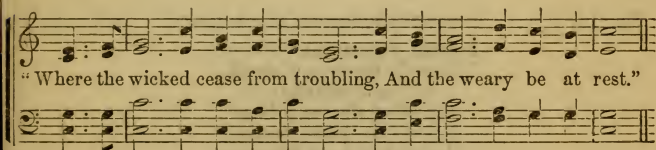
1. I am wait-ing by the riv-er, And my heart has waited long;



Now I thiuk I hear the cho-rus Of the an-gels' welcome song;



Oh, I see the dawn is breaking On the hill-tops of the blest,



"Where the wicked cease from troubling, And the weary be at rest."

No. 15.

"There shall be no more death."

2.

Far away beyond the shadows
Of this weary vale of tears,
There the tide of bliss is sweeping
Thro' the bright and changeless years;
Oh! I long to be with Jesus,
In the mansions of the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

3.

They are launching on the river,
From the calm and quiet shore,
And they soon will bear my spirit
Where the weary sigh no more;
For the tide is swiftly flowing,
And I long to greet the blest,
"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary be at rest."

BLESS US TO-NIGHT.

1. Fa-ther of love and power, Guard thou our eve-ning hour, Shield

with thy might. For all thy care this day, Our grateful

thanks we pay, And to our Fa-ther pray, Bless us to-night!

No. 16.

"He will bless them that fear the Lord."

- 2 Jesus, Emmanuel,
Come in thy love to dwell
In hearts contrite;
For many sins we grieve,
But we thy grace receive,
And in thy word believe,—
Bless us to-night.
- 3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving, holy dove,
Shed forth thy light;
Heal every sinner's smart,
Still every throbbing heart,
And thine own peace impart,—
Bless us to-night.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,

Sav-iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my

guilt - a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be wholly thine.

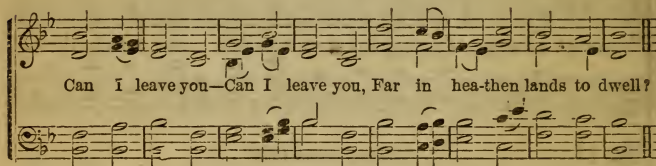
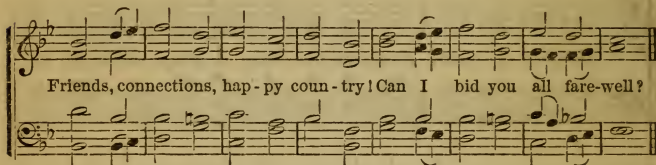
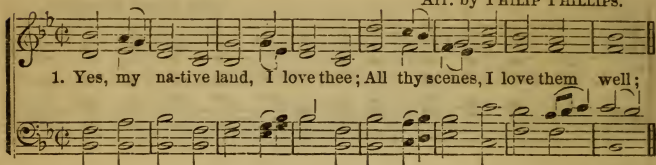
No. 17.

"Have faith in God."

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

MACEDONIAN CRY.

Arr. by PHILIP PHILLIPS.



No. 18.

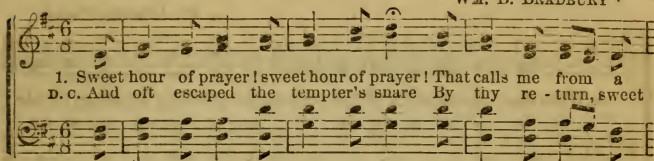
"Come over into Macedonia, and help us."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I lov'd so well—
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.</p> | <p>3 In the desert let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.</p> |
|--|---|

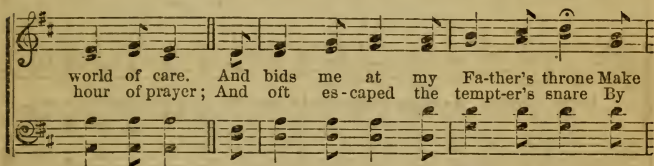
- 4 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell—
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, Farewell! farewell!

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

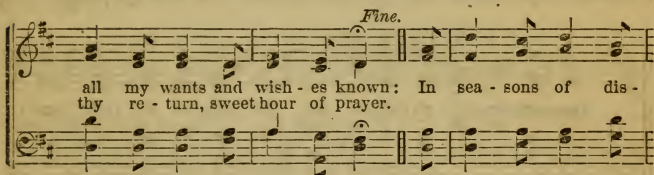
WM. B. BRADBURY *



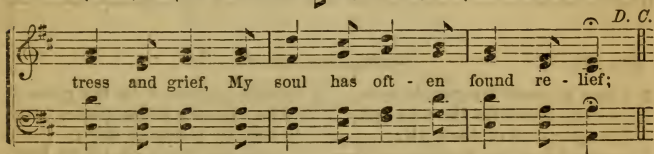
1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a
d.c. And oft escaped the tempter's snare By thy re - turn, sweet



world of care. And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make
hour of prayer; And oft es-caped the tempt-er's snare By



Fine.
all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis -
thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer.



D. C.
tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

No. 19.

"Evening, morning, and noon will I pray."

2. Sweet hour of prayer! :||
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless;
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of
prayer! :||

3. Sweet hour of prayer! :||
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of
prayer! :||

* From "Fresh Laurels," by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

MERIBAH. C. P. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come To take thy ransomed people
home, Shall I a - mong them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am a - fraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

No. 20.

Pleading for acceptance.

<p>2 I love to meet thy people now, Before thy feet with them to bow, Though vilest of them all: But—can I bear the piercing tho't?— What if my name should be left out, When thou for them shalt call?</p>	<p>3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace; Be thou my only hiding-place, In this, th' accepted day; Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear, To still my unbelieving fear, Nor let me fall, I pray.</p>
---	---

4 Let me among the saints be found
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.—*Ovington's Sel.*

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.

DR. NETTLETON.

Fine.

1. } Come, thou fount of ev-ery bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
 } Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise. }
 D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it; Mount of thy re-deeming love.

D. C.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flaming tongues a-bove;

No. 21. "God is a spirit; and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God.
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

GUIDE US, SHEPHERD. 8s, 7s & 4s.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { Sav-iour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care ; }
 { In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy folds pre-pare. }

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are ;

Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

No. 22.

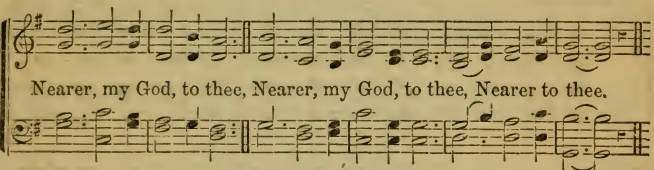
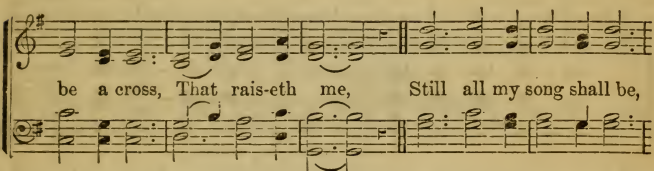
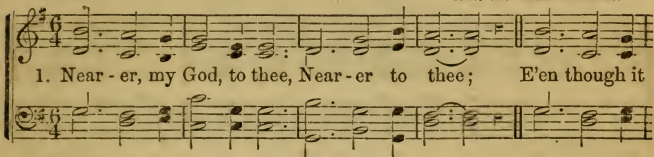
"Saviour, like a shepherd lead us."

<p>2 We are thine, do thou befriend us, Be the Guardian of our way ; Keep thy flock, from sin defend us, Seek us when we go astray. Blessed Jesus, Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.</p>	<p>3 Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sinful though we be ; Though hast mercy to relieve us, Grace to cleanse, and power to free. Blessed Jesus, We will early turn to thee.</p>
--	---

4 Early let us seek thy favor,
 Early let us do thy will ;
 Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
 With thy love our bosom fill.
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Bethany.) 6s & 4s.*

DR. LOWELL MASON.



No. 23.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone,
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, &c.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given,
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, &c.

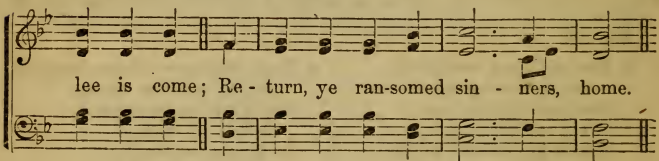
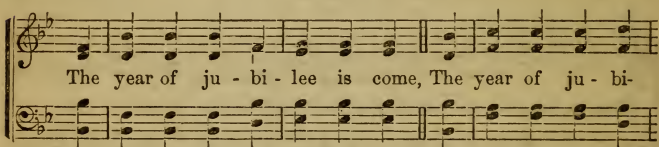
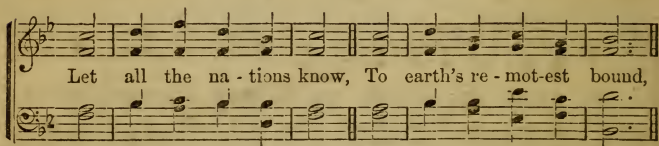
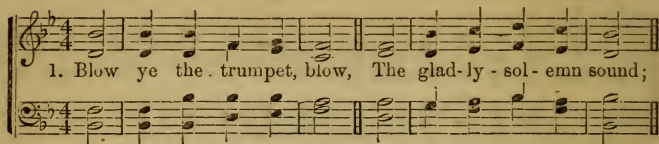
4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, &c.

5 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, &c.

* From the "ASAPH," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.

LENOX. 3d P. M.

EDSON.



No. 24. "O clap your hands together, all ye people, O sing unto God with the voice of melody."

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
 Hath full atonement made;
 Ye weary spirits, rest;
 Ye mournful souls, be glad:
 The year of jubilee is come;
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

ARISE, MY SOUL.

No. 25.

"Abba, Father."

TUNE—"LENOX."

- 1 ARISE, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above
For me to intercede
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:—
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.—*C. Wesley.*

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, ... with - out .. one plea, But
that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me
come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

No. 26.

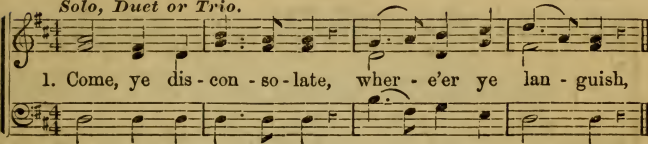
Going to Jesus.

- 2 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!—*Charlotte Elliott.*

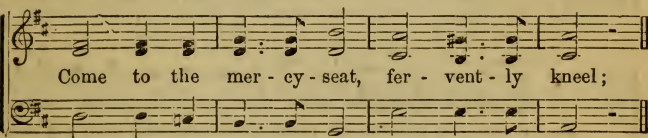
COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 30th P. M.

S. WEBBE.

Solo, Duet or Trio.

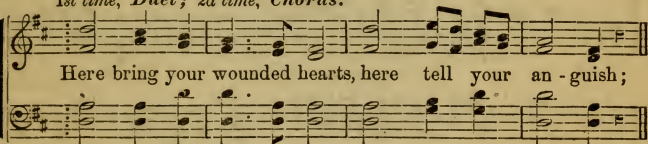


1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish,

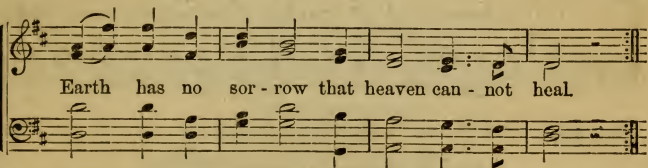


Come to the mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel;

1st time, Duet; 2d time, Chorus.



Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish;

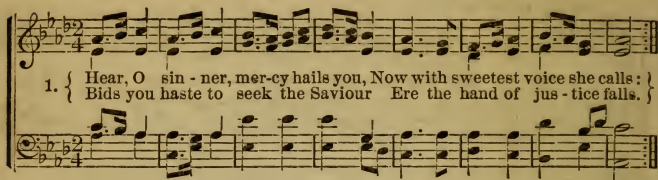


Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal

No. 27. "God is our refuge and strength: a very present help in trouble."

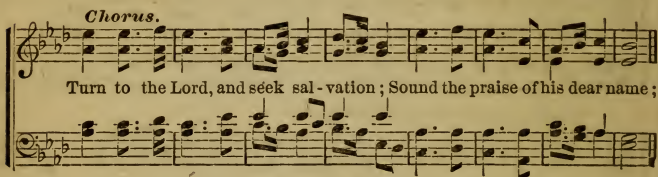
- 2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

INVITATION. 8s & 7s. Double.

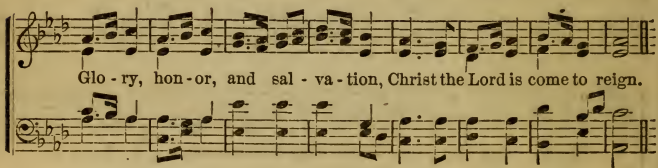


1. { Hear, O sin - ner, mer - cy hails you, Now with sweetest voice she calls : }
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour Ere the hand of jus - tice falls. }

Chorus.



Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - vation ; Sound the praise of his dear name ;



Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.

No. 28.

"The voice of mercy."

2 See! the storm of vengeance gath'ring
O'er the path you dare to tread ;
Hark ! the awful thunder rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head.
Turn to the Lord, &c.

3 Haste, O sinner ! to the Saviour,
Seek his mercy while you may ;
Soon the day of grace is over ;
Soon your life will pass away.
Turn to the Lord, &c.—*Reed.*

COME, YE SINNERS.

No. 29.

The invitation.

TUNE—"INVITATION."

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power:
 He is able,
 He is willing: doubt no more.

Chorus.—Turn to the Lord and seek salvation;
 Sound the praise of his dear name;
 Glory, honor, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,—
 Every grace that brings you nigh,—
 Without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

Chorus.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream:
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him:
 This he gives you,—
 'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

Chorus.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

- 4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all:
 Not the righteous,—
 Sinners Jesus came to call.

Chorus.—Turn to the Lord, &c.

PENITENCE. 7s, 6s & 8s.

W. H. OAKLEY.

1. Je - sus, let thy pit - ying eye Call back a wand'ring sheep;

False to thee, like Pe - ter, I Would fain like Pe - ter weep.
D. s. Turn, and look up - on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.

Let me be by grace restored; On me be all long-suff'ring shown;

No. 30.

Humility and contrition.

- 2 Saviour, Prince, enthroned above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, through thy dying love,
The humble, contrite heart:
Give what I have long implored,
A portion of thy grief unknown:
Turn, and look upon me, &c.
- 3 For thine own compassion's sake,
The gracious wonder show;
Cast my sins behind thy back,
And wash me white as snow:
If thy bowels now are stirr'd,
If now I do myself bemoan,
Turn, and look upon me, &c.—*C. Wesley.*

LEBANON. S. M.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold ;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-troll'd :

I was a wayward child, I did not love my home,

I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a - far to roam.

No. 31.

2 The Shepherd sought his sheep,
The Father sought his child ;
They followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild :
They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone ;
They bound me with the bands of love,
They saved the wandering one.

8 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul,
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole :
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep,
'Twas he that brought me to the fold—
'Tis he that still doth keep.

Bonar.

ARIEL. C. P. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

mp *cres.*

1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories
forth, Which in my Saviour shine! { I'd soar, and touch the heavenly strings, }
And vie with Gabriel, while he sings, }

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.

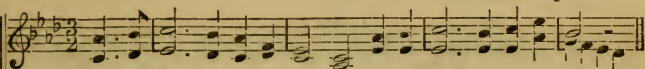
No. 32.

The unsearchable riches of Christ.

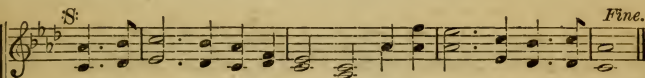
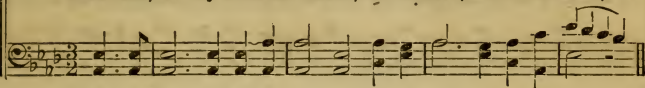
- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin and wrath divine:
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.</p> | <p>3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne:
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.</p> |
|---|---|
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see his face;
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.—*Medley.*

AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double.

Spanish.

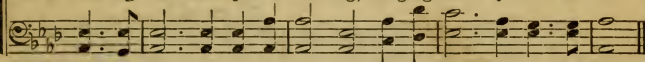


1. Je - sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave, and follow thee ;



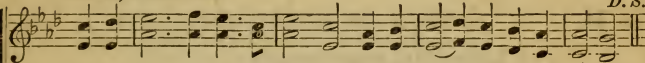
Fine.

Nak - ed, poor, despised, forsak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
D. S. Wait - ing for the Spirit's seal - ing, Longing on - ly thine to be

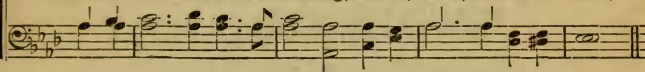


Chorus, to each verse.

D. S.



Here be - fore thine al - tar kneeling, Je - sus, Lord, I look to thee ;



No. 33.

Jesus, I my cross have taken.

2.

Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition !
God and heaven are still my own.

3.

Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
Thou art not, like them, untrue :

4.

And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might.
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

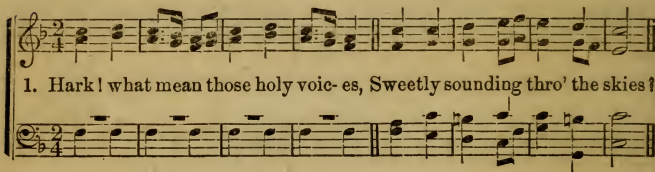
5.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'T will but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

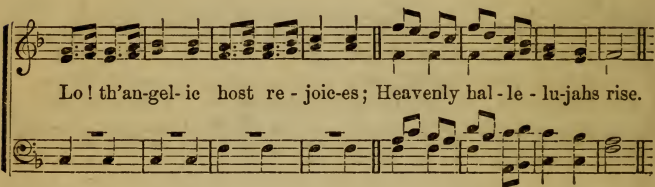
6.

Oh ! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
Oh ! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.—*Miss Grant.*

SICILIAN HYMN. 8s & 7s.



1. Hark! what mean those holy voic-es, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?



Lo! th'an-gel-ic host re-joic-es; Heavenly hal-le-lu-jahs rise.

No. 34.

Peace on earth—good-will to men.

- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Glory in the highest, glory,
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd, and sins forgiven!—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing;
Oh, receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,—
Glory be to God most high!—*Cawood.*

CHRISTIAN UNION.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.* Nov., 1869.

1. Churches be-low, with saints above, Will meet in one com-mu - nion;

Then, why not seek on earth to prove The power of clos-er u - nion?

No. 35.

- 2 Together bound for higher spheres,
Far from this earth's commotion,—
Fraternal love, 'mid smiles and tears,
Should blend with our devotion.
- 3 Though diff'rent forms and diff'rent rites
And methods are prevailing;
The love of Christ each soul invites
To energies unfailing.
- 4 Could all the friends of Christ be found,
With hearts and hands combining;
How would the grace of God abound,
And heavenly light be shining.
- 5 Welcome the day when we shall see
That union, firm and glorious!
Then shall the Gospel message be
Through all the world victorious.

* The venerable author, now having lived to see the Church of his choice united into one glorious Body (Old and New School Presbyterian), adds another "Legacy of his Harmony," in the above beautiful hymn of Christian Union.

BEAUTIFUL CROSS.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Beauti- ful cross by faith I see, Planted on Cal- va - ry for me;

Cross of the suffering Lamb of God, Under thy pressing weight he trod.

Beauti- ful cross, so dear to me, Beauti- ful cross of Cal - va - ry.

No. 36.

- 2 Beautiful faith that lifts me up,
Where I may taste the bitter cup;
Beautiful faith that bids me bear
Crosses and ills, his love to share;
Beautiful faith, when tempest toss'd;
Beautiful faith in Jesus' cross.
- 3 Beautiful cross of Calvary,
Oh! how my spirit clings to thee;
Beautiful faith that brings thee near;
Beautiful love that makes thee dear;
Beautiful cross, and faith, and love,
Sending me up to heaven above.

THERE IS AN HOUR.

From the German.

1. There is an hour of peace-ful rest, To mourning wand'ers
 given: There is a joy for souls distress'd, A balm for
 ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

No. 37.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
 By sin and sorrow driven,
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given:
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

LOVED ONES GONE BEFORE.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Oh, how sweet when we mingle with kindred spirits here, And
 When by faith we can see him and feel his presence near, It
 D. C. We shall dwell with the angels, and join their chorus song, Our

Fine. Chorus.

tell of Je - sus and his love; }
 lifts our long-ing souls a - bove; } We shall meet on the banks
 loved ones, loved ones gone be-fore.

D. C.

of the riv - er, Hap-py, hap-py there for ev - er-more.

No. 38,

- 2 We are pilgrims to Zion, though trials we must bear,
 We'll count them blessings in disguise;
 Though the cross may be heavy, the crown we soon shall wear
 In heaven, where pleasure never dies.

CHO.—We shall meet on the banks, &c.

- 3 When we walk through the valley and shadow of the tomb,
 Dear Saviour, thou wilt be our guide;
 Thy smile like a sunbeam shall light beyond the gloom,
 And keep the ransomed at thy side.

CHO.—We shall meet on the banks, &c.

JESUS IS MINE.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Fade, fade each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine!

Break ev - ery ten - der tie, .. Je - sus is mine!
Fine.
D. S. Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!

D. S.
Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing - place,

No. 39.

Jesus is mine.

- 2 Tempt not my soul away,
Jesus is mine!
Here would I ever stay,
Jesus is mine!
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine!
- 3 Farewell, ye dreams of night,
Jesus is mine!
Lost in this dawning light,
Jesus is mine!

- All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void,
Jesus has satisfied,
Jesus is mine!
- 4 Farewell, mortality,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, eternity,
Jesus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast,
Jesus is mine!—Bonar.

JESUS LOVES ME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so,

Chorus.

Lit - tle ones to him belong, They are weak, but he is strong. Yes, Je - sus

loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.

No. 40.

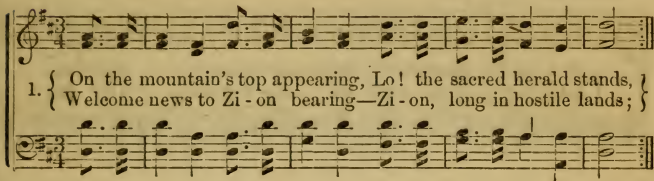
"We love him because he first loved us."

- 2 Jesus loves me! he who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let his little child come in.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Jesus loves me! loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high,
Comes to watch me where I lie.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Jesus loves me; he will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love him, when I die
He will take me home on high.—*Chorus.*

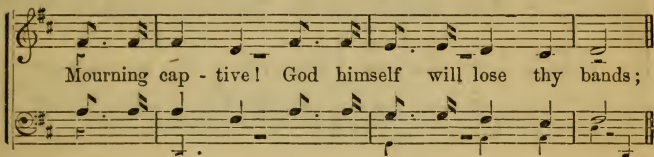
* From "Praises of Jesus," by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

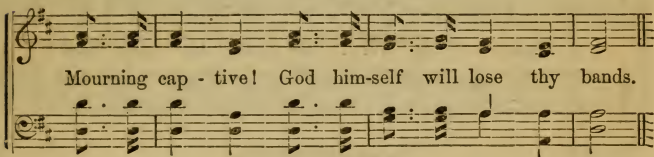
DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. { On the mountain's top appearing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, }
 { Welcome news to Zi-on bearing—Zi-on, long in hostile lands; }



Mourning cap - tive! God himself will lose thy bands;



Mourning cap - tive! God him-self will lose thy bands.

No. 41.

Zion encouraged.

<p>2 Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears unmoved? Cease thy mourning; Zion still is well beloved.</p>	<p>3 God, thy God, will now restore thee; He himself appears thy Friend; All thy foes shall flee before thee; Here thy boasts and triumphs end: Great deliverance Zion's King shall surely send.</p>
--	---

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
 All thy wrongs shall be redress'd,
 For thy shame thou shalt have trouble,
 In thy Maker's favor bless'd;
 All thy conflicts
 End in everlasting rest.—*Kelly.*

HAPPY ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. { Zi - on stands with hills sur - round-ed, Zi - on,
All her foes shall be con - found-ed, Tho' the

kept by power di - vine : }
world in arms com - bine : } Hap - py Zi - on, Hap - py

Zi - on— What a . . . fav - ored lot is thine !

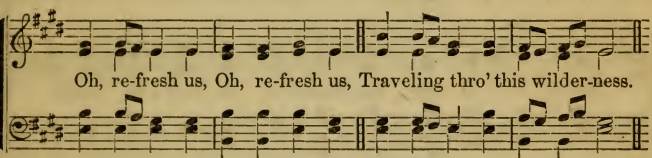
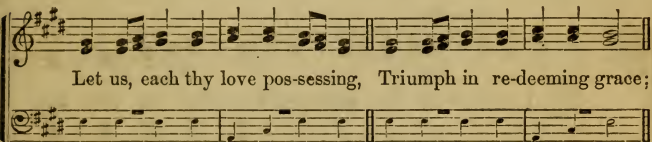
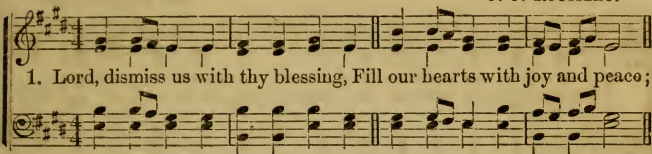
No. 42.

Her enemies confounded.

- 2 Every human tie may perish ;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove ,
Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
Heaven and earth at last removed ;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.
- 3 In the furnace God may prove thee ,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright ,
But can never cease to love thee,—
Thou art precious in his sight :
God is with thee,—
God, thine everlasting light.—*Kelly.*

GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



No. 43.

Dismission.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey—
May we, ready,
Rise and reign in endless day.—*Burder.*

THE HEAVENLY LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. { I love to think of the heavenly land, Where white-robed angels
Where many a friend is gath-ered safe From fear and toil and

Refrain.

are ; } There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,
care. }

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

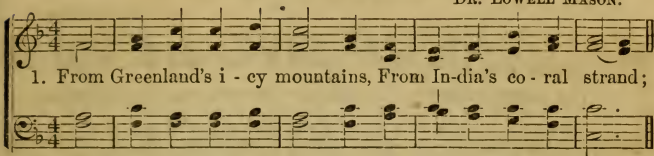
No. 44.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly."

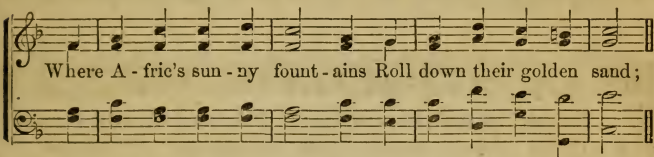
- 2 I love to think of the heavenly land,
Where my Redeemer reigns,
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,
In endless, joyous strains.—*Refrain.*
- 3 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The saints' eternal home,
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er fade,
And all our joys are one.—*Refrain.*
- 4 I love to think of the heavenly land,
The greetings there we'll meet,
The harps—the songs forever ours—
The walls—the golden streets.—*Refrain.*
- 5 I love to think of the heavenly land,
That promised land so fair,
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.—*Refrain.*

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s.

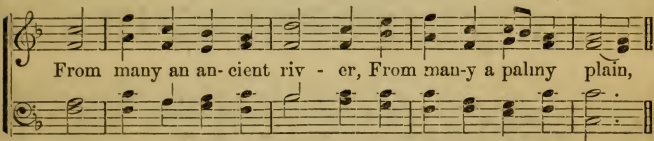
DR. LOWELL MASON.



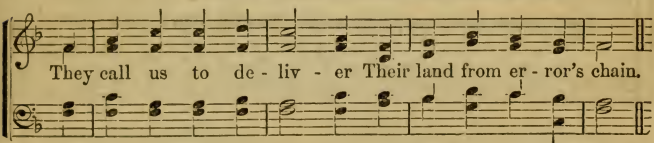
1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In-dia's co - ral strand;



Where A - frie's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their golden sand;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From man - y a palmy plain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.

No. 45.

The cry of the heathen.

2 What though the spley breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?

Salvation!—O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.—Heber.

WEBB. 26th P. M.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morning light is breaking; The darkness dis-appears;

The sons of earth are wak-ing To pe-ni-tential tears:
d.s. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Prepared for Zi-on's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far

No. 46.

"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands"

2.

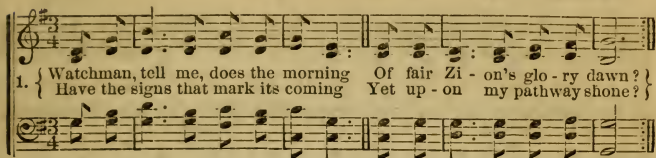
See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing—
A nation in a day.

3.

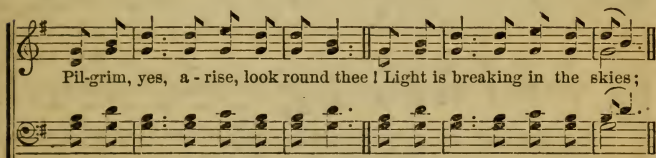
Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim—"The Lord is come!"

WATCHMAN.

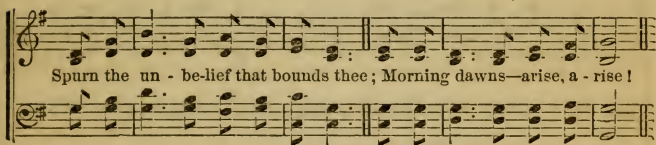
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. { Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn? }
Have the signs that mark its coming Yet up - on my pathway shone? }



Pil-grim, yes, a - rise, look round thee! Light is breaking in the skies;



Spurn the un - be-lief that bounds thee; Morning dawns—arise, a - rise!

No. 47.

2 Pilgrim in that golden city,
Seated on his jasper throne,
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;
There, on verdant hills and mountains,
Where the golden sunbeams play,
Purling streams and crystal fountains
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

3 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming
Brighter still upon thy way;
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming
Omens of the coming day,
When the last loud trumpet, sounding
Shall awake from earth and sea
All the saints of God now sleeping,
Clad in immortality.

4 Watchman, lo! the land we're nearing,
With its vernal fruits and flowers,
On just yonder; oh, how cheering
Bloom forever Eden's bowers!
Hark! the choral strains there ringing,
Wafted on the balmy air;
See the millions! hear them singing!
Soon the pilgrims will be there.

NO SORROW THERE.

DUNBAR.

1. And may I still get there? Still reach the heavenly shore?
 Cho. There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

D. C. Chorus.
 The land for ev - er bright and fair, Where sorrow reigns no more?
 In heaven above, where all is love, There'll be no sorrow there.

No. 48. "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

2 Shall I, unworthy I,
 To fear and doubting given,
 Mount up at last, and happy fly
 On angel's wings to heaven?
 CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

3 Hail, love divine and pure,
 Hail, mercy from the skies!
 My hopes are bright, and now secure,
 Upborne by faith I rise.
 CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

4 I part with earth and sin,
 And shout the danger's past;
 My Saviour takes me fully in,
 And I am his at last.
 CHO.—There'll be no sorrow there, &c.

DUANE STREET. L. M.

Rev. G. COLES.

1. Je - sus, my all, to heaven is gone,—He, whom I fix my hope up - on ;

S: His track I see, and I'll pur-sue The nar-row way, till him I view.
D. S. The King's highway of ho - li - ness, I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

D. S. 2. The way the holy prophets went,—The road that leads from banishment,—

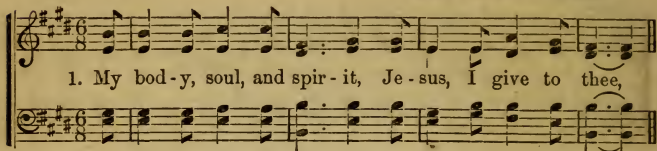
No. 49.

The highway of holiness.

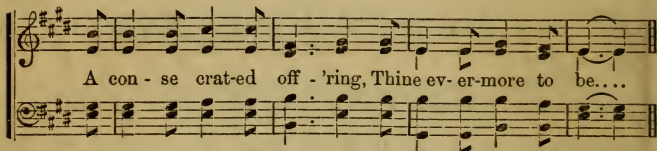
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,—
 Come hither, soul, I am the way.
- 5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,—
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round
 What a dear Saviour I have found;
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say,—Behold the way to God.—*Cennick.*

CONSECRATION HYMN.

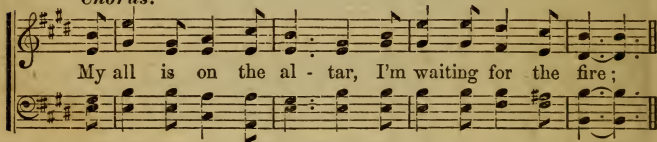
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.*



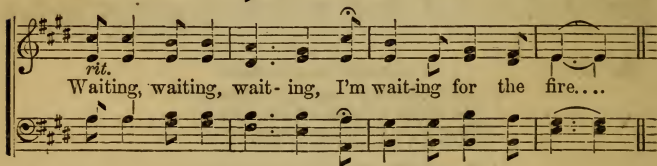
1. My bod-y, soul, and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to thee,



A con-se-crated off-'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be...

Chorus.


My all is on the al-tar, I'm waiting for the fire;



rit. Waiting, waiting, wait-ing, I'm wait-ing for the fire...

No. 50.

2 O Jesus, mighty Saviour,
I trust in thy great name,
I look for thy salvation,
Thy promise now I claim.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, let the fire descending
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole.
Cho.

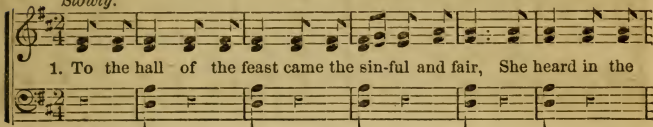
4 I'm thine, O blessed Jesus,
Wash'd by thy precious blood,
Now seal me by thy Spirit
A sacrifice to God.—*Cho.*—*Mary D. James.*

* From "Notes of Joy."

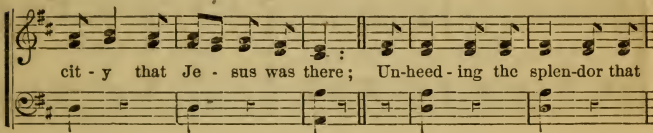
MARY MAGDALENE.

DUET FOR ALTO AND SOPRANO, WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENT.*

Slowly.



1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair, She heard in the



cit - y that Je - sus was there; Un-heed-ing the splen-dor that



blazed on the board, She si - lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.

No. 51.

- 2 The frown and the murmur went round through them all,
That one so unhallowed should tread in that hall;
And some said the poor would be objects more meet,
As the wealth of her perfume she showered on his feet.

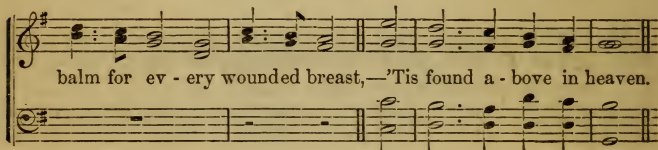
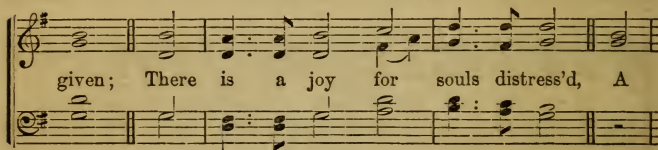
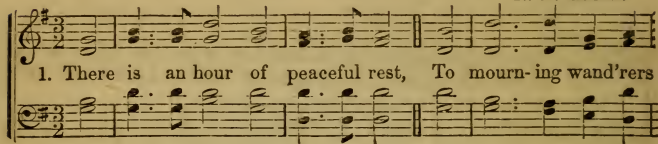
- 3 She heard but the Saviour—she spoke but with tears;
She dared not look up to the Heaven of his eyes,
And the hot tears gushed forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbing pressed.

In the sky after tempest, as shineth the bows,
In the glare of the sunbeams as melteth the snows,
He looked on the lost one, "her sins were forgiven."
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

* From the "Song Crown."

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD.



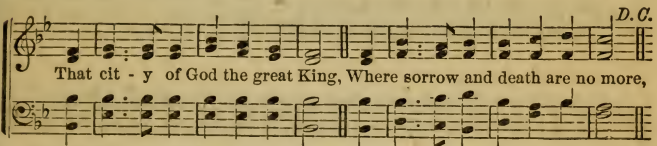
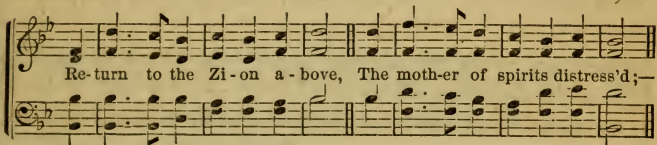
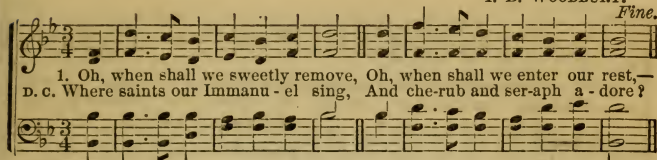
No. 52.

The land of rest.

- 2 There is a home for weary souls
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.—*Tappan.*

ENON'S ISLE. 8s. Double.

I. B. WOODBURY.

Fine.


No. 53.

"And to be with Christ, which is far better."

- 2 But angels themselves cannot tell
The joys of that holiest place,
Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
The light of his heavenly face:
When, caught in the rapturous flame,
The sight beatific they prove;
And walk in the light of the Lamb,
Enjoying the beams of his love.
- 3 Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
We long thy appearing to see,
Resigu'd to the burden we bear,
But longing to triumph with thee:
'Tis good at thy word to be here;
'Tis better in thee to be gone,
And see thee in glory appear,
And rise to a share in thy throne.—C. Wesley.

DE FLEURY. 8s. Double.

Fine.

1. How te-dious and tasteless the hours When Je-sus no longer I see!
 D. C. But when I am hap-py in him, De-cember's as pleasant as May.

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers, Have all lost their sweetness to
 [me;—

D. C.

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

No. 54.

All-sufficiency of Jesus.

2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,
 And makes all within me rejoice;
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear;
 No mortal so happy as I,—
 My summer would last all the year.

While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.

3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my
 mind:

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky;
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no
 more.—*Newton.*

O A K. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. I'm but a stran-ger here, Heaven is my home; Earth is a

des-ert drear, Heaven is my home; Dan-ger and sor-row stand,

Round me on ev-ery hand; Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.

No. 55.

Heaven is my home.

2.

What though the tempest rage,
 Heaven is my home;
 Short is my pilgrimage,
 Heaven is my home.
 Time's cold and wintry blast
 Soon will be overpast;
 I shall reach home at last,
 Heaven is my home.

3.

There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified,
 Heaven is my home.
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 There too, I soon shall rest,
 Heaven is my home.

CHRIST AT THE WHEEL.

DEDICATED TO PHILIP PHILLIPS.

With great Expression.

F. C. GOUGH.

1. When on the ocean's troubled wave, Up-on the deck I kneel,

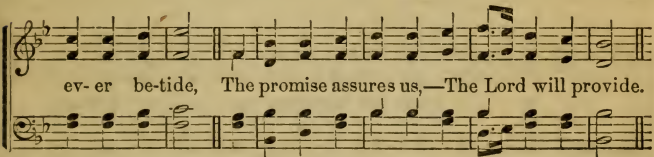
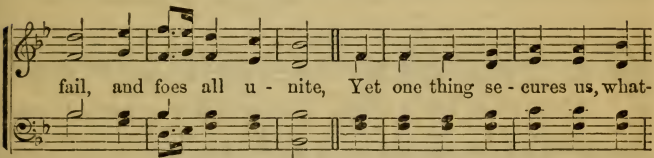
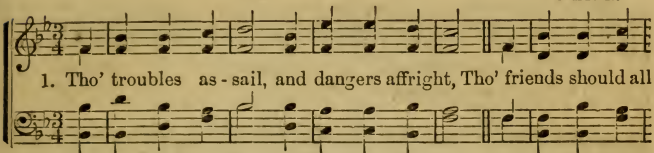
And call up-on my Lord to save—I know he's at the wheel.

No. 56.

- 2 That through the tempest he will guide
My soul as deems him best ;
Bear up my life on raging tide,
And land me with the blest.
- 3 With loving care will lead me o'er
The dangers of the way,
And to me open wide the door
Which leads to endless day.
- 4 Though on the waters or the land,
I may be tempest toss'd,
He holds the rudder in his hand,
That I may not be lost.
- 5 The helmsman of redeeming grace,
Who with his life did seal
Salvation to a dying race,
Is ever at the wheel.—*W. H. Phillips.*

LYONS. 6s & 5s.

HAYDN.



No. 57.

The Lord will provide.

- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed ;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread :
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will provide.
- 3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith ;
He cannot take from us (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise,—The Lord will provide.
- 4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain ;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain :
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.—*Newton.*

I'M A PILGRIM.

1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger, I can tar-ry,
D. C. I'm a pil-grim, &c.

Fine.
I can tar-ry but a night; Do not de-tain me, for I am

go - ing To where the fountains are ev - er flow-ing. *D. C.*

No. 58.

A pilgrim and stranger.

- 2 There the glory is ever shining;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.
- 3 There's the city to which I journey;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night

THERE IS JOY FOR YOU.

S. J. VAIL.*

1st. 2d.

1. { Oh, let not your hearts be troubled, Neither let them be a - fraid, } In his
 { For, behold! the bridegroom cometh, [Omit.....] }

Chorus.

wedding robes arrayed. There is joy for the ransomed, There is joy for the
 ransomed, There is joy for the ransomed, There is joy for you.

No. 59.

- 2 Let me drink sweet draughts of mercy
 From the fountain flowing free,
 Let me drink and live forever
 Where my Saviour I may see.—*Cho.*
- 3 Tell me not, ye weary-laden,
 There is nought but sorrow here,
 For the Lord hath sent his angels,
 And his chosen need not fear.—*Cho.*
- 4 Keep your lamps well trimmed and burning
 And the wedding garments on,
 For there's none that know the moment
 Of the coming of the Son.—*Cho.—Mrs. M. A. Kidder.*

* From "Chapel Melodies."

UNITY. 6s & 5s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. When shall we meet a - gain?—Meet ne'er to sev - er?

When will peace wreathe her chain Round us for ev - er?

Our hearts will ne'er re - pose Safe from each blast that blows

In this dark vale of woes— Nev-er— no, nev-er!

No. 60.

Reunion in heaven.

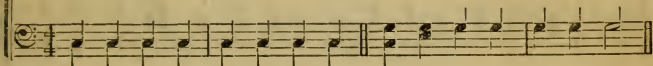
2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill,
 Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever:
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel,
 Never—no, never!

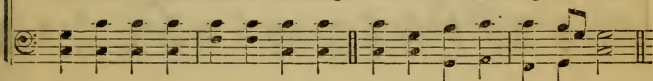
MOUNT VERNON.* 8s & 7s.

Slow and soft.

1. Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gen-tle as the summer breeze,



Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.



No. 61.

2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber,
Peaceful in the grave so low;
Thou no more wilt join our number,
Thou no more our songs shalt know.

3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us,
Here thy loss we deeply feel,
But 'tis God that hath bereft us,
He can all our sorrow heal.

4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed

* This tune may be sung as a Duet by Treble voices.

IVES. 7s. Double.

Arranged by E. IVES.

1. Who are these in bright ar-ray, This ex - ult - ing, hap - py throng,

Round the al - tar night and day, Hymning one tri - umphant song?
D. s. Wis-dom, rich-es to ob - tain, New do - min-ion ev - ery hour.

Worth - y is the Lamb, once slain, Bless-ing, hon - or, glo - ry, power,

No. 62.

Perfect love dispels all fears.

2.

These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand:
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3.

Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed:
Then the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs:
Perfect love dispels all fears;
And forever from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

Montgomery.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

J. W. DADMUN.

1. { Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward
Toss'd on the waves of a rough rest - less tide, We're homeward
D. c. Prom - ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward

Fine.
bound, homeward bound! } Far from the safe, qui - et har - bor we
bound, homeward bound! }
bound, homeward bound!

D. C.
rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ze - les - tia! a - bode,

No. 63.

Homeward bound.

- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We're homeward bound;
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores; We're homeward bound;
Steady! O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail, We're homeward bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along, We're homeward bound;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng, We're homeward bound,
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppressed,
Join in our number, oh, come and be blest;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest, We're homeward bound.
- 4 Into the harbor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last
Softly we drift on its bright silver tide, We're home at last;
Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore, We're at home at last.

Rev. W. F. Warren.

MERDIN. 7s, 6s & 7s.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. { Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring To my rap-tured vis-ion, }
 { All the ecstatic joys that spring Round the bright e-lys-ian; }

Lo! we lift our long-ing eyes, Break, ye in-ter-ven-ing skies!

Sons of righteousness, a-rise, Ope the gates of Par-a-dise.

No. 64.

The great salvation.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Floods of everlasting light!
 Freely flash before him;
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him;
 Angels' trumpets resound his fame;
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name;
 Heaven echoing the theme.</p> <p>3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
 From their princely station;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation;</p> | <p>Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry, in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy! Holy! Holy One.</p> <p>4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we, too, the holy lays—
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song,
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus, Jesus, flow along.</p> |
|---|--|

FREDERICK. 11s.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. I would not live al-way; I ask not to stay Where storm aft-er
storm ris-es dark o'er the way; The few lu-rid mornings that
dawn on us here Are e-nough for life's joys, full e-nough for its cheer.

No. 65.

I would not live alway.

- 2 I would not live alway; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 3 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where rivers of pleasure flow bright o'er the plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns?
- 4 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.—*Muhlenburg.*

SHINING SHORE.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. My days are glid-ing swift-ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would

S. *Fine.*
not de-tain them as they fly—Those hours of toil and dan-ger.
D. s. just be-fore the shin-ing shore We may al-most dis-cov-er.

Chorus. *D. S.*
For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing over; And

No. 66.

The shining shore.

- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For now we stand, &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.
For now we stand, &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! oh, forever!
For now we stand, &c.

LOOKING HOME.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Ah! this heart is void and chill, 'Mid earth's noisy throngings;

For my Fa-ther's mansions still Ear-nest-ly is long-ing.

Refrain.

Look-ing home, look-ing home Towards the heavenly man-sions

Je-sus hath pre-pared for me In his Fa-ther's king-dom.

No. 67.

Looking home.

<p>2 Soon the glorious day will dawn, Heavenly pleasures bringing; Night will be exchanged for morn, Sighs give place to singing.</p>	<p>3 Oh! to be at home again, All for which we're sighing, From all earthly want and pain To be swiftly flying.</p>
---	---

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!
All for which we're sighing,
Soon our Lord will bid us come
To our Father's kingdom.

HAMDEN. 8s, 7s & 4.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho - vah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land :

I am weak, but thou art mighty ; Hold me with thy powerful hand ;

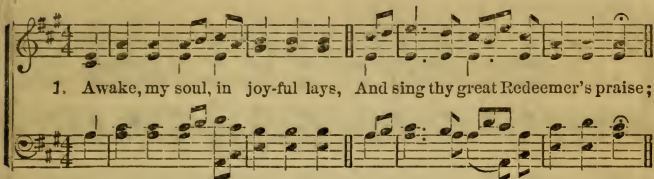
Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.

No.

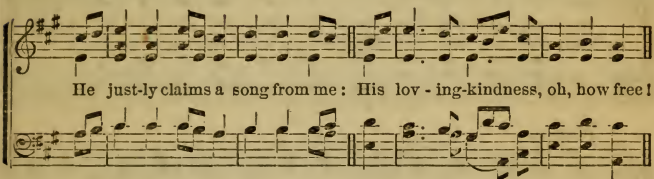
The pilgrim's guide and guardian.

- 2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through :
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side ;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee

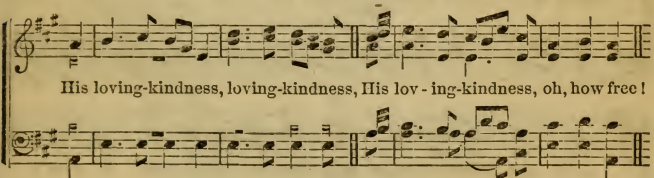
LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.



1. Awake, my soul, in joy-ful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise ;



He just-ly claims a song from me : His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how free !



His loving-kindness, loving-kindness, His lov - ing-kindness, oh, how free !

No. 69.

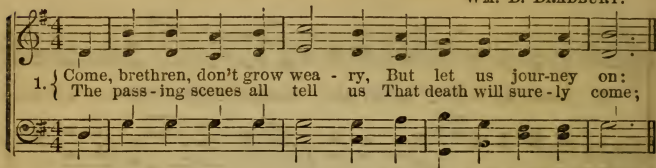
Christ's loving-kindness.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me, notwithstanding all ;
He saved me from my lost estate ;
His loving-kindness, oh, how great !</p> <p>3 Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong !</p> | <p>4 I often feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart ;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.</p> <p>5 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail ;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death,</p> |
|---|--|

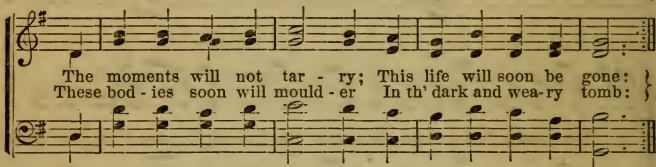
Medley.

SWEET REST.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

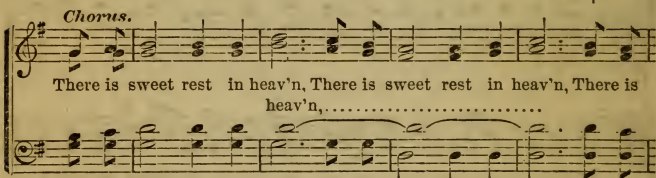


1. { Come, brethren, don't grow wea - ry, But let us jour - ney on:
The pass - ing scenes all tell us That death will sure - ly come;

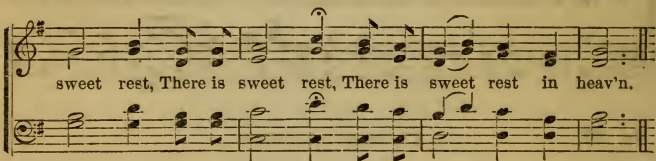


The moments will not tar - ry; This life will soon be gone: }
These bod - ies soon will mould - er In th' dark and wea - ry tomb: }

Chorus.



There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is sweet rest in heav'n, There is
heav'n,.....



sweet rest, There is sweet rest, There is sweet rest in heav'n.

No. 70.

Sweet rest in heaven.

2 Loved ones have gone before us,
They beckon us away,
O'er aerial plains they're soaring,
Blest in eternal day;
But we are in the army,
And dare not leave our post;
We'll fight until we conquer
The foes' most mighty host.

3 Our Captain's gone before us,
He kindly calls us home
To yonder world of glory,
And sweetly bids us come.
The world, the flesh, and Satan,
Will strive to hedge our way,
But we'll o'ercome these powers,
If we hourly watch and pray.
Unknown.

BEAUTIFUL ZION.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*

1. Beauti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beauti-ful cit-y that I love,

Beauti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beauti-ful tem-ple—God its light;

Beauti-ful gates of pear-ly white, Beauti-ful tem-ple—God its light.

No. 71.

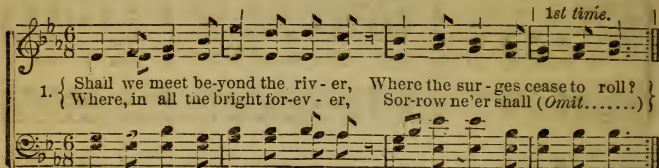
- 2 Beautiful heaven, where all its light,
Beautiful angels, clothed in white,
Beautiful strains, that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
- 3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.
- 4 Beautiful throne of Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.

* From the "Oriola," by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

SHALL WE MEET.

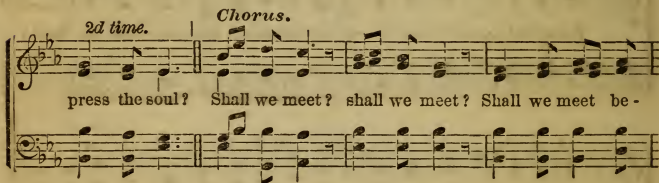
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1st time.

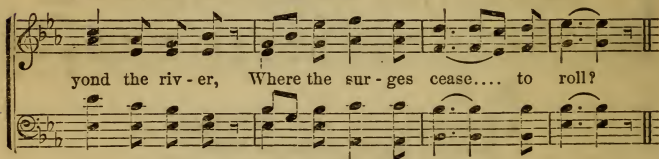


1. { Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? }
Where, in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall (*Omit.....*)

2d time. Chorus.



press the soul? Shall we meet? shall we meet? Shall we meet be -



yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease.... to roll?

No. 72.

Shall we meet beyond the river.

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine,
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,

And creation swells the chorus,
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet with many a loved one
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon the throne?

HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God ! }
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad. }

Fine.
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way ;
D. S. Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D. S.
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - ery day :

No 73.

Vows remembered and renewed.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love ;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine ;
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,
 Charm'd to confess the voice divine.
- 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fix'd on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart :
 With him of every good possess'd.
- 5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.—*Doddridge.*

SAFE WITHIN THE VEIL.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" Its fruits are waving O'er the hills of fadeless green;

And the liv - ing wa-ters lav - ing Shores where heav'nly forms are seen.

Chorus.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore.

Drop the an - chor ! furl the sail ! I am safe within the veil.

No. 74.

2 Onward, bark ! the cape I'm rounding,
See, the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silv'ry bay;

Sea-ward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the Rock of our salvation,
We are safely home at last !

HARWELL. 8s & 7s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

Fine.

1. { Hail, my ev - er blessed Je - sus! On - ly thee I wish to sing; }
 { To my soul thy name is precious, Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King. }
 D. C. Love I much, I've much forgiv - en— I'm a mir - a - cle of grace!

Oh, what mercy flows from heaven! Oh, what joy and happiness!
D. C.
 Oh, what mer - cy flows from heaven! Oh, what joy and happi-ness!

No. 75.

Blessed Jesus.

- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye host of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!
- 3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
 Whilst, astonished, I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!

ELTHAM. 7s. Double.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. { Hast-en, Lord, the glorious time, When, beneath Mes-si - ah's sway, }
 { Ev - ery na - tion, ev - ery clime, Shall the gos-pel call o - bey. }

Mightiest kings his power shall own; Heathen tribes his name a - dore;

Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

No. 76.

Christ's universal reign.

- 2 Then shall wars and tumults cease;
 Then be banished grief and pain;
 Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
 Undisturbed, shall ever reign.
 Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
 Ever praise his glorious name;
 All his mighty acts record,—
 All his wondrous love proclaim.

THE FARTHER SHORE.

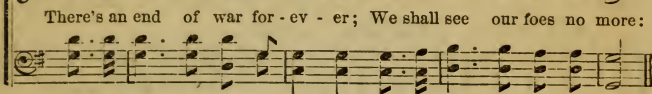
S. J. VAIL.



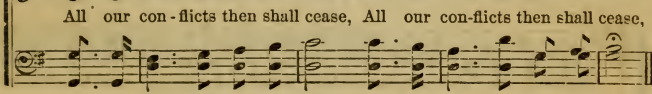
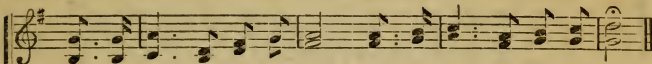
1. When we pass thro' yon-der riv-er, When we reach the farth-er shore,



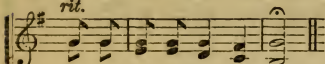
There's an end of war for-ev-er; We shall see our foes no more:



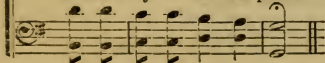
All our con-flicts then shall cease, All our con-flicts then shall cease,



rit.



Follow'd by e-ter-nal peace.



No. 77.

2.

After warfare, rest is pleasant;
Oh, how sweet the prospect is!
Though we toil and strive at present,
Let us not repine at this;
: Toil, and pain, and conflict past, :
All endear repose at last.

3.

When we gain the heavenly regions,
When we touch the heavenly shore—
Blessed thought—no hostile legions
Can alarm or trouble more:
: Far beyond the reach of foes, :
We shall dwell in sweet repose.

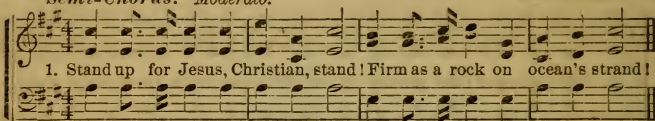
4.

O that hope; how bright, how glorious
'Tis his people's blest reward;
In the Saviour's strength victorious,
They at length behold their Lord:
: In his kingdom they shall rest, :
In his love be fully blest.

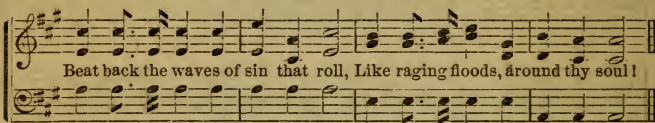
STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Semi-Chorus. Moderato.

ASA HULL.*



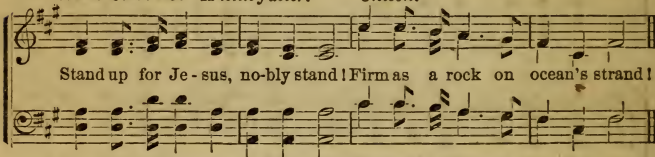
1. Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!



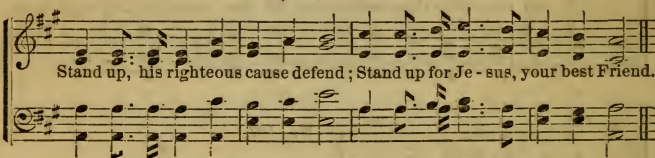
Beat back the waves of sin that roll, Like raging floods, around thy soul!

Full Chorus. A little faster.

Unison.



Stand up for Je - sus, no - bly stand! Firm as a rock on ocean's strand!



Stand up, his righteous cause defend; Stand up for Je - sus, your best Friend.

No. 78.

- 2 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Sound forth his name o'er sea and land!
Spread ye his glorious Word abroad,
Till all the world shall own him Lord!—*Chorus.*
- 3 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Lift high the cross with steadfast hand!
Till heathen lands with wondering eye
Its rising glory shall descry.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Stand up for Jesus, Christian, stand!
Soon with the blest immortal band
We'll dwell for aye, life's journey o'er,
In realms of light on heaven's bright shore.—*Chorus.*

* From "S. S. Casket," by permission.

TALMAR. 8s & 7s.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Listen to the gen-tle promptings Of the Spir-it's warning voice ;

Will ye heed his solemn warnings? Can ye slight his wondrous love?

No. 79.

- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
Oh, receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace;
Press ye, then, to realms of glory;
Run with joy the offered race.
- 4 Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee now and ever,
Never more to be deceived.

WILL YOU GO?

Fine.

1. { We're trav'ling home to heaven a - bove, Will you go? Will you go? }
 { To sing the Sav-iour's dy - ing love; Will you go? Will you go? }
 D. C. And mil-lions more are on the road, Will you go? Will you go?

D. C.

Millions have reached that blest abode, Anointed kings and priests to God;

No. 80.

Will you go?

- 2 We're going to walk the plains of light; Will you go?
 Far, far from the curse of death and night; Will you go?
 The crown of life we then shall wear,
 The conqueror's palm we then shall bear,
 And all the joys of heaven we'll share; Will you go?
- 3 The way to heaven is straight and plain; Will you go?
 Repent, believe, be born again; Will you go?
 The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up your cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see." Will you go?
- 4 Oh, could I hear some sinner say, "I will go;"
 Oh, could I hear him humbly pray "Make me go;"
 And all his old companions tell,
 "I will not go with you to hell,
 I long with Jesus Christ to dwell; Let me go.

SWEET LAND OF REST.

1. { Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo - ment come,
And dwell with Christ at home,..... And dwell with Christ at home;

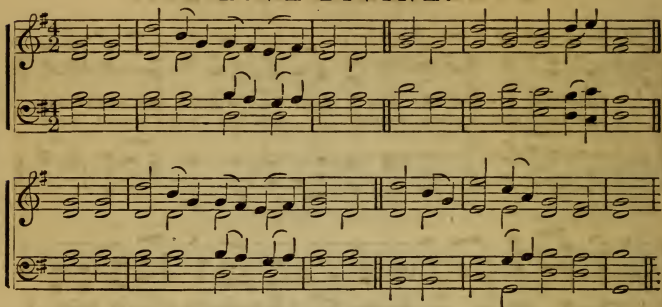
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home; }
When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home. }

No. 81.

Sweet land of rest.

- 2 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
:||: This world is not my home; :||:
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.
- 3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
He bade me cease to roam;
But fly for succor to his breast,
:||: And he'd conduct me home; :||:
But fly for succor to his breast,
And he'd conduct me home.
- 4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
This vale of sin and gloom,
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
:||: And dwell with Christ at home; :||:
I long to leave th' unhallowed ground,
And dwell with Christ at home.

LOVE DIVINE.



No. 82.

Love divine.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.
- 2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast;
 Let us all thy grace inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest;
 Take away the love of sinning,
 Take our load of guilt away;
 End the work of thy beginning,
 Bring us to eternal day.
- 3 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive;
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave;
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thy hosts above,
 Pray and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy perfect love.

THE SHINING WAY.

S. MAIN.

1. The pear - ly gates are o - pen wide, I see the bright ar - ray;

On eith - er side The an - gels glide, To keep the shin - ing way.
D. S. Where Christ's redeemed in un - ion walk The shin - ing way of God.

And Zi - on's children learn to find The way by an - gels trod,

No. 83.

The shining way.

- 2 When storms arise, and darkness clouds
The faithful pilgrim's way,
The angels glide On either side,
To drive the clouds away.
And brighter gleams the morning light
Behind the gentle rod;
For Christ's redeemed more clearly see
The shining way of God.
- 3 And soon they walk the golden streets,—
Not slighted and alone,
On either side The angels glide,
To lead them to the throne:
And there they wear a starry crown,
While mortals tire and plod;
For Christ's redeemed are kings who praise
The shining way of God.—*John P. Ellis.*

WILLOW-DALE. C. M. Double.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

Fine.

1. { Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er, The raging wind shall cease ; }
 { The Christian's bark will reach the shore Of heaven's eternal peace ; }

D. C. The Sun of Righteousness is near, And terrors take their flight.

D. C.

E'en now the distant rays appear, To chase the gloom of night,

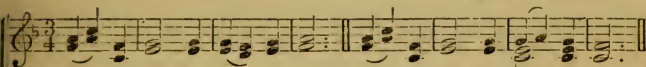
No. 84.

Earth's shadowy years.

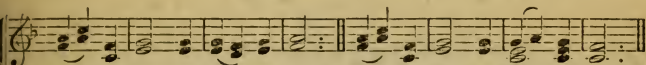
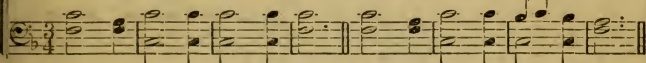
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 The precious jewels Jesus sent
 To be our solace here,
 Were only for a season lent,
 They're shining brighter there.
 And we shall soon their lovely forms
 In glorious robes behold ;
 Shall sing with them in angels' songs,
 With harps of shining gold.</p> <p>3 Earth's shadowy years will soon
 be o'er—
 Heaven's blissful morn arise,
 And sorrow's night will then no
 more
 O'ercloud our weeping eyes.</p> | <p>Then will the Lord of life and love
 Unveil his beaming face ;
 And never from our sight remove
 The bright celestial rays.</p> <p>4 In that blest place no loved ones
 part ;
 No mourning there, no sighs ;
 For God himself will gently wipe
 All sorrow from their eyes.
 There everlasting peace and joy,
 And transport shall be thine ;
 Praise shall our utmost powers em-
 ploy
 In melody divine.</p> |
|---|--|

A L E T T A. 7s. 6 lines.

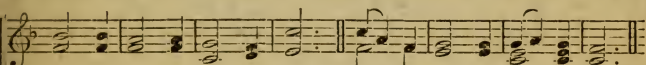
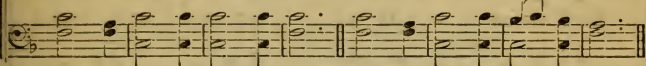
Wm. B. BRADBURY.



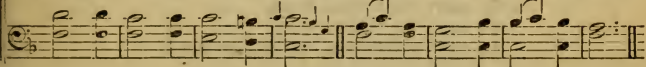
1. Cen-tre of our hopes thou art, End of our enlarged desires ;



Stamp thine image on our heart, Fill us now with heavenly fires ;



Joined to thee by love di-vine, Seal our souls for ev-er thine.



No. 85.

Hand in hand to heaven.

2 All our works in thee be wrought—

Leveled at one common aim ;

Every word and every thought

Purge in the refining flame ;

Lead us through the paths of peace,

On to perfect holiness.

3 Let us altogether rise,

To thy glorious life restored :

Here regain our paradise,

Here prepare to meet our Lord ;

Here enjoy the earnest given ;

Travel hand in hand to heaven.

ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

1. There are an-gels hov'ring round, There are an-gels hov'ring round,

There are an - - gels, an - - gels hov - 'ring round.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in 4/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass clef provides a harmonic accompaniment. The first system shows the beginning of the piece, and the second system shows the continuation of the melody and accompaniment.

No. 86.

Angels hovering round.

- 2 To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings home,
To carry the tidings, the tidings home.
- 3 To the new Jerusalem,
To the new Jerusalem,
To the new, the new Jerusalem.
- 4 Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners are coming home,
Poor sinners, sinners are coming home
- 5 And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus bids them come,
And Jesus, Jesus bids them come.
- 6 There's glory all around,
There's glory all around,
There's glory, glory all around.

GOING HOME. L. M.

1. { My heavenly home is bright and fair ; Nor pain, nor
Its glittering towers the sun out-shine ; That heavenly

Chorus.

death can en - ter there ; } I'm go - ing home, I'm go - ing
man - sion shall be mine ; } To die no more, to die no

home, I'm go - ing home, to die no more ; }
more, I'm go - ing home, to die no more. }

No. 87.

The heavenly home.

- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky :
When from this earthy prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.

GOD IS LOVE.

Moderato Legato.

W. H. ROBERTS.

1. { Depth of mer-cy ! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me ? }
 { Can my God his wrath forbear ? Me, the chief of sinners, spare ? }

Chorus. Faster—Staccato.

God is love ! I know, I feel ; Je-sus weeps, and loves me still ;

*Smoothly.**Repeat pp*

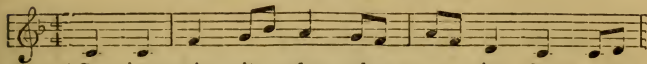
Je - sus weeps, He weeps, and loves me still.

No. 88.

Mercy for the chief of sinners.

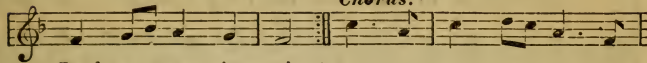
- 2 I have long withstood his grace
 Long provoked him to his face :
 Would not hearken to his calls ;
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
 God is love, &c.
- 3 Now incline me to repent ;
 Let me now my sins lament ;
 Now my foul revolt deplore,
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.
 God is love, &c.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands ;
 God is love ! I know, I feel ;
 Jesus weeps, and loves me still.
 God is love, &c.—C. Wesley.

LORD, REVIVE US.

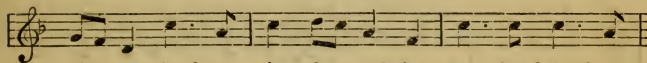


1. { Sav-iour, vis-it thy plan-ta-tion, Grant us,
All will come to des-o-la-tion, Un-less

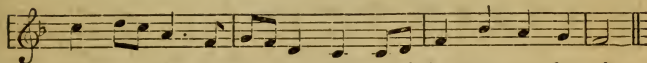
Chorus.



Lord, a gra-cious rain; }
thou re-turn a-gain. } Lord, re-vive us, oh, re-



vive us; Lord, re-vive thy work in me; Good Lord, re-



vive us, oh, re-vive us; All our help must come from thee.

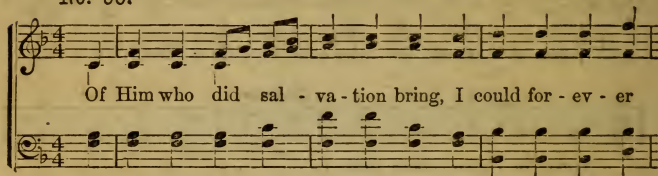
No. 89.

Prayer for revival.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die,
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us, &c.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin, from this good hour
To revive the work afresh.
Lord, revive us, &c.—*Newton.*

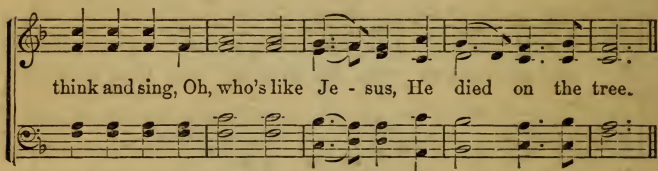
WHO'S LIKE JESUS.

No. 90.



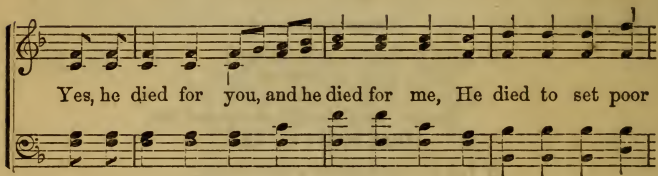
Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I could for - ev - er

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time. The melody is in G major, starting on G4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



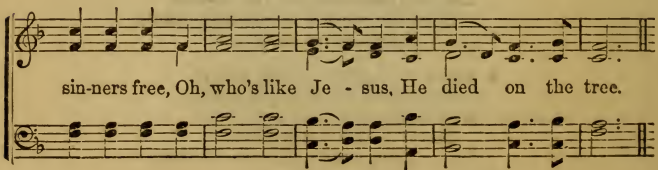
think and sing, Oh, who's like Je - sus, He died on the tree.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Yes, he died for you, and he died for me, He died to set poor

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

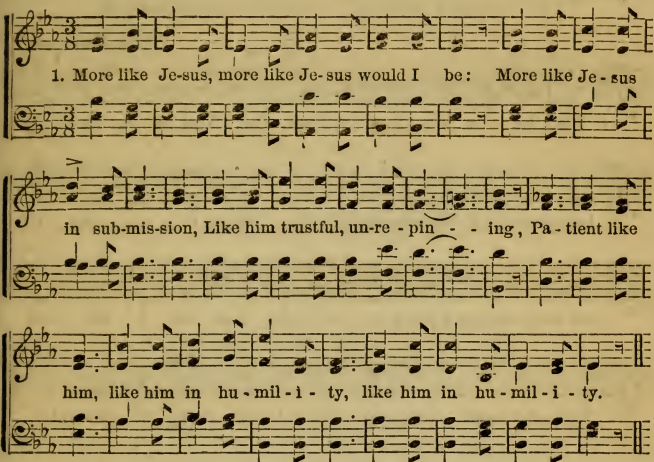


sin - ners free, Oh, who's like Je - sus, He died on the tree.

The fourth system concludes the song. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

MORE LIKE JESUS.

F. C. GOUGH.



1. More like Je-sus, more like Je-sus would I be: More like Je-sus
in sub-mis-sion, Like him trustful, un-re-pin - - ing, Pa-tient like
him, like him in hu-mil-i-ty, like him in hu-mil-i-ty.

No. 91.

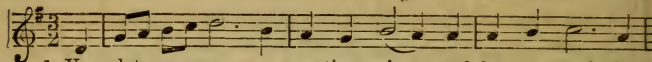
- 2 More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be;
More like Jesus in his meekness,
Like him gentle and forgiving;
Harmless like him, like him in his charity.
- 3 More like Jesus, more like Jesus would I be;
More like Jesus, watchful, prayerful,
Like him striving, ever doing;
Earnest like him, like him in fidelity.
- 4 Blessed Jesus, come, and make me all like thee:
Make me like thee in my spirit,
In my walk and conversation,
Make me like thee, like thee in all purity.
- 5 Then in heaven let me ever dwell with thee;
To behold thee in thy glory.
And to praise thee, O my Saviour,
Where thy smile shall wrap my soul in ecstasy.

Rev. F. Merrick, D.D.

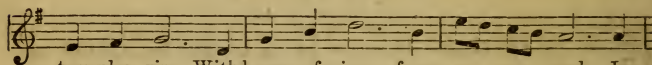
CONGREGATIONAL CHORUS.

"Let the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee."

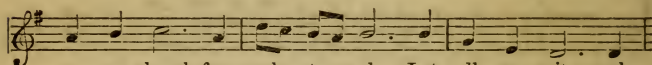
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



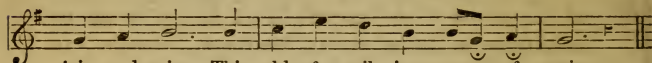
1. Yes, let our con - gre - ga - tions sing, And let our earth - ly



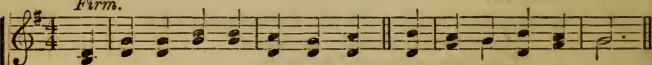
tem - ples ring With hymns of joy from ev - ery soul, In



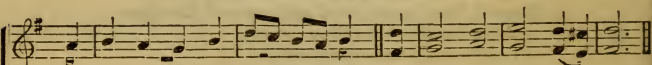
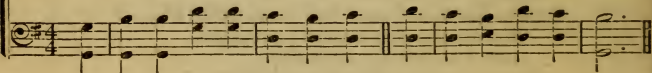
ev - ery church from pole to pole, Let all u - nit - ed



join, and raise This old fa - mil - iar song of praise:

CORONATION. Chorus to 1st Verse.*Firm.*

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise:



The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace;



The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of . . . his grace.

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top staff features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

OLD HUNDRED. Chorus to 2d Voice.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top staff is composed of quarter and half notes, with a simple harmonic accompaniment in the bass staff.

crea - tures here be - low; Praise him a - bove, ye

This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top staff continues with quarter and half notes, and the bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.

heaven-ly host; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

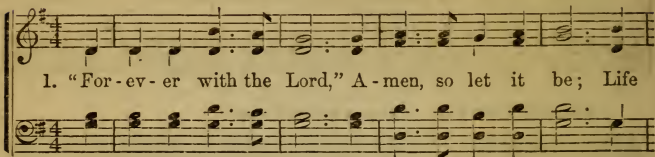
This musical score is for a two-part setting. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the top staff concludes with a final cadence, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment.

No. 92.

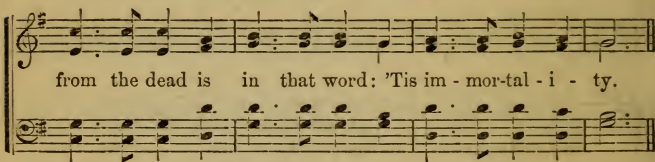
2 O rapturous music, how sublime!
 I wept and thought the olden time
 Of Watts' and Wesley's earnest throng
 Had with its flame inspired the song;
 Oh, let us sing with one accord,
 Join heart and voice to praise the Lord.
 CHORUS.—Praise God, &c.

FOREVER WITH THE LORD.

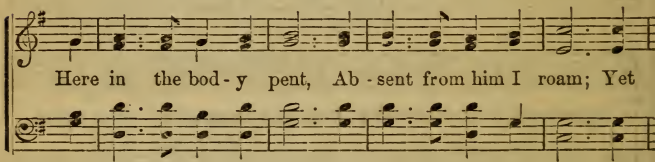
I. B. WOODBURY.



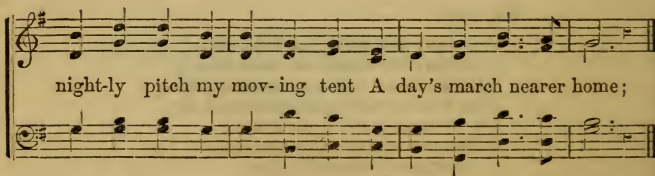
1. "For-ev-er with the Lord," A-men, so let it be; Life



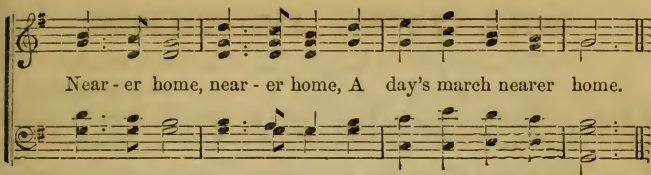
from the dead is in that word: 'Tis im-mor-tal-i-ty.



Here in the bod-y pent, Ab-sent from him I roam; Yet



night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march nearer home;



No. 93.

- 2 My Father's house on high,
 Home of my soul, how near,
 At times, to faith's aspiring eye
 Thy golden gates appear!
 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love;
 The bright inheritance of saints—
 Jerusalem above;
 Home above, home above,
 Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet doubts still intervene,
 And all my comfort flies:
 Like Noah's dove, I flit between
 Rough seas and stormy skies:
 Anon the clouds depart,
 The wind and waters cease,
 While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
 Expands the bow of peace;
 Bow of peace, bow of peace,
 Expands the bow of peace.
- 4 So, when my latest breath
 Shall rend the veil in twain,
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain;
 Knowing "as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word,
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 "Forever with the Lord;"
 With the Lord, with the Lord,
 "Forever with the Lord."

COME, CROWN AND THRONE.

"Having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

G. B. LOOMIS.*

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear, When all thy saints are

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear, When all thy saints are

crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On

crowned; These are the palms that we shall bear On

yon - der ho - ly ground, On yon - der ho - ly

yon - der ho - ly ground, On yon - der ho - ly

* From *"Singing Pilgrim."*

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a repeat sign at the end of each line. The lyrics are: "ground, On yon - der ho - ly ground; These are the palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground."

ground, On yon - der ho - ly ground; These are the
ground, On yon - der ho - ly ground; These are the
palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.
palms that we shall bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.

No. 94.

- 2 These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.
- 3 That is the city of the saints,
Where we so soon shall stand,
When we shall strike these desert-tents,
And quit this desert-land.
- 4 Then welcome toil, and care, and pain!
And welcome sorrow, too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.
- 5 Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of Righteousness!—*Bonar.*

THE LIVING WELL.

"Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

Cheerful.

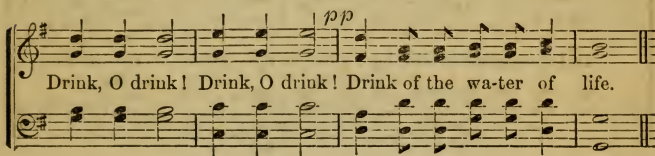
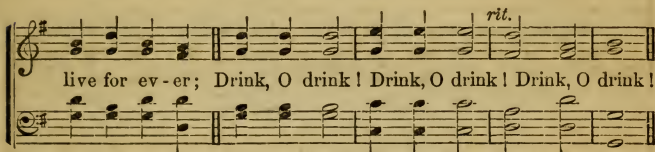
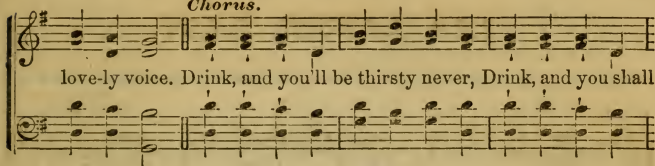
1. On the cross where Christ hung bleeding, Streams of love for-

ev - er flow ; Thro' the Saviour's in-ter-ceed-ing, We that bless-ed

stream may know. *rit.* Oh, my heart, be filled completely, And in grateful

love re - joice ! Je - sus speaks so gently, sweetly, Lis-ten to his

* From "Singing Pilgrim."

Chorus.

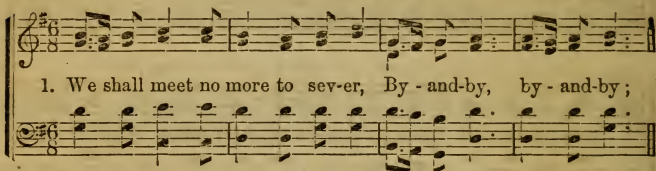
No. 95.

- 2 Though our way is often dreary,
 And in gloom the sky is clad:
 Though the steps grow faint and weary,
 And the heart is sick and sad;
 There's a well of living pleasure,
 Every night and morning too,
 Flowing in exhaustless measure,
 Ever blessing, ever new. Drink, &c.
- 3 We may ever have that fountain,
 Welling with exhaustless flow,
 In the valley, on the mountain,
 Wheresoe'er our steps may go
 As we drink, a holy beauty
 Fills our souls, so washed and blest,
 And our hands grow strong for duty.
 And our weary hearts find rest. Drink, &c.

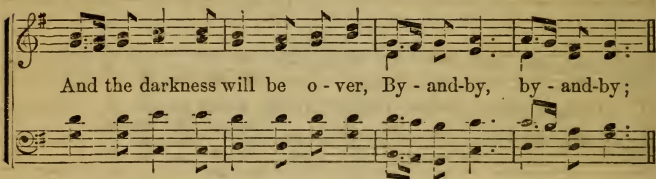
THE FUTURE REST.

"Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."

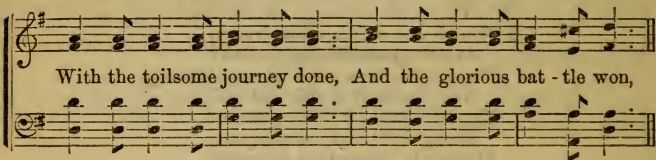
S. J. VAIL.



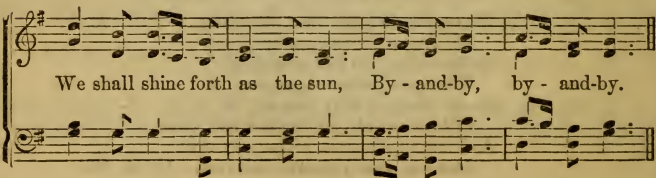
1. We shall meet no more to sev-er, By - and-by, by - and-by ;



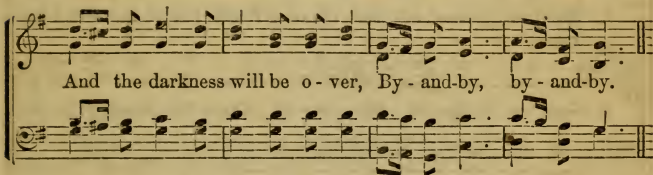
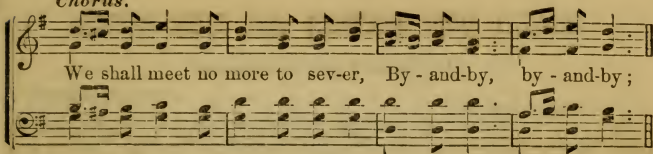
And the darkness will be o - ver, By - and-by, by - and-by ;



With the toilsome journey done, And the glorious bat - tle won,



We shall shine forth as the sun, By - and-by, by - and-by.

Chorus.


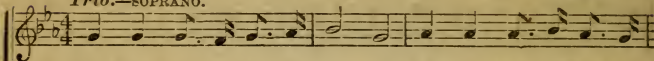
No. 96.

- 2 Done with all the earth's delusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
War and strife and sin's confusion,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
We shall rest our pilgrim feet
On the shores where loved ones meet,
There to dwell in bliss complete,
By-and-by, by-and-by.—*Chorus.*
- 3 We shall see and be like Jesus
By-and-by, by-and-by;
He a crown of life will give us,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And the angels who fulfill
All the mandates of his will,
Shall attend and love us still,
By-and-by, by-and-by.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Then with robes of snowy whiteness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
And with crowns of dazzling brightness,
By-and-by, by-and-by;
There our storms and perils passed,
And with glory ours at last,
We'll possess the kingdom vast,
By-and-by, by-and-by.—*Chorus.*

SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

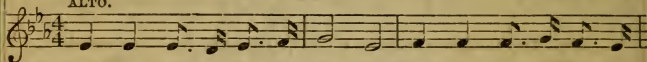
"I will gather you from all nations."

Rev. R. LOWRY.*

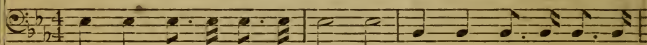
Trio.—SOPRANO.

1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have

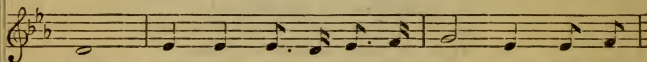
ALTO.



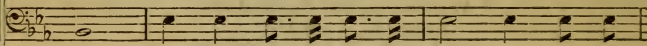
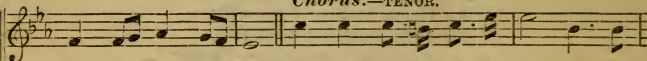
1. Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have



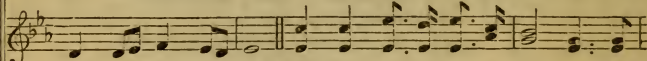
trod, With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing



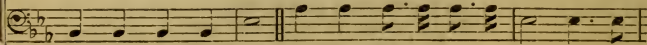
trod, With its crys-tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing

*Chorus.*—TENOR.

by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The



by the throne of God? Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The



* From "Happy Voices."

beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er; Gath - er with the
 beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er; Gath - er with the
 saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.
 saints at the riv - er That flows by the throne of God.

No. 97.

- 2 On the margin of the river,
 Washing up its silver spray,
 We will walk and worship ever,
 All the happy, golden day.—*Chorus.*
- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.—*Chorus.*
- 4 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints whom death will never sever
 Lift their songs of saving grace.—*Chorus.*
- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.—*Chorus.*

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With his blood he

bought me; And all a - long my pil - grim way His

Chorus.

lov - ing hand has brought me. Oh, help me sing for

* From "The Singing Pilgrim."

Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry Of him who

Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry Of him who

did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

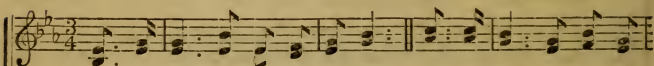
No. 98.

- 2 Can there overtake me
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?
Cho.—Oh, help me sing, &c.
- 3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.
Cho.—Oh, help me sing, &c.
- 4 Still I'll sing for Jesus!
Oh, how will I adore him,
Among the cloud of witnesses,
Who cast their crowns before him.
Cho.—Oh, help me sing, &c

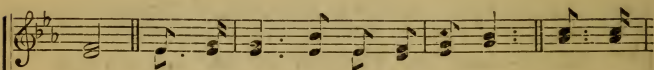
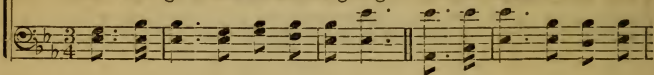
Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

LET ME GO.

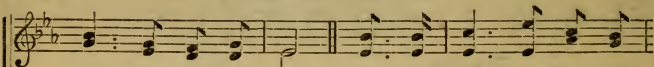
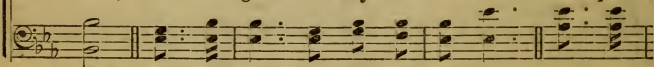
Rev. L. HARTSOUGH*.



1. Let me go where saints are going, To the mansions of the

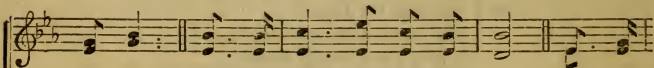
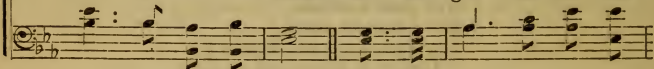


blest; Let me go where my Re-deem-er Has pre-



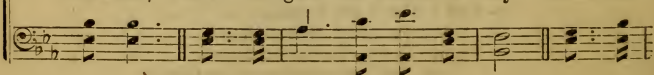
pared his peo-ple's rest; I would gain the realms of

CHORUS. Let me go! 'tis Je - sus



brightness, Where they dwell for ev - er - more; I would

calls me; Let me gain the realms of day! Bear me



* By permission of Rev. H. MATTISON.

Repeat Chorus.

join the friends that wait me, O - ver on the oth-er shore.
o - ver, an-gel pin-ions, Longs my soul to be a - way.

No. 99.

- 2 Let me go where none are weary,
Where is raised no wail or woe;
Let me go, and bathe my spirit
In the raptures angels know:
Let me go! for bliss eternal
Lures my soul away, away;
And the victors' song triumphant
Thrills my heart—I cannot stay.—*Cho.*
- 3 Let me go! why should I tarry?
What has earth to keep me here?
What, but cares and toils and sorrows?
What, but death and pain and fear?
Let me go! for hopes most cherished
Blasted round me often lie;
Oh! I've gathered brightest flowers,
But to see them fade and die.—*Cho.*
- 4 Let me go where tears and sighing
Are for evermore unknown;
Where the joyous songs of glory
Call me to a happier home:
Let me go!—I'd cease this dying;
I would gain life's fairer plains;
Let me join the myriad harpers!
Let me chant their rapt'rous strains!—*Cho.*
- 5 Let me go! there is a glory
That my soul hath longed to know:
I am thirsting for the waters
That from crystal fountains flow:
There is where the angels tarry;
There the saved forever throng;
There the brightness wearies never;
There I'll sing Redemption's song.—*Cho.*

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And there shall in nowise enter into it any thing that defileth."

Moderato e Affettuoso.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

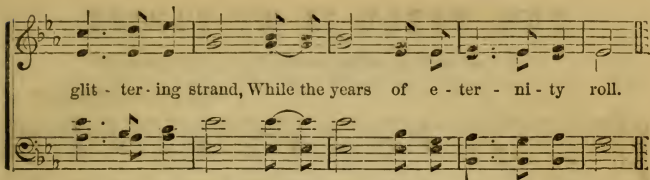
1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The

far - a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the

glit - ter-ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the

* From "Singing Pilgrim."



No. 100.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vale intervenes
Between the fair city and me.
- 3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 5 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again,—*Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.*

"Now I saw in my Dream that these two men went in at the Gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had Raiment put upon them that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with Harps and Crowns, and gave to them, the Harps to praise withal, and the Crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my Dream that all the Bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.* Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the Sun; the Streets also were paved with Gold, and in them walked many men, with Crowns on their heads, Palms in their hands, and Harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them."

THE WORLD IS MY PARISH.

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

PHILLIPS AND O'KANE.*

1. Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why stand ye here i - dle, Go

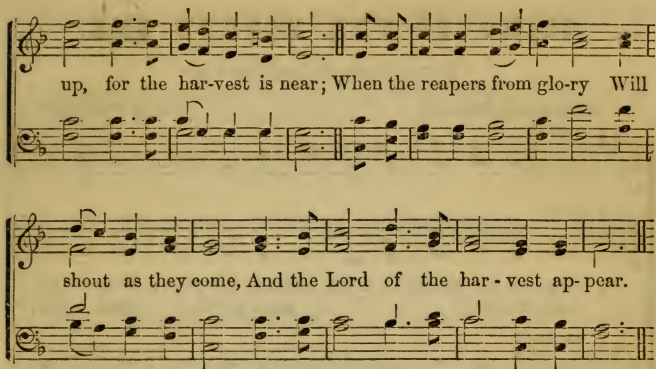
work in his vine-yard, he calls you to - day; The night is ap -

proaching, when no man can la - bor, Our Master commands us, and

Chorus.

shall we de - lay? The field is the world! The field is the world! Look

* From "*Singing Pilgrim*."



up, for the har-vest is near; When the reapers from glo-ry Will
shout as they come, And the Lord of the har-vest ap-pear.

No. 101.

- 2 Our field is the world, and our work is before us,
To each is appointed a message to bear;
At home or abroad, in the cottage or palace,
Wherever directed, our mission is there.
Our field is the world, &c.
- 3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter,
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.
Our field is the world, &c.
- 4 O'er islands that sleep in the wave-crested ocean,
We'll scatter the truth, and its fruit it shall bear;
O'er ice-covered regions, and rock-girded mountains,
The Lord will protect, as his children are there
Our field is the world, &c.
- 5 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted;
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing shall spread forth her branches:
The lamb and the lion together repose
Our field is the world, &c.—*Fanny Crosby.*

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

*"But cleave unto the Lord your God."**Earnest and Pleading.*

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

TENOR.

ALTO.

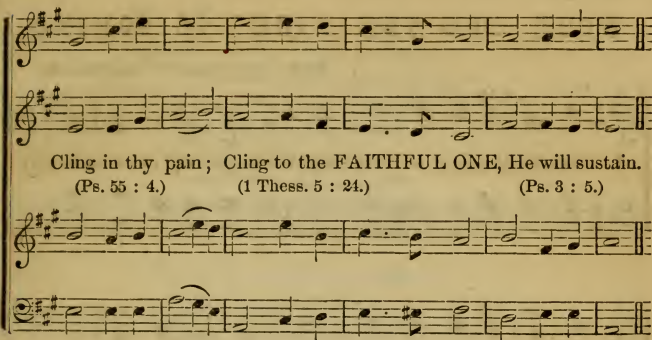
1. Cling to the MIGHTY ONE, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the
 (Ps. 89 : 19.) (Heb. 12 : 11.) (Heb. 1 : 22.)

SOPRANO.

BASE.

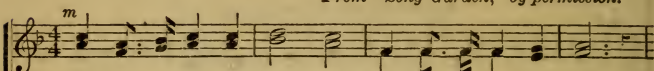
HO - LY ONE, He gives re - lief; Cling to the GRACIOUS ONE,
 (Ps. 116 : 8.) (Ps. 116 : 5.)

* From "Singing Pilgrim."

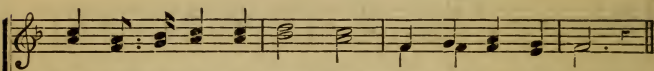
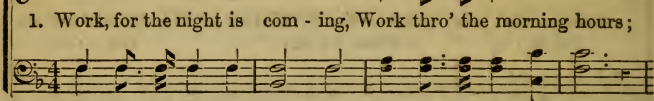


No. 102.

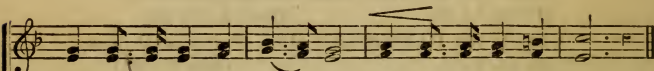
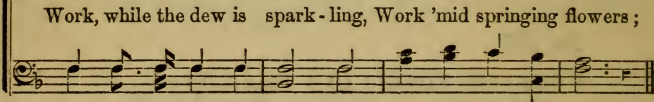
- 2 Cling to the LOVING ONE, Cling in thy woe ;
(Heb. 7 : 25.) (Ps. 86 : 7.)
Cling to the LIVING ONE, Through all below ;
(1 John 4 : 16.) (Rom. 8 : 38, 39.)
Cling to the PARDONING ONE, He speaketh peace ;
(Is. 4 : 7.) (John 14 : 27.)
Cling to the HEALING ONE, Anguish shall cease.
(Exod. 15 : 26.) (Ps. 118 : 3.)
- 3 Cling to the BLEEDING ONE, Cling to his side ;
(1 John 1 : 7.) (John 20 : 27.)
Cling to the RISEN ONE, In him abide ;
(Rom. 6 : 9.) (John 15 : 4.)
Cling to the COMING ONE, Hope shall arise ;
(Rev. 22 : 20.) (Titus 2 : 13.)
Cling to the REIGNING ONE, Joy lights thine eyes.
(Ps. 97 : 1.) (Ps. 16 : 2.)

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.*From "Song Garden," by permission.*

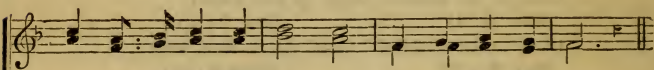
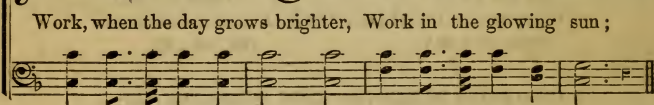
1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours ;



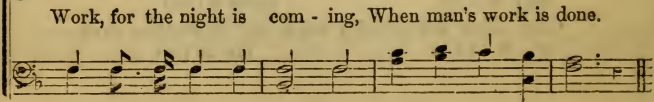
Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flowers ;



Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun ;



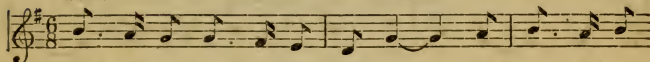
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.



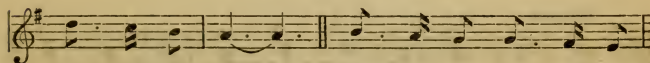
No. 103.

- 2 Work, for the night is coming;
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor;
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more:
 Work, while the night is darkening,
 When man's work is o'er.

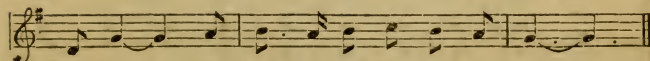
OH, SAY, SHALL WE MEET YOU ALL THERE?

S. J. VAIL, *by permission.**Solo.*

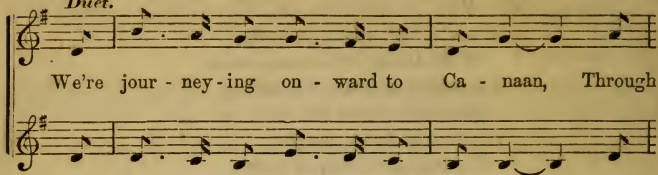
1. Where do you jour - ney, my broth - er, Oh, where do you



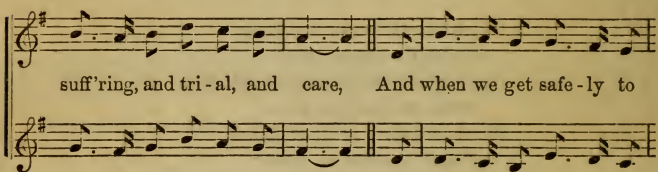
jour - ney, I pray? Where do you jour - ney, my



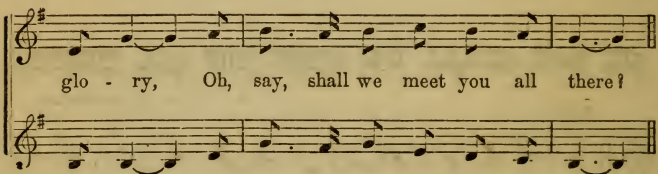
sis - ter? For storm-y and dark is the way.

Duet.

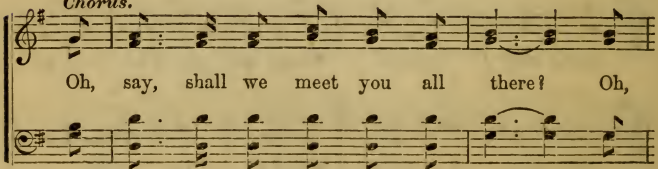
We're jour - ney - ing on - ward to Ca - naan, Through



suff'ring, and tri - al, and care, And when we get safe - ly to



glo - ry, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

Chorus.

Oh, say, shall we meet you all there? Oh,

say, shall we meet you all there? And when we get safe-ly to

glo - ry, Oh, say, shall we meet you all there?

No. 104.

2.

- Solo* What is your mission, my brother,
 What is your mission below?
 What is your mission, my sister,
 As journeying onward you go?
- Duet* Our mission is practising mercy,
 Sweet charity, patience, and love,
 And following the footsteps of Jesus,
 That lead to the mansions above.
- Cho* Oh, say, shall we meet, &c.

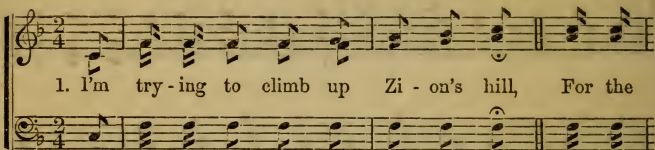
3.

- Solo* Oh, yes! you will meet us, my brother,
 God helping our weakness and sin;
 Bearing the cross, we, my sister,
 The crown will endeavor to win.
- Duet* We'll walk through the vale and the shadow,
 Through suff'rings, and trials, and care,
 And when you get safely to glory,
 You'll meet, yes, you'll meet us all there!
- Cho* Oh, say, shall we meet, &c.—*Minnie Waters.*

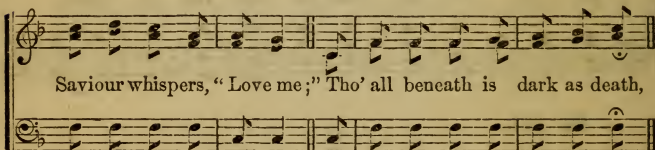
CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

"They shall mount up with wings as eagles, and they shall walk and faint not."

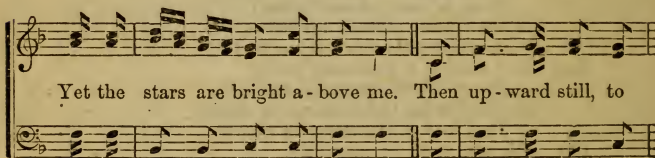
PHILIP PHILLIPS.*



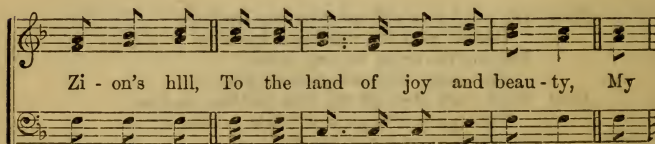
1. I'm try - ing to climb up Zi - on's hill, For the



Saviour whispers, "Love me;" Tho' all beneath is dark as death,

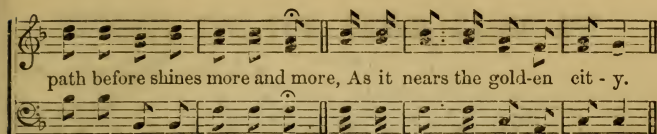
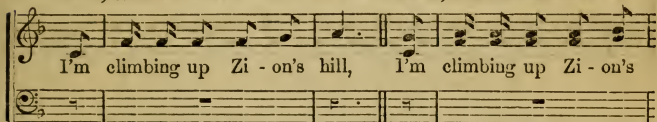
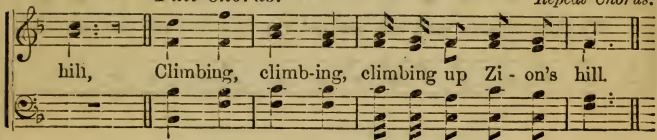


Yet the stars are bright a - bove me. Then up - ward still, to



Zi - on's hill, To the land of joy and beau - ty, My

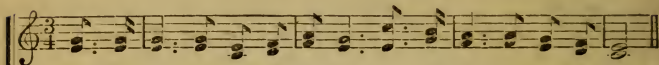
* From *"Singing Pilgrim."*

*Solo, or Semi-chorus.**Duet, or 2d Semi-chorus.**Full Chorus.**Repeat Chorus.***No. 105.**

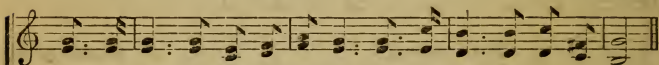
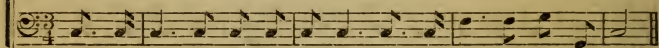
- 2 I know I'm but a little child,
 My strength will not protect me;
 But then I am the Saviour's Lamb,
 And he will not neglect me.
 Then all the time I'll try to climb
 This holy hill of Zion,
 For I am sure the way is pure,
 And on it comes "no lion."—*Cho.*
- 3 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
 And climb this hill together;
 And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
 And sing as we go thither.
 Then mount up still God's holy hill,
 Till we reach the pearly portals,
 Where raptured tongues proclaim the songs
 Of the shining-robed immortals.—*Cho.*

Rev. John G. Chaffee.

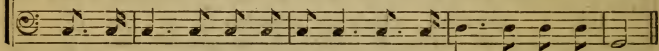
WE SHALL SLEEP, BUT NOT FOREVER.

S. J. VAIL. *By permission.**

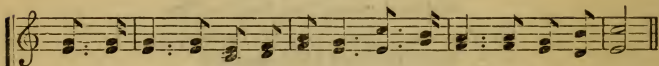
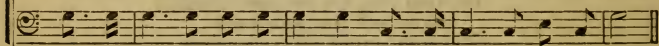
1. We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er, There will be a glorious dawn;



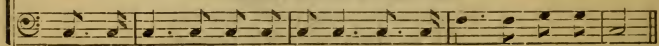
We shall meet to part, no, nev-er! On the re-sur-rec-tion morn!



From the deep-est caves of o - cean, From the des-ert and the plain,



From the val-ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise again.



* From "Musical Leaves."

Chorus. p *cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for-ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn ;

We shall meet to part, no, nev-er! On the re - sur-rec-tion morn !

No. 106.

- 2 When we see a precious blossom,
That we tended with such care,
Rudely taken from our bosom,
How our aching hearts despair!
Round its little grave we linger,
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.

Cho.—We shall sleep, etc.

- 3 We shall sleep, but not forever,
In the lone and silent grave;
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,
Blessed be the Lord that gave.
In the bright, eternal city
Death can never, never come!
In his own good time he'll call us
From our rest to Home, sweet Home.

Cho.—We shall sleep, etc.

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

WORKING FOR THE MASTER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

1. I'm working for the Mas-ter— O glorious work di-vine!

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Thro' grace I'll la-bor in the field While breath and life are mine;

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

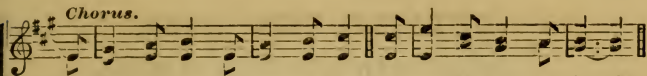
I'm work-ing for the Mas-ter, And this my boast shall be:

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

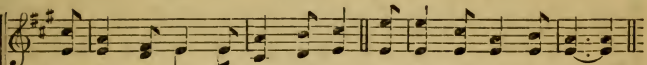
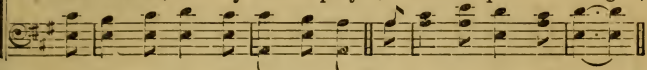
The con-se-crated cross of him, Who bled and died for me.

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

* Written for Mr. PHILLIPS for an opening piece at his "Evenings of Sacred Song."

Chorus.

Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer, Descend in power and might ;



Make this the tem-ple of thy love, And bless our souls to-night.



No. 107.

- 2 If strains, like mine so simple,
 Can reach thy gracious ear,
 Oh, grant the christian hope they breathe,
 Some careless soul may hear ;
 If I am counted worthy,
 To sing these songs for thee,
 The least among thy children, Lord,
 I am content to be.

CHO.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer,
 Descend in power and might,
 Oh, turn some wanderer to thy fold,
 Convert one soul to-night.

- 3 Thy name, O precious Jesus,
 My constant theme below ;
 Thy love that crowns the angels' song
 I'll sing where'er I go ;
 While on my journey homeward,
 My greatest joy shall be
 To labor in the vineyard here,
 And gather souls for thee.

CHO.—Dear Saviour, hear my earnest prayer,
 Descend in power and might,
 Convert some thoughtless sinner now,
 Seal thine one soul to-night.—*Fanny Crosby.*

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out."

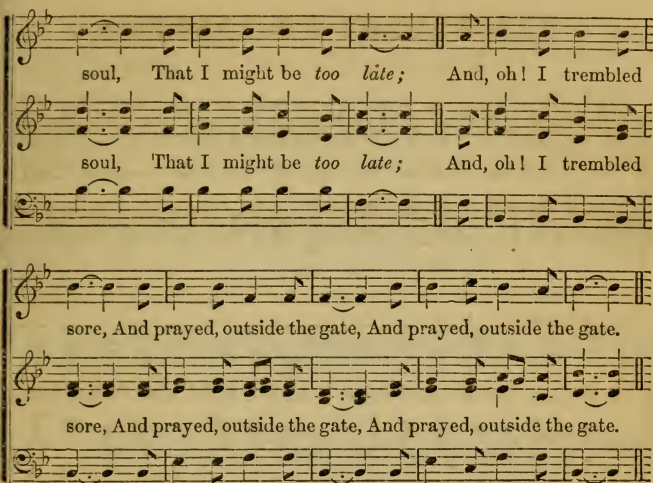
PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing

child; With-in my heart there beat A

tem-pest, loud and wild. A fear op-pressed my

* From "Musical Leaves."



soul, That I might be *too late*; And, oh! I trembled
soul, That I might be *too late*; And, oh! I trembled
sore, And prayed, outside the gate, And prayed, outside the gate.

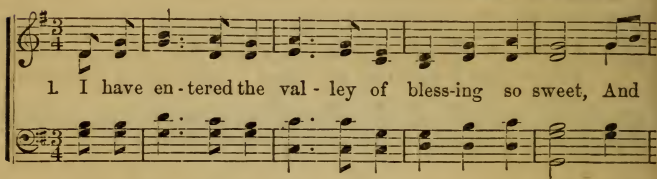
No. 108.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
"Oh, give me rest from sin!"
"I will," a voice replied;
And Mercy let me in.
She bound my bleeding wounds,
And carried all my sin;
She eased my burdened soul,
And then she took me in.

3 In Mercy's guise, I knew
The Saviour long abused;
Who often sought my heart,
And wept when I refused.
Oh! what a blest return
For ignorance and sin!
I stood outside the gate,
And Jesus let me in!—*Josephine Pollard.*

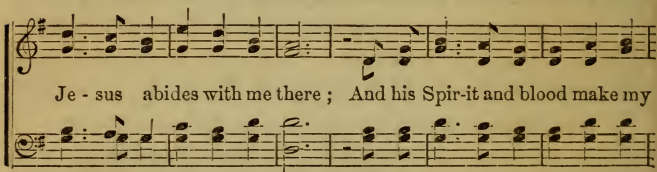
THE VALLEY OF BLESSING.

WM. G. FISCHER.



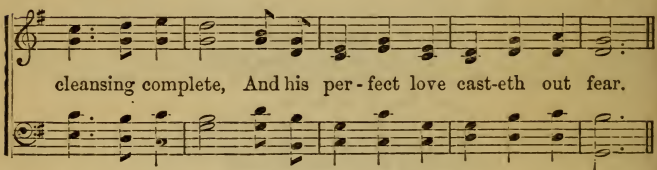
1 I have en-tered the val-ley of bless-ing so sweet, And

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, starting on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.



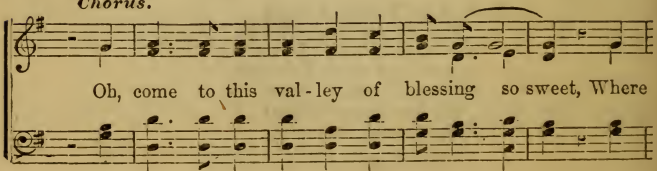
Je-sus abides with me there; And his Spir-it and blood make my

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff melody includes a half note D5, a quarter note E5, and a half note F#5. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.



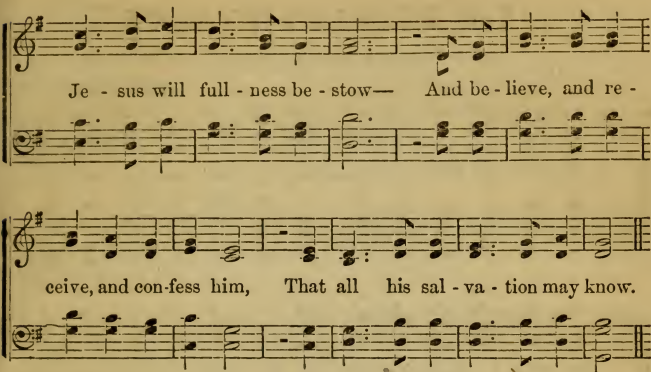
cleansing complete, And his per-fect love cast-eth out fear.

The third system concludes the verse. The treble staff melody ends with a half note G4. The bass staff accompaniment continues throughout the system.

Chorus.

Oh, come to this val-ley of blessing so sweet, Where

The chorus begins with a new system. The treble staff melody starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment.



Je - sus will full - ness be - stow— And be - lieve, and re -

ceive, and con-fess him, That all his sal - va - tion may know.

No. 109.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.

CHORUS.—Oh, come to this valley, &c.

- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.

CHORUS.—Oh, come to the valley, &c.

- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would fain join the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"

CHORUS.—Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet,
Where Jesus will fullness bestow—
And believe, and receive, and confess him,
That all his salvation may know.

Annie Wittenmyer.

'TIS BLESSED TO GIVE.

"God loveth the cheerful giver."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

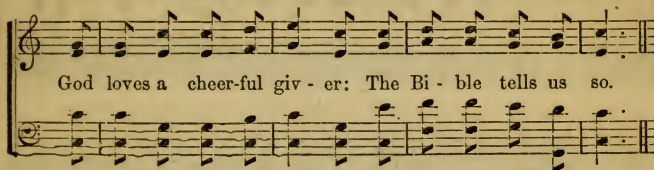
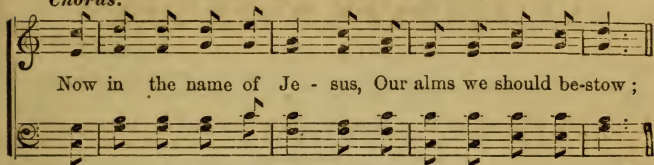
1. As God has kind - ly blessed us, To oth - ers let us give;

Not with a grudg - ing spir - it, Or that our deeds may live;

Not with a vain am - bi - tion, To win the praise of men,

No mer - it in a kind - ness That claims reward a - gain.

* From the "New Standard Singer."

Chorus.

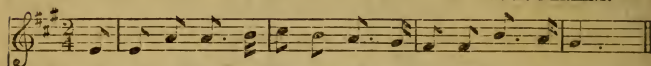
No. 110.

2 Now in the world before us
 A glorious field we see ;
 And in our Master's vineyard
 How active we should be,
 The Sabbath schools around us,
 For help they loudly call ;
 Home missions, too, remember,
 And freely give to all.—*Chorus.*

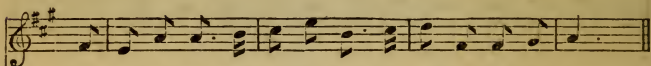
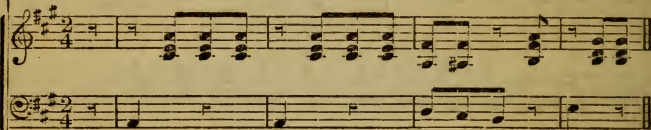
3 The cause of foreign missions
 Our zealous care demands ;
 We'll send the blessed Bible
 To distant heathen lands,
 That they may hear of Jesus,
 Whom we so dearly love ;
 May leave their senseless idols,
 And worship God above.—*Chorus.*

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

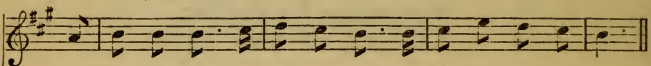
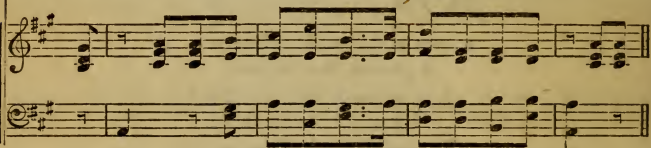
T. E. PERKINS.*



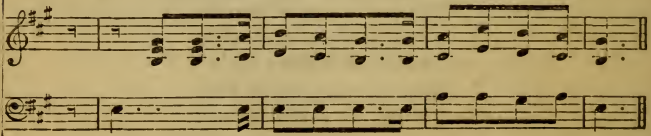
1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mercy's gate, With trembling hope and fear,



I've waited long, and still I wait, Thy gracious voice to hear.



Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast in store ;



* From the "Sabbath Carols," by permission.

Wilt thou, O Lord, in mer-cy speak, I'm kneeling at the door.

Chorus.

I'm kneeling at the door, Kneeling at the door; Wilt

thou, O Lord, in mer-cy speak, I'm kneeling at the door.

No. 111.

- 2 None ever empty turned away,
 Who truly sought thy face:
 And I, my Saviour, come to-day,
 To seek thy pardoning grace.
 Thy precious blood is all my plea:
 This can my soul restore:
 Wilt thou in mercy speak to me,
 I'm kneeling at the door.—*Chorus.*
- 3 And when the ransomed millions stand
 On Zion's flowery hill,
 With palms of victory in their hand,
 Waiting their Master's will;
 Oh, may I bear the living green,
 And that dear name adore,
 Whose love the sinner did redeem,
 While kneeling at the door.—*Chorus.*

THE WATER OF LIFE.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

WM. B. BRADBURY.*

Chorus. f

1. { Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly;
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live, Free - ly, free - ly, free - ly;

Chorus.

1st time.

Je - sus the wa - ter of life will give Free - ly to those who love him;
Come to that fountain, oh, drink and live, Flowing for those that [OMIT.]

2d time. Duet.

Chorus.

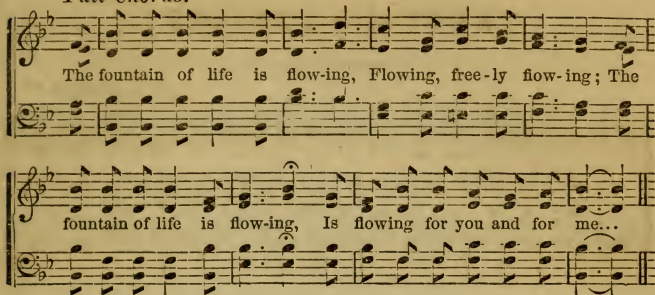
love him. The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come; Freely, freely, free - ly;

Duet.

Chorus.

And he that is thirsty, let him come, And drink of the water of life...

* From "Fresh Laurels," by permission of BIGLOW & MAIN.

Full Chorus.


The fountain of life is flow-ing, Flowing, free-ly flow-ing; The
fountain of life is flow-ing, Is flowing for you and for me...

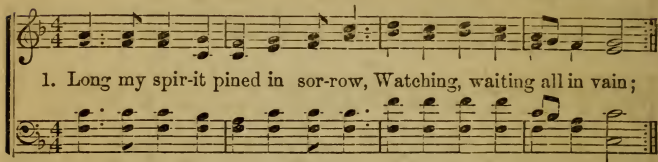
No. 112.

- 2 Jesus has promised a home in heaven,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 Jesus has promised a home in heaven
 Freely to those that love him;
 Treasures unfading will there be given,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 Treasures unfading will there be given
 Freely to those that love him.
 The Spirit and the Bride, &c.
- 3 Jesus has promised a robe of white,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 Jesus has promised a robe of white
 Freely to those that love him;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 Kingdoms of glory and crowns of light
 Freely to those that love him,
 The Spirit and the Bride, &c.
- 4 Jesus has promised eternal day,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 Jesus has promised eternal day
 Freely to those that love him;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely, freely, freely;
 Pleasure that never shall pass away,
 Freely to those that love him.
 The Spirit and the Bride, &c.

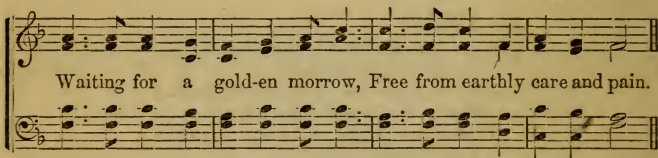
KEEP ON PRAYING.

"Pray without ceasing."

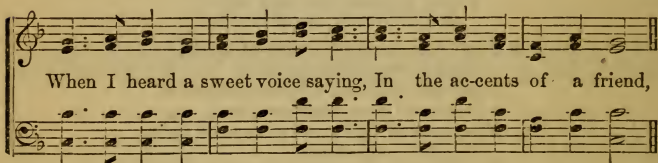
T. E. PERKINS.*



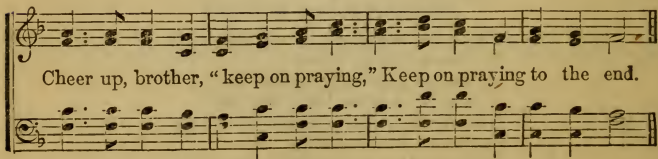
1. Long my spir-it pined in sor-row, Watch-ing, wait-ing all in vain;



Wait-ing for a gold-en mor-row, Free from earth-ly care and pain.



When I heard a sweet voice say-ing, In the ac-cents of a friend,



Cheer up, brother, "keep on pray-ing," Keep on pray-ing to the end.

* From the "Sabbath Carol."

Chorus.

When our way-ward thoughts are straying, When God's mer - cy
seems de - lay - ing, Then in faith we'll keep on pray - ing,
Keep on pray - ing, Keep on pray - ing to the end.

No. 113,

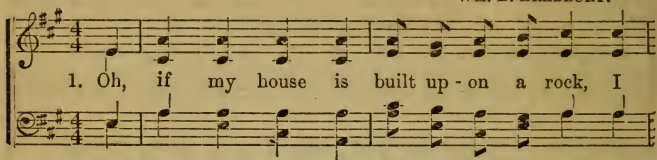
2 Ye, who sigh for holy pleasures,
Ye, who mourn your load of sin,
"Keep on praying," heavenly treasures
In the end you're sure to win.
Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
Lay your troubles at his feet,
Plead with faith in Calvary's story
Till your joys are all complete.—*Cho.*

3 How the angel-band rejoices,
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying," all your days:
Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day,
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—*Cho.*

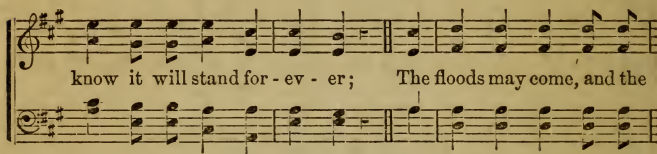
Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

THE HOUSE UPON A ROCK.

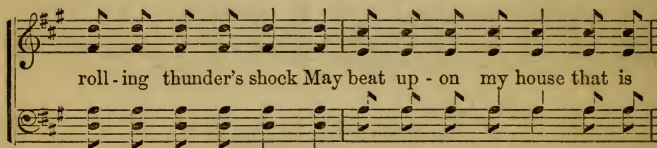
WM. B. BRADBURY.*



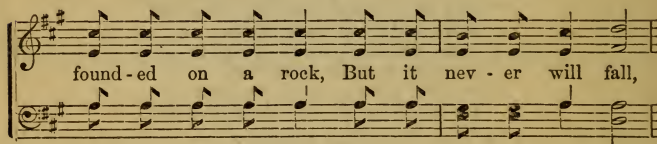
1. Oh, if my house is built up - on a rock, I



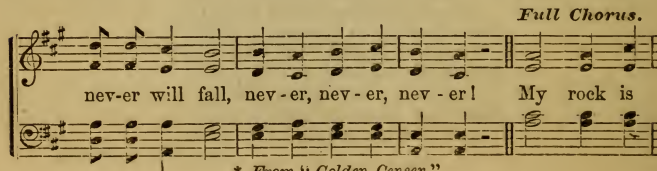
know it will stand for - ev - er; The floods may come, and the



roll - ing thunder's shock May beat up - on my house that is



found - ed on a rock, But it nev - er will fall,



Full Chorus.
nev - er will fall, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er! My rock is

* From "Golden Censer."

firm, is firm, it is my sure foundation, 'Tis Je - sus Christ, my

lov - ing Saviour, Je - sus Christ, my lov - ing Saviour, The

Rock of my sal - va - tion, The Rock of my sal - va - tion.

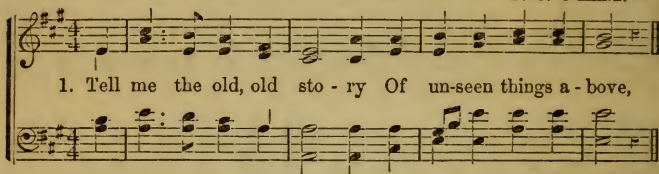
No. 114.

- 2 Oh, if my house is built upon the sand,
 'Twill fall when the floods are swelling;
 The winds will blow, and the tempest will descend,
 And beat upon my house that is built upon the sand,
 And it surely will fall, never to rise, never, never, never!
 CHORUS.—My rock is firm, &c.
- 3 Then let my house be built upon a rock,
 For there it will stand for ever;
 The floods may come, and the rolling thunder's shock
 May beat upon my house that is founded on a rock,
 But it never will fall, never will fall, never, never, never!
 CHORUS.—My rock is firm, &c.

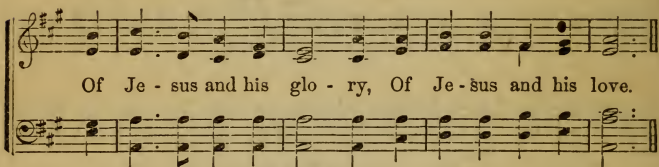
"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

"The love of Christ which passeth knowledge."

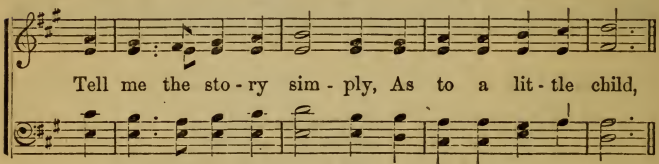
T. C. O'KANE.*



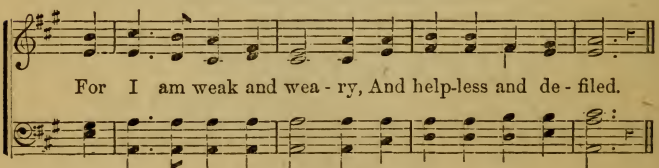
1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,



Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love.

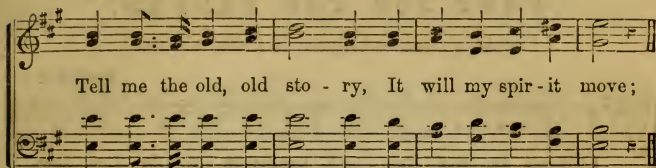


Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child,

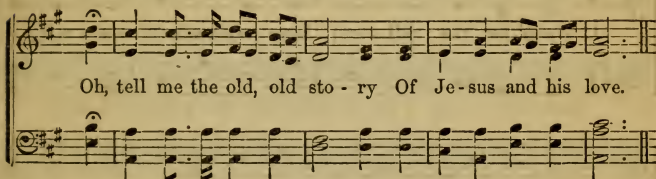


For I am weak and wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed.

* From 'Fresh Leaves.'

Chorus.


Tell me the old, old sto - ry, It will my spir - it move;



Oh, tell me the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

No. 115.

- 2 Tell me the story slowly,
 That I may take it in,
 That wonderful redemption,
 God's remedy for sin.
 Tell me the story often,
 For I forget so soon!
 The "early dew" of morning
 Has passed away at noon.
Cho.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

- 3 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear.
 Oh, yes, when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole!"
Cho.—Tell me the old, old story, &c.

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

"Meekness, temperance—against such there is no law."

*English.**

1. Weep for the fall - en! hang your heads in sor - row,

1. Weep for the fall - en! hang your heads in sor - row,

The first system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Weep for the fall - en! hang your heads in sor - row,' are written below the middle staff.

And mourn-ful - ly sing the re-qui-em sad and slow,

And mourn-ful - ly sing the re-qui-em sad and slow,

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of quarter and half notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'And mourn-ful - ly sing the re-qui-em sad and slow,' are written below the middle staff.

Thou - sands have per - ished by the fell de - stroy - er;

Thou - sands have per - ished by the fell de - stroy - er;

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 4/4 time signature. It contains a melody of quarter and half notes. The middle staff is a treble clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a harmonic accompaniment of chords. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, also containing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics 'Thou - sands have per - ished by the fell de - stroy - er;' are written below the middle staff.

* From "Temperance Chimes."

Oh, weep for youth and beauty, Oh, weep for youth and beauty,

Oh, weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

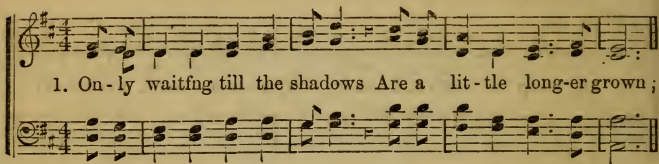
Oh, weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody line and a bass line. The second system continues the melody and bass line. The third system also continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are written below the staves.

No. 116.

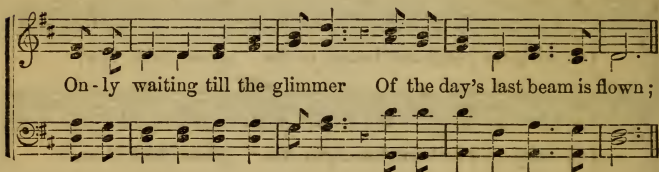
- 2 Voices of wailing tell our hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go :
Hark ! to their accents, theirs the broken-hearted
Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low !
- 3 Hear how they bid us sound the timely warning,
While yet there is hope to shun the cup of woe ;
For is it nothing, ye who see no danger,
To weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low ?
- 4 Weep for the fallen ; but amid your sorrow
Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow,
Rescue the nation from the fell destroyer,
For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low ?

EVENING SHADOWS.

S. J. VAIL. *By permission.*

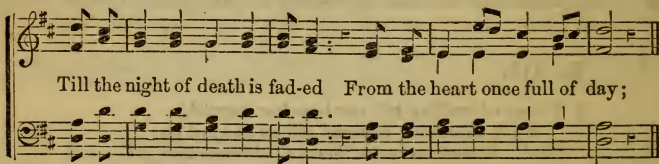
1. On-ly waitng till the shadows Are a lit-tle long-er grown ;

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Evening Shadows'. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



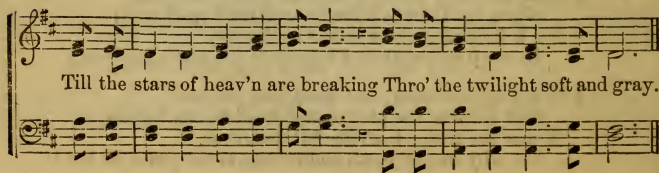
On-ly waiting till the glimmer Of the day's last beam is flown ;

The second system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Till the night of death is fad-ed From the heart once full of day ;

The third system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



Till the stars of heav'n are breaking Thro' the twilight soft and gray.

The fourth system of musical notation. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the accompaniment continues in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Chorus.

I am waiting, on - ly waiting For the summons to the grave ;

And I'm trusting, solely trusting In al - mighty power to save.

No. 117.

- 2 Only waiting till the reapers
 Have their last sheaf gather'd home ;
 For the summer time is ended,
 And the autumn winds have come ;
 Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
 The last ripe hours of my heart,
 For the bloom of life is wither'd.
 And I hasten to depart.
- 3 Only waiting till the angels
 Open wide the mystic gate,
 At whose feet I long have linger'd,
 Weary, poor, and desolate ;
 Even now I hear their footsteps,
 And their voices far away,
 If they call me I am waiting,
 Only waiting to obey.
- 4 Only waiting till the shadows
 Are a little longer grown ;
 Only waiting till the glimmer
 Of the day's last beam is flown ;
 Then from out the gathering darkness,
 Holy, deathless stars will rise,
 By whose light my soul will gladly
 Wing its passage to the skies.

TITLE CLEAR.

*"I know that my Redeemer liveth."**Freedmen's Melody, arr. with Chorus by T. C. O'KANE.**Lively.*

1. { When I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, When
I'll bid fare-well to ev - ery fear, ev - ery fear, I'll

I can read my ti - tle clear, ti - tle clear, When
bid fare - well to ev - ery fear, ev - ery fear, I'll

I can read my ti - tle clear To man-sions in the skies, }
bid farewell to ev - ery fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. }

Chorus.

We will stand the storm,
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver - y long;

We will an - chor by - and - by, by - and - by,
We will an - chor by - and - by, We will an - chor by - and - by,

We will stand the storm,
We will stand, stand the storm: It will not be ver - y long;

We will an - chor by - and - by, by - and - by.

No. 118.

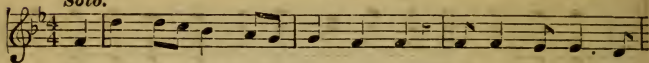
2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
Cho.—We will stand, &c.

3 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.
Cho.—We will stand, &c.

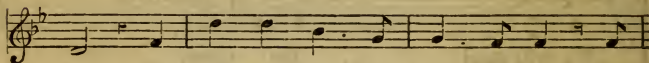
CALLING US AWAY.

"Here we have no continuing city."

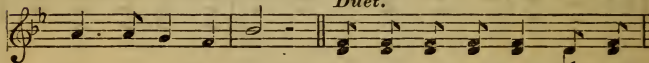
WALTER KITTRIDGE.*

Solo.

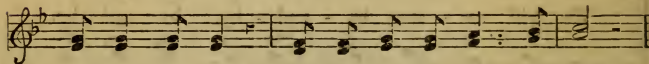
1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With-in the veil, and



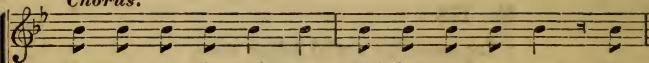
see The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How

Duet.

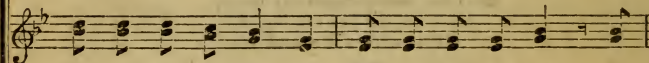
bright their glo-ries be. Ma - ny are the friends, Who are



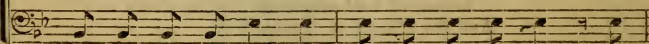
wait-ing to - day, Hap - py on the gold - en strand;

Chorus.

Ma ny are the voic - es Call - ing us a - way To



Ma - ny are the voic - es Call - ing us a - way To



* From the "New Standard Singer."

join their glo - rious band; Call-ing us a - way,

join their glo - rious band; Call-ing us a - way,

join their glo - rious band; Call-ing us a - way,

Repeat Chorus. pp

Call-ing us a - way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

Call-ing us a - way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

Call-ing us a - way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

No. 119.

- 2 Once they were mourners here below,
 And pour'd out cries and tears;
 They wrestled hard, as we do now,
 With sins, and doubts, and fears.
 Many are the friends, &c. -
- 3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came:
 They, with united breath,
 Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,—
 Their triumph to his death.
 Many are the friends, &c.

BRIGHT HOME.*

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

1. Bright home of our Sav - iour, what glo - ries a - wait The

1. Bright home of our Sav - iour, what glo - ries a - wait The

The musical notation for the first system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/2. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics '1. Bright home of our Sav - iour, what glo - ries a - wait The' are written below the staves.

spir - its that pass thro' thy bright pearl-y gate; What

spir - its that pass thro' thy bright pearl-y gate; What

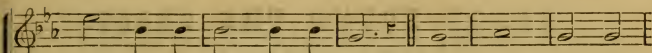
The musical notation for the second system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/2. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'spir - its that pass thro' thy bright pearl-y gate; What' are written below the staves.

an - thems of rap - ture, un - ceas - ing and high, Compose the loud

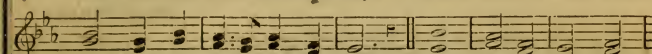
an - thems of rap - ture, un - ceas - ing and high, Compose the loud

The musical notation for the third system consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a time signature of 2/2. It contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, containing a melody of eighth and quarter notes. The lyrics 'an - thems of rap - ture, un - ceas - ing and high, Compose the loud' are written below the staves.

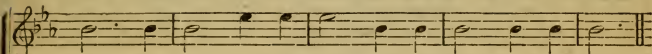
* Air—"Home, sweet home."



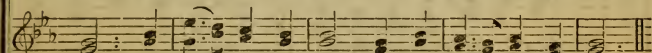
cho - rus that glad - dens the sky? Home, home, sweet, sweet



cho - rus that glad - dens the sky? Home, home, sweet, sweet



home; Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for yon - der blest home.



home; Pre - pare me, dear Sav - iour, for yon - der blest home,

No. 120.

- 2 The home of the ransom'd, the land of the blest,
Where pilgrims shall enter a glorious rest;
Shall wander in gladness the pastures of green,
And drink the still waters of pleasures serene.
Home, home, &c.
- 3 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare—
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there,
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When pure in his likeness they rise from the dust.
Home, home, &c.
- 4 We bless thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in thy mercy, that, wash'd from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.
Home, home, &c.

RALLY ROUND THE CROSS.

"Let me glory in the cross."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

1. Hark! the Gospel triumph sounding, Hear its ech-o far and wide ;

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff in 2/4 time. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment of eighth notes.

Mil-lions to the Cross are fly-ing, Where the Saviour bled and died.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, maintaining the same musical structure.


Come, and join that no-ble ar-my, And our bat-tle-cry shall be,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the treble staff featuring some chords and the bass staff continuing the eighth-note accompaniment.

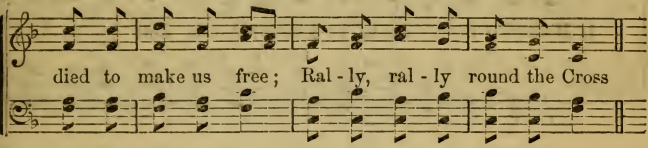
Ral-ly round the Cross of Jesus ; He has died to make us free.

The fourth system concludes the piece with the same musical notation as the previous systems.

* From "*Musical Leaves.*"

Chorus.


Ral-ly round the Cross, Ral-ly round the Cross; Je-sus



died to make us free; Ral-ly, ral-ly round the Cross

No. 121.

2 Through his all-atoning merit,
 We no more are slaves to sin;
 By his grace we yet may conquer
 Foes without and foes within.
 Courage! let our hearts be valiant,
 And our armor brightly shine;
 Take the helmet of salvation,
 Wield the sword of truth divine.—*Cho.*

3 See our glorious banner waving
 O'er the Christian's battle-ground;
 Faithful at the posts of duty,
 Let us each and all be found.
 See our glorious banner waving,
 To its colors boldly stand;
 Lo! our "beacon" in the distance,
 Pointing to the promised land.—*Cho.*

4 We are on the banks of Jordan,
 Darkly though its waters flow,
 Upward to the Mount of Zion,
 Shout triumphant as we go.
 One more struggle, one more conquest,
 And our mortal strife shall cease;
 Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 We shall gain the port of peace.—*Cho.*

Fanny Crosby.

BLESSED BIBLE. 8s & 7s. Double.

"Thy word have I hidden in my heart."

WM. B. BRADBURY.

mp

1. Blessed Bi-ble! how I love it! How it doth my bo-som

cheer! What on earth like this to co-vet? Oh, what

stores of wealth are here! Man was lost, and doom'd to sorrow, Not one

ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures borrow, Till his

way was cheer'd by this. Bless-ed Bi-ble! Bless-ed
Bi-ble! How thou dost my spir-it cheer; Bless-ed
Bi-ble! Blessed Bi-ble! How thou dost my spir-it cheer.

No. 122.

- 2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pond'rings,
Tell how far thy roving's led,
When this book brought back thy wand'rings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
Blessed Bible! Blessed Bible!
How thou dost my spirit cheer.
- 3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death? no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
Blessed Bible! Blessed Bible!
How thou dost my spirit cheer.—*Mrs. Phebe Palmer.*

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

T. E. PERKINS.

Chorus.

Bat-ling for the Lord!

Solo.

1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Bat-ling for the Lord!

Chorus.

Bat-ling for the Lord!

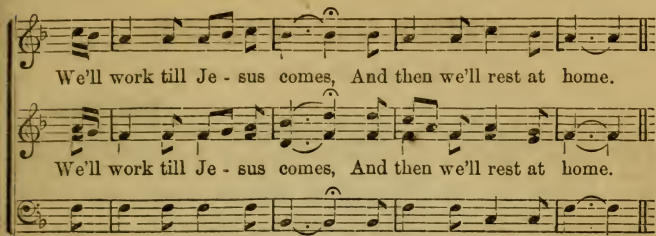
Solo.

E-ter-nal life, e-ter-nal joy, Bat-ling for the Lord!

Full Chorus.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,

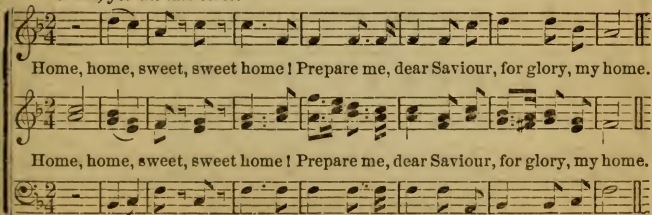


No. 123.

- 2 Under our captain Jesus Christ,
Battling for the Lord!
We've listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!—We'll work, &c.
- 3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!
In favor of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!—We'll work, &c.
- 4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!
This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!—We'll work, &c.
- 5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!
And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!—We'll work, &c.

Philip Phillips.

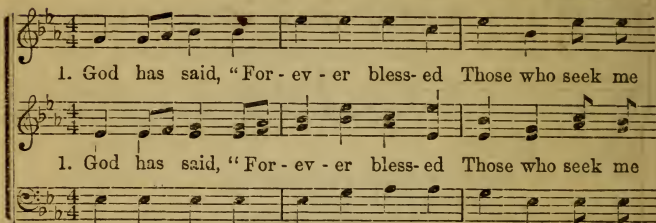
Coda, for the last verse.



GUIDE US, SAVIOUR.

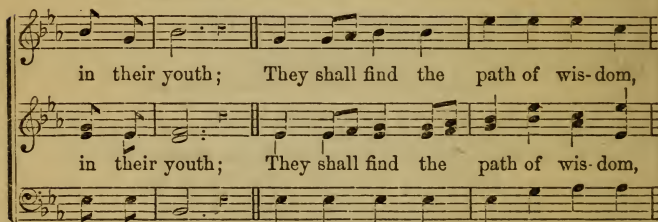
"He will guide you into all truth."

T. C. O'KANE.*



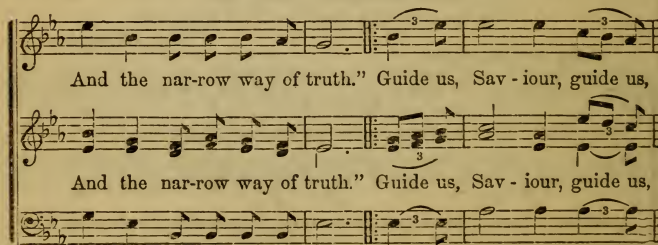
1. God has said, "For - ev - er bless - ed Those who seek me

1. God has said, "For - ev - er bless - ed Those who seek me



in their youth; They shall find the path of wis - dom,

in their youth; They shall find the path of wis - dom,



And the nar - row way of truth." Guide us, Sav - iour, guide us,

And the nar - row way of truth." Guide us, Sav - iour, guide us,

* From *"Singing Pilgrim."*

Sav - iour, In the nar - row way of truth; Guide us,

Sav - iour, In the nar - row way of truth; Guide us,

Repeat ad lib. pp

Sav-iour, guide us, Sav-iour, In the nar-row way of truth.

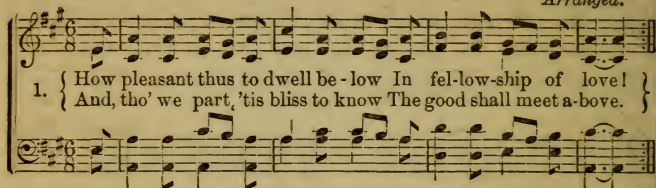
Sav-iour, guide us, Sav-iour, In the nar-row way of truth.

No. 124.

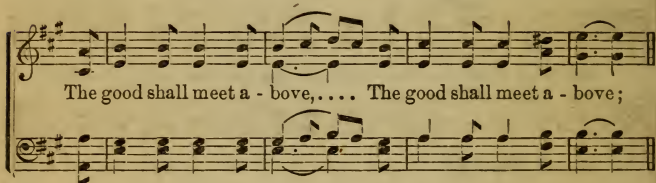
- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
 Be our wisdom and our guide;
 May we walk in love and meekness,
 Nearer to our Saviour's side.
 Naught can harm us, naught can harm us,
 While we thus in thee abide.
- 3 May thy watchful angels hover
 Round us, when there's evil near;
 May we hide beneath the cover
 Of thy wings, in time of fear;
 And in sorrow, and in sorrow,
 Comfort our sad hearts, and cheer.
- 4 And when death at last o'ertakes us,
 And we sink beneath his might,
 May the blessed morn awake us,
 Safe in yonder realms of light;
 There forever, there forever,
 Chant thy praise with angels bright.

Mrs. Bishop Thompson.

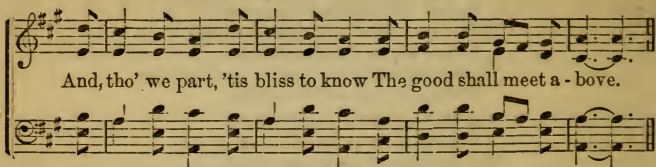
THAT WILL BE JOYFUL.

*Fellowship of love.**Arranged.*

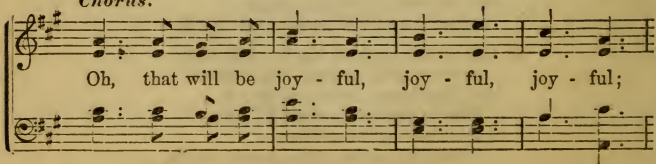
1. { How pleasant thus to dwell be - low In fel - low - ship of love! }
{ And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove. }



The good shall meet a - bove, . . . The good shall meet a - bove;



And, tho' we part, 'tis bliss to know The good shall meet a - bove.

Chorus.

Oh, that will be joy - ful, joy - ful, joy - ful;

Oh, that will be joy - ful, To meet to part no more.

To meet to part no more.... On Canaan's hap-py shore,

And sing the ev - er - lasting song With those who've gone before.

No. 125.

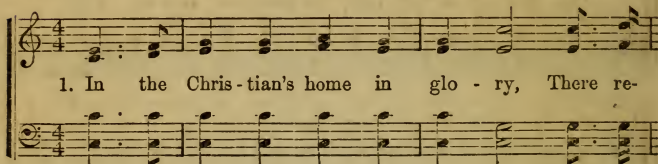
- 2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free
 From earthly grief and pain,
 In heaven we shall each other see
 And never part again.

CHORUS.—Oh, that will be joyful, &c.

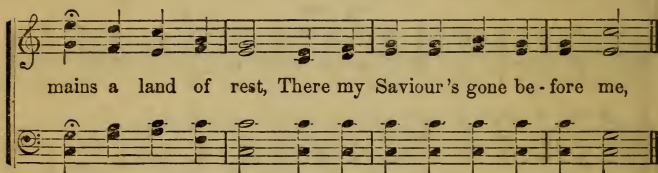
- 3 Then let us each, in strength divine,
 Still walk in wisdom's ways,
 That we with those we love may join
 In never-ending praise.

CHORUS.—Oh, that will be joyful, &c.—*Unknown.*

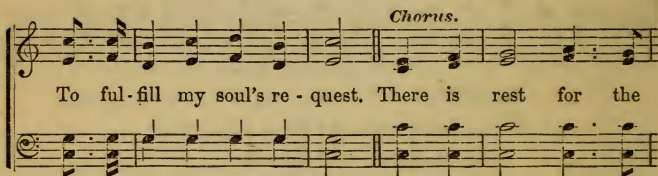
REST FOR THE WEARY.

Arr. by Rev. J. W. DADMUN.

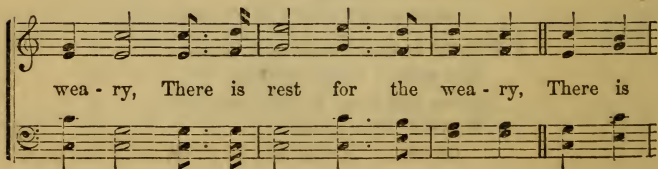
1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo-ry, There re-



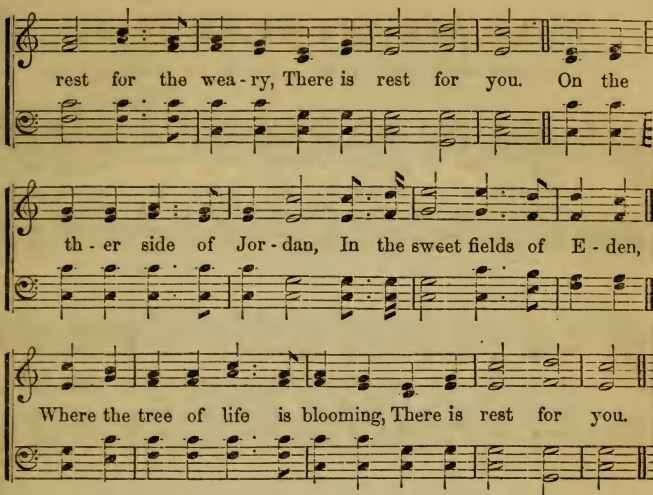
mains a land of rest, There my Saviour's gone be-fore me,



Chorus.
To ful-fill my soul's re-quest. There is rest for the



wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is



rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you. On the
 th-er side of Jor-dan, In the sweet fields of E-den,
 Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.

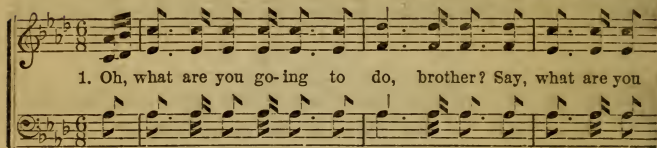
No. 126.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
 Which eternally shall stand,
 For my stay shall not be transient
 In that holy, happy land.—*Cho.*
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
 Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 But in that celestial centre,
 I a crown of life shall wear.—*Cho.*
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquished,
 And his sting shall be withdrawn;
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed.
 Hail with joy the rising morn.—*Cho.*
- 5 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory;
 Shout your triumph as you go;
 Zion's gate will open for you,
 You shall find an entrance through.—*Cho.*

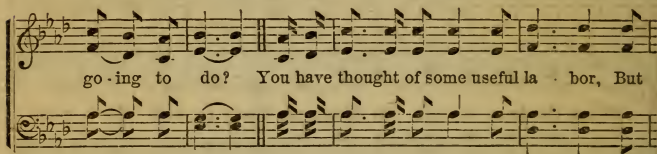
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his ways," by heeding, etc., etc.

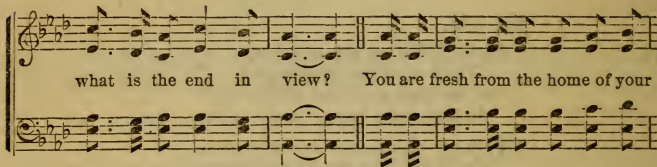
PHILIP PHILLIPS.*



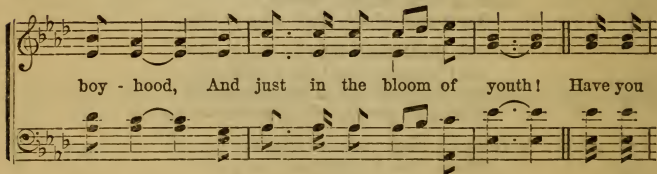
1. Oh, what are you go-ing to do, brother? Say, what are you



go-ing to do? You have thought of some useful la-bor, But




what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your



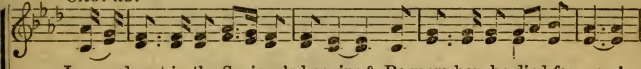
boy-hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you

* One of the soul-stirring songs from the "Musical Leaves," and dedicated by the author to the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States.

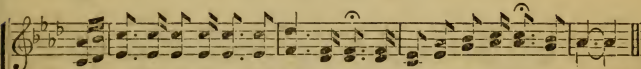


tast - ed the spark - ling wa - ter That flows from the fount of truth?

Chorus.



Is your heart in the Saviour's keeping? Re-mem-ber, he died for you!



Then what are you going to do, brother? Say, what are you going to do?

No. 127.

2.

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The morning of youth is past;
The vigor and strength of manhood,
My brother, are yours at last.
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things;—
A duty to those less favored.
The smile of your fortune brings.

CHORUS.

Go, prove that your heart is grateful—
The Lord has a work for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

3.

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendor,
And rides through a cloudless sky.
You are holding a high position,
Of honor, of trust, and fame;—

Are you not willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's name?

CHORUS.

The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4.

Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.

CHORUS.

You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

NEARER MY HOME.

JOHN M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith I.... see;

In yon - der realm of light, Pre - pared for.. me...

Chorus.

I'm near-er my home, near-er my home, Near-er my home to-

day ;.. Yes! near - er my home in heaven to-

day ;.. Yes! near - er my home in heaven to-

day Than ev - er I was be - fore....

day Than ev - er I was be - fore....

Repeat very softly.

No. 123.

- 2 Oh, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.
- 3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
My steps attend;
Oh, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.
- 4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.—*Unknown.*

JOYFULLY.

"Joyfully onward."

1. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly on - ward I move, Bound to the

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staff.

land of bright spir - its a - bove; An - gel - ic chor - is - ters

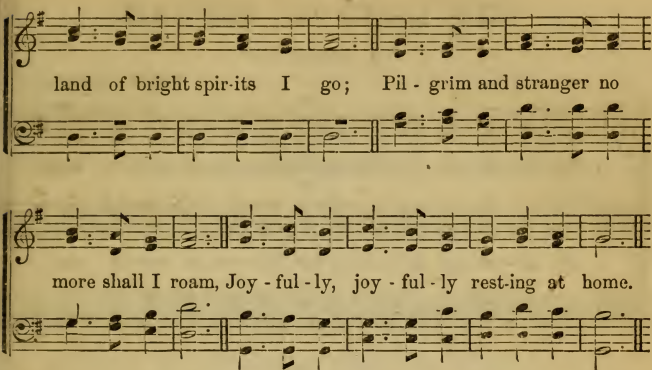
The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staff.

sing as I come, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly haste to thy home!

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff.

Soon with my pil - grimage end - ed be - low, Home to the

The fourth system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the staff.



land of bright spir-its I go; Pil - grim and stranger no

more shall I roam, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly rest-ing at home.

No. 129.

- 2 Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;
 Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;
 Singing to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
 Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
 Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear
 Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,—
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home.
- 8 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low
 Strike, king of terrors, I fear not the blow;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
 Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone:
 Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.—*Rev. Wm. Hunter.*

THE LAND OF BEULAH.

"My immortal home."

WM. B. BRADBURY.*

1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;

1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;

The first system of musical notation for 'The Land of Beulah' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are '1. My lat-est sun is sink-ing fast, My race is near-ly run;'.

My strongest tri - als now are past, My triumph is be - gun.

My strongest tri - als now are past, My triumph is be - gun.

The second system of musical notation for 'The Land of Beulah' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are 'My strongest tri - als now are past, My triumph is be - gun.'.

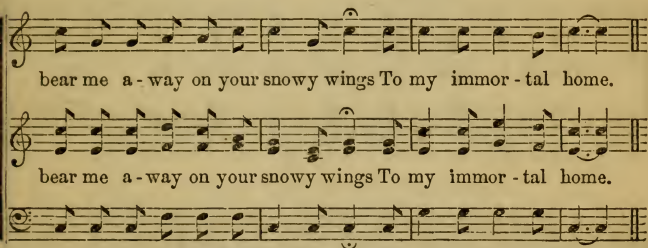
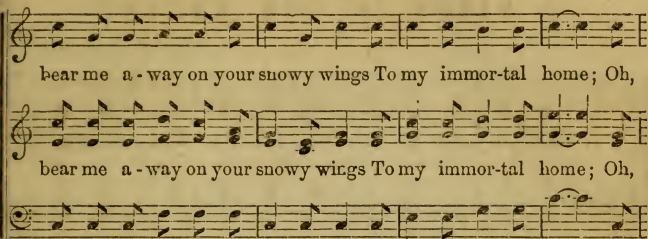
Refrain.

Oh, come, an - gel band, come, and a - round me stand, Oh,

Oh, come, an - gel band, come, and a - round me stand, Oh,

The Refrain section of musical notation for 'The Land of Beulah' consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The middle staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with a 6/8 time signature. The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the middle and bottom staves. The lyrics are 'Oh, come, an - gel band, come, and a - round me stand, Oh,'.

* From "Golden Chain."



No. 130.

2 I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear;
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
The crossing must be near.—*Refrain.*

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.—*Refrain.*

4 Oh, bear my longing heart to Him,
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.—*Refrain.*—*Rev. J. Haskell*

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

WM. B. BRADBURY.*

1. There's a light in the win-dow for thee, broth-er,

The first system of the song features a treble and bass staff in 6/4 time with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

There's a light in the win - dow for thee;

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

A dear one has moved to the mansions a - bove,

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

There's a light in the win - dow for thee.

The fourth system concludes the song with the final melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves.

* From "Golden Chain,"

Chorus.

A musical score for a chorus in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of three systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (bass clef). The lyrics are: "A mansion in heav-en we see, And a light in the win-dow for thee; A man-sion in heav-en we see, And a light in the win-dow for thee." The music features a simple, hymn-like melody with a piano accompaniment of chords and moving lines.

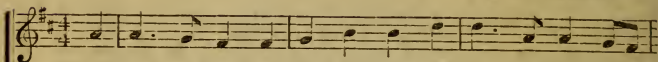
A mansion in heav-en we see, And a light in the
win-dow for thee; A man-sion in heav-en we
see, And a light in the win-dow for thee.

No. 131.

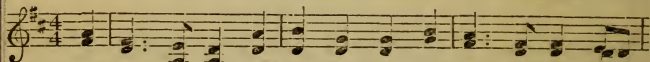
- 2 There's a crown, and a robe, and a palm, brother,
When from toil and from care you are free;
The Saviour has gone to prepare you a home,
With a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 Oh, watch, and be faithful, and pray, brother,
All your journey o'er life's troubled sea,
Though afflictions assail you, and storms beat severe,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*
- 4 Then on, perseveringly on, brother,
Till from conflict and suffering free;
Bright angels now beckon you over the stream,
There's a light in the window for thee.—*Cho.*

HE LEADETH ME.

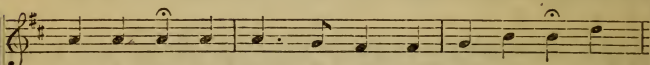
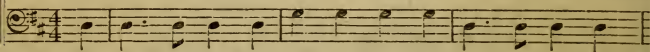
WM. B. BRADETRY.



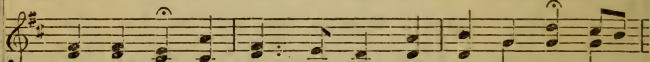
1. He lead - eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly



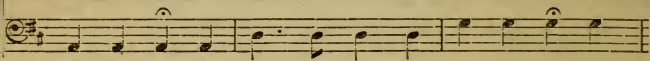
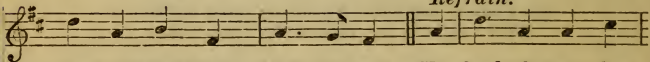
1. He lead - eth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heavenly



comfort fraught, What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still



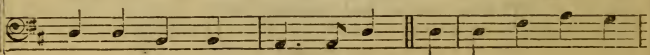
comfort fraught, What-e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still

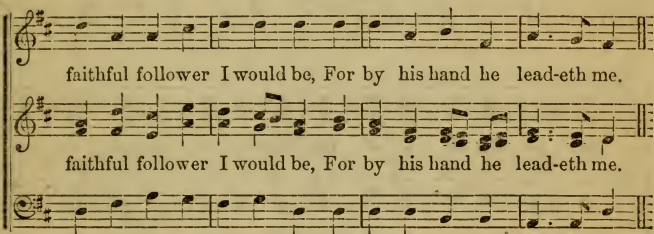
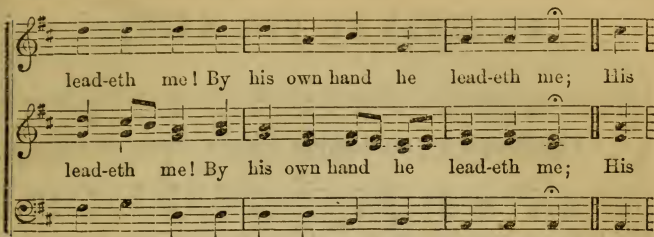
*Refrain.*

'tis God's hand that lead - eth me! He lead-eth me! he



'tis God's hand that lead - eth me! He lead-eth me! he

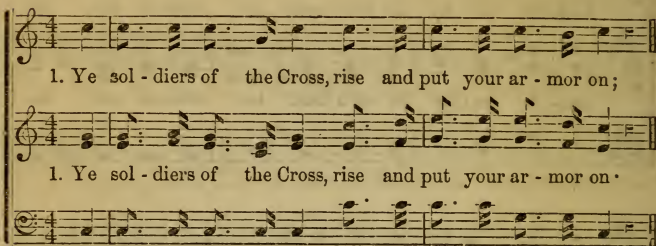




No. 132.

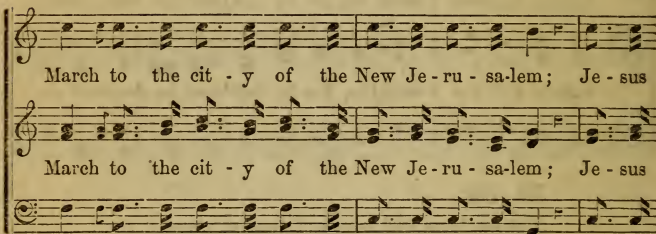
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.
- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me, &c.

SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.*



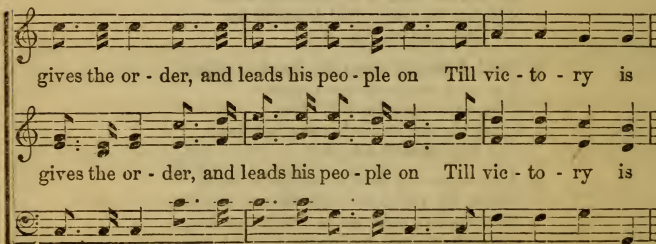
1. Ye sol - diers of the Cross, rise and put your ar - mor on;

1. Ye sol - diers of the Cross, rise and put your ar - mor on.



March to the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus

March to the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem; Je - sus

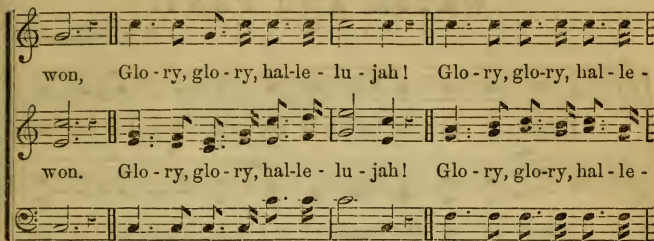


gives the or - der, and leads his peo - ple on Till vic - to - ry is

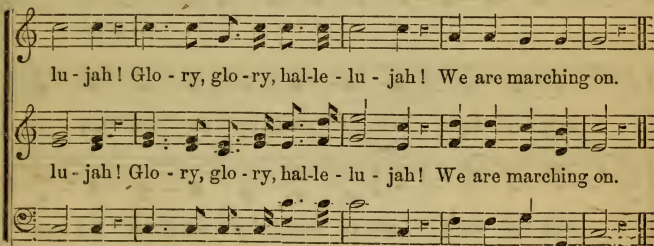
gives the or - der, and leads his peo - ple on Till vic - to - ry is

* From "Pilgrim's Songs."

Chorus.



won, Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le -
won. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo-ry, hal-le -



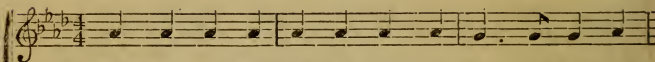
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! We are marching on.
lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal-le - lu - jah! We are marching on.

No. 133.

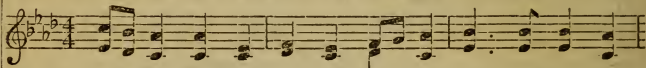
- 2 The watchmen they are crying, attend the trumpet's sound,
Take the gospel banner, and the powers of hell surround,
Hearts and arms make ready, the battle is at hand;
Go forth at Christ's command.— *Chorus.*
- 3 Lay hold upon the Saviour by faith's victorious shield,
March on in order, till you win the glorious field,
Faint not by the way, till you've gained that peaceful shore,
Where war shall be no more.— *Chorus.*
- 4 Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay your armor down,
March on in duty till you gain the starry crown;
When the war is o'er, and the battle you have won,
Jesus will say, "Well done."— *Chorus.*

WATCH AND PRAY.

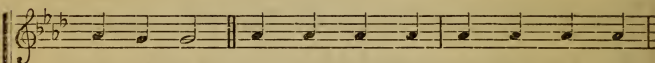
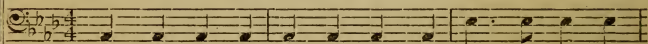
T. E. PERKINS.*



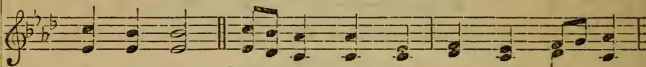
1. Soft - ly on the breath of eve - ning Comes the ten - der



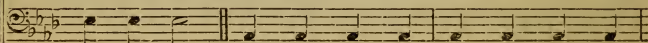
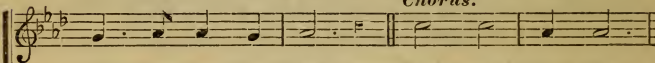
1. Soft - ly on the breath of eve - ning Comes the ten - der



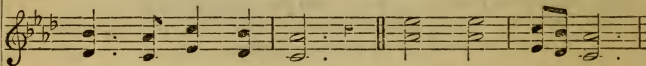
sigh of day; Lone - ly heart, by sor - row lad - en,



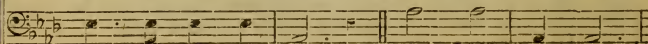
sigh of day; Lone - ly heart, by sor - row lad - en,

*Chorus.*

'Tis the time to pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,



'Tis the time to pray. Wea - ry pil - grim,



* From "Golden Promise."

cease thy mourning, Wea - ry pil - grim, cease thy

cease thy mourning, Wea - ry pil - grim, cease thy

Repeat Chorus.

mourn - ing, Rest be - yond for ev - er.

mourn - ing, Rest be - yond for ev - er.

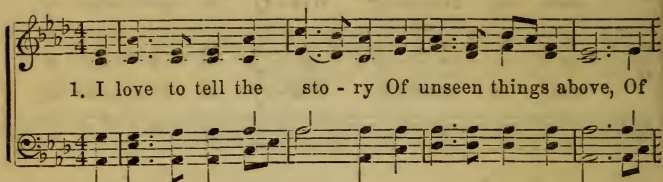
No. 134.

- 2 Pearly dews like tears are falling
Gently on the sleeping flowers;
Stars like angel eyes are beaming
From celestial bowers.
Weary pilgrim, &c.
- 3 'Tis the hour where hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour of calm devotion:
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, &c.
- 4 Though temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
He will hear thy lightest whisper:
Pilgrim, watch and pray.
Weary pilgrim, &c.—*Fanny Crosby.*

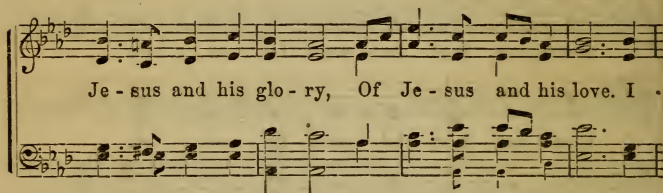
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

Written for Chaplain C. C. McCABE.

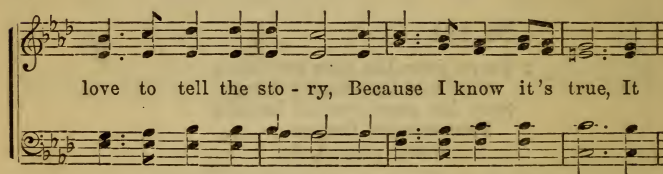
WM. G. FISCHER.



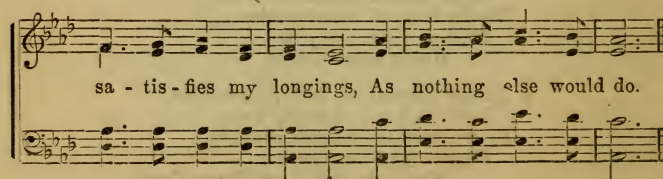
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of



Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I .

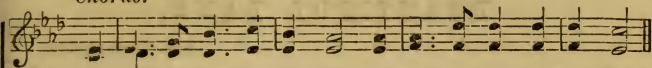


love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know it's true, It

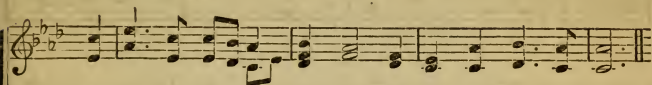
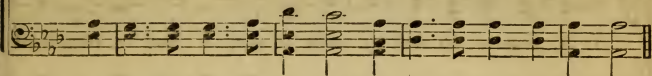


sa - tis - fies my longings, As nothing else would do.

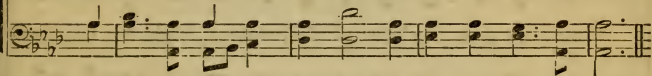
Chorus.



I love to tell the sto-ry, 'T will be my theme in glo-ry



To tell the old, old sto-ry, Of Je-sus and his love.

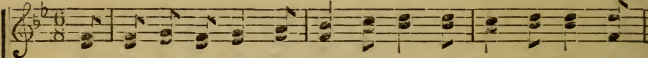


No. 135.


- 2 I love to tell the story:
More wonderful it seems
Than all the golden fancies
Of all our golden dreams.
I love to tell the story:
It did so much for me!
And that is just the reason
I tell it now to thee.—*Cho.*
- 3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it
More wonderfully sweet.
I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation
From God's own holy word.—*Cho.*
- 4 I love to tell the story:
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest.
And when, in scenes of glory,
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'T will be—the OLD, OLD STORY
That I have loved so long.—*Cho.*

BEAUTIFUL LAND.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

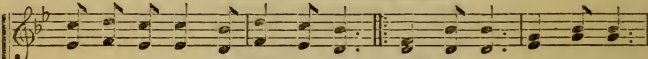


1. A beau-ti - ful land by faith I see, A land of rest, from

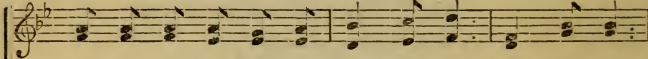


sor - row free, The home of the ransomed, bright and fair, And

Chorus.

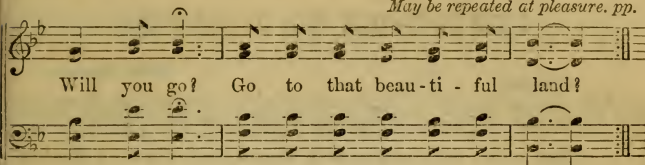


beau-ti - ful an - gels, too, are there. Will you go? Will you go!



Go to that beau-ti - ful land with me? Will you go?

May be repeated at pleasure. pp.

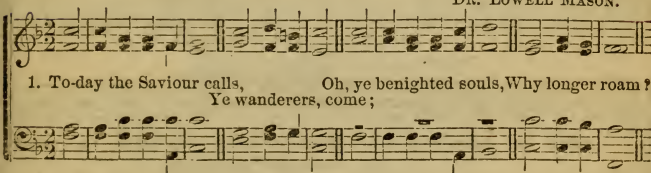


No. 136.

- 2 That beautiful land, the city of light,
It ne'er has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.—*Cho.*
- 3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its beautiful gates I, too, behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.—*Cho.*
- 4 The heavenly throng arrayed in white
In rapture range the plains of light;
And in one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.—*Cho.*

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

DR. LOWELL MASON.



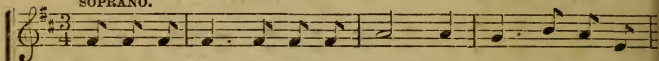
No. 137.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow. 3 To-day the Saviour calls,
For refuge fly; | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh. 4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour. |
|--|--|

CHRIST ON THE MOUNT.

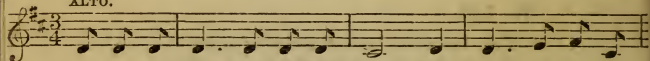
PHILIP PHILLIPS.*

SOPRANO.



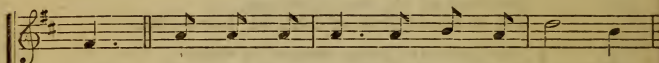
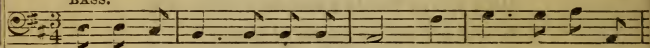
1. Come un-to Je - sus, ye that mourn, Our bless - ed Sav-iour

ALTO.

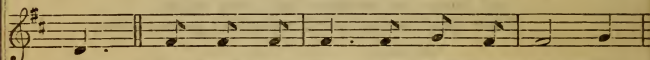


1. Come un-to Je - sus, ye that mourn, Our bless - ed Sav-iour

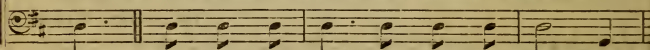
BASS.



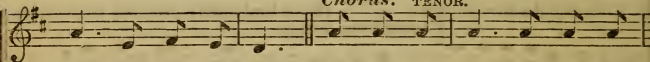
said; His prom-is - es, how sure they are, "Ye



said; His prom-is - es, how sure they are, "Ye

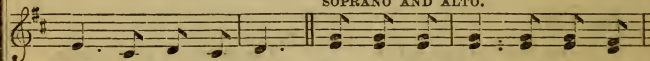


Chorus. TENOR.

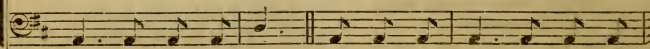


shall be com-fort - ed." This promise, on that sa - cred

SOPRANO AND ALTO.



shall be com-fort - ed." This promise, on that sa - cred



* From "Musical Leaves."

mount, Was giv - en by our Lord: "Re - joice, and
 mount, Was giv - en by our Lord: "Re - joice, and
 be ex - ceed - ing glad, For great is your re - ward."

No. 138.

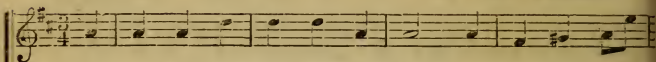
- 2 Ye poor in spirit, unto you
 How great the blessings given;
 His choicest promises are yours,
 "Yours is the kingdom—Heav'n,"—*Cho.*
- 3 The meek, and they for Jesus' sake,
 Who persecutions bear;
 He promises a heavenly home,
 A crown of glory there.—*Cho.*
- 4 Be merciful, for unto such
 He spares his chast'ning rod;
 Be pure in heart, our Saviour says,
 The pure shall dwell with God.—*Cho.*

Dr. E. G. Sumner.

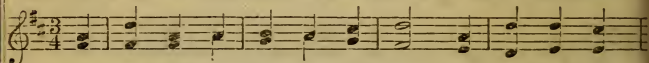
PORTLAND. 8s. Double.

The heavenly Jerusalem.

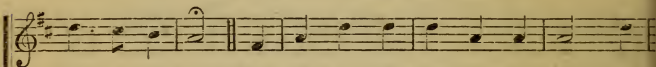
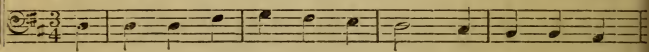
W. H. OAKLEY.



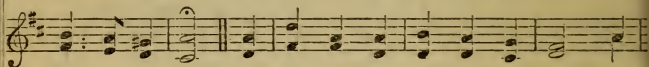
1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re-



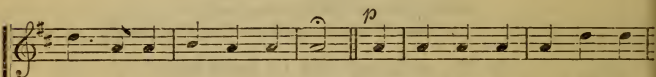
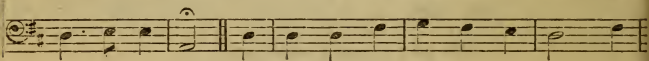
1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re-



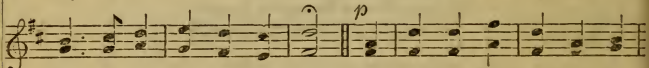
cov - er our home: The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear,—The



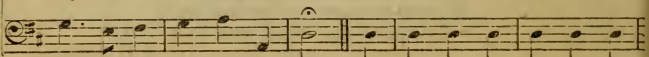
cov - er our home; The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear,—The



day of e - ter - ni - ty come. From earth we shall quickly re-



day of e - ter - ni - ty come. From earth we shall quickly re-



move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode; The house of our

move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode; The house of our

Fa - ther a - bove,—The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

Fa - ther a - bove,—The pal - ace of an - gels and God.

No. 139.

- 2 Our mourning is all at an end,
 When, raised by the life-giving Word,
 We see the new city descend,
 Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord :
 The city so holy and clean,
 No sorrow can breathe in the air :
 No gloom of affliction or sin;
 No shadow of evil is there.
- 3 By faith we already behold
 That lovely Jerusalem here :
 Her walls are of jasper and gold ;
 As crystal her buildings are clear ;
 Immovably founded in grace,
 She stands as she ever hath stood,
 And brightly her Builder displays,
 And flames with the glory of God.—*C. Wesley.*

CONQUEST.

"Toil onward still."

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Dear comrade pil-grims of the cross, Al-though the way be

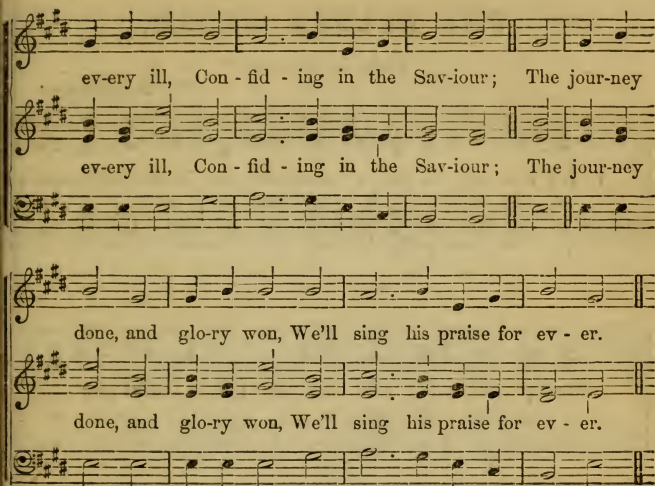
2. Dear comrade pil-grims of the cross, Al-though the way be

dear - y, Yet faint not, fail not, on-ward press, Tho'

dear - y, Yet faint not, fail not, on-ward press, Tho'

wound-ed, worn and wea - ry. Toil on-ward still thro'

wound-ed, worn and wea - ry. Toil on-ward still thro'



ev-ery ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sav-iour; The jour-ney

ev-ery ill, Con - fid - ing in the Sav-iour; The jour-ney

done, and glo-ry won, We'll sing his praise for ev - er.

done, and glo-ry won, We'll sing his praise for ev - er.

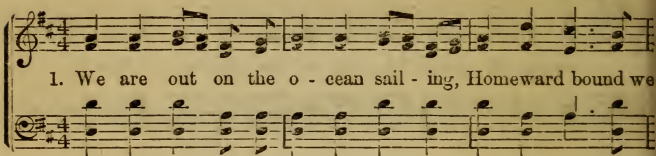
No. 140.

- 2 Though sore beset, not overcome,
 Cast down, but not despairing,
 We're traveling toward a heavenly home,
 Our Master's standard bearing.
 Toil onward still, &c.
- 3 We'll one another's burdens bear,
 The toilsome journey cheering;
 Our joys and all our sorrows share,
 Each day our home we're nearing.
 Toil onward still, &c.
- 4 Our Lord is God; his promise sure,
 His help shall fail us never;
 And they that to the end endure
 Shall reign with him forever!
 Toil onward still, &c

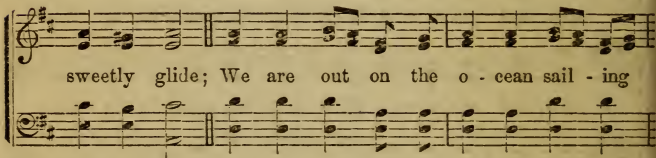
THE GOLDEN SHORE.

"A home beyond the tide."

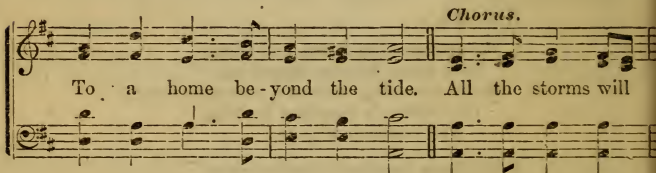
WM. B. BRADBURY.



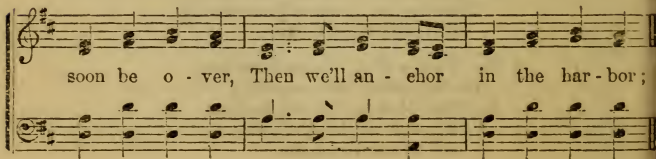
1. We are out on the o - cean sail - ing, Homeward bound we



sweetly glide; We are out on the o - cean sail - ing



Chorus.
To a home be - yond the tide. All the storms will



soon be o - ver, Then we'll an - chor in the har - bor;

We are out on the o - cean sail - ing To a
home be - yond the tide; We are out on the
o - cean sail - ing To a home be - yond the tide.

No. 141.

- 2 Millions now are safely landed,
Over on the golden shore;
Millions more are on the journey,
Yet there's room for millions more.
All the storms, &c.
- 3 Spread your sails while heavenly breezes
Gently waft our vessel on;
All on board are sweetly singing—
Free salvation is the song.
All the storms, &c.
- 4 When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout—our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing for evermore.
All the storm, &c.

GO, AND TELL JESUS.

"And they went and told Jesus."

T. F. SEWARD.

1. Go, and tell Je - sus, wea - ry, sin - sick soul, He'll

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

ease thee of thy bur - den, make thee whole ; Look up to him, he

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

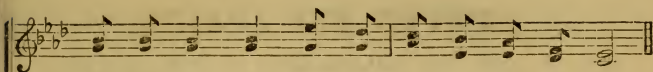
on - ly can for - give, Believe on him and thou shalt surely live.

The third system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

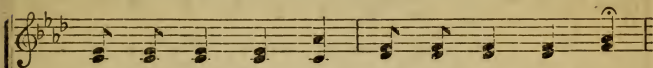
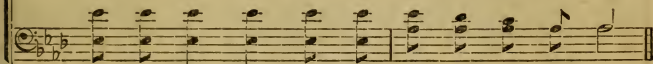
Chorus.

Go, and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give ;

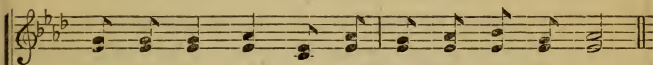
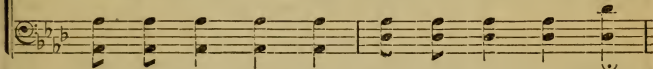
The chorus system of music is in G major and 4/4 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



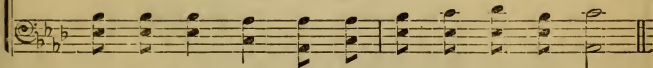
Go, and tell Je - sus, O turn to him and live;



Go, and tell Je - sus, Go, and tell Je - sus,



Go, and tell Je - sus, He on - ly can for - give.



No. 142.

- 2 Go, and tell Jesus, when your sins arise,
Like mountains of deep guilt before your eyes:
His blood was spilt, his precious life he gave,
That mercy, peace, and pardon you might have.
- 3 Go, and tell Jesus, he'll dispel thy fears,
Will calm thy doubts, and wipe away thy tears;
He'll take thee in his arm, and on his breast,
Thou may'st be happy, and forever rest.

NEVER SIN AGAIN.

"No sin there."

T. E. PERKINS.

1. This is not my place of rest ing, Mine's a cit - y

1. This is not my place of rest-ing, Mine's a cit - y

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the verse on the top staff and the second line on the middle staff.

yet to come; On - ward to it I am hast-ing, On to

yet to come; On - ward to it I am hast-ing, On to

The second system of music consists of three staves, continuing the melody from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the verse on the top staff and the second line on the middle staff.

Chorus.

my e - ter - nal home. Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more,

my e - ter - nal home. Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more,

The chorus section consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The middle staff is an alto clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves, with the first line of the chorus on the top staff and the second line on the middle staff.

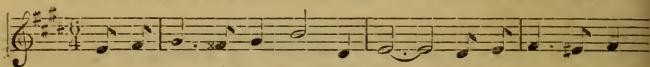
Nev - er - more be sad or wea - ry; Nev - er - more,
Nev - er - more be sad or wea - ry; Nev - er - more,
Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more to sin a - gain.

No. 143.

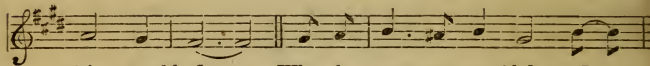
- 2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story—
All the curse has passed away.
Nevermore, &c.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along,
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turns our sighing into song.
Nevermore, &c.
- 4 Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad and weary,
Nevermore to sin again.
Nevermore, &c.—*Bonar.*

BEAUTIFUL LAND ON HIGH.

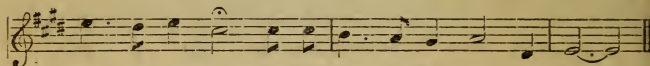
W. U. BUTCHER.*



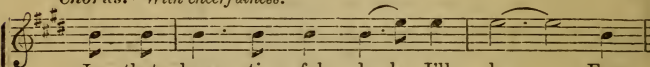
1. There's a beau-ti-ful land on high, To its glo-ries I



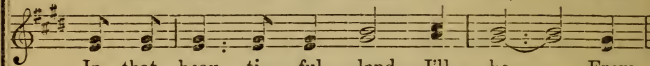
fain would fly,— When by sor-rows press'd down, I...



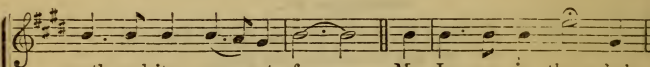
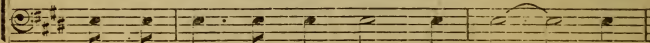
long for my crown, In that beau-ti-ful land on high.

Chorus.—With cheerfulness.

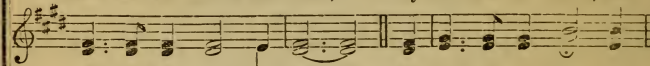
In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be,... From



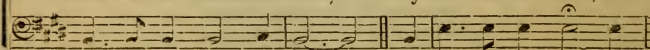
In that beau-ti-ful land I'll be,... From



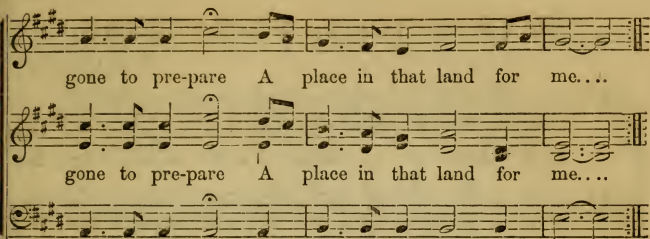
earth and its cares set free;.. My Je-sus is there, he's



earth and its cares set free;.. My Je-sus is there, he's



* From "Devotional Melodies."



No. 144.

2 There's a beautiful land on high,
I shall enter it by-and-by;
There, with friends, hand in hand, I shall walk on the strand,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, &c.

3 There's a beautiful land on high;
Then why should I fear to die,
When death is the way to the realms of day,
In that beautiful land on high?
CHO.—In that beautiful land, &c.

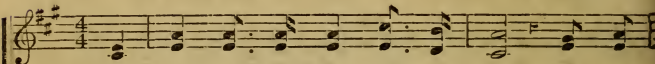
4 There's a beautiful land on high,
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;
Methinks I now see how they're waiting for me,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, &c.

5 There's a beautiful land on high,
And though here I oft weep and sigh,
My Jesus hath said that no tears shall be shed,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, &c.

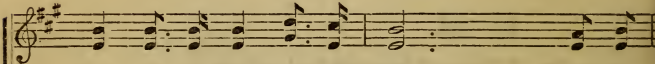
6 There's a beautiful land on high,
Where we never shall say, "good-by!"
When over the river we're happy forever,
In that beautiful land on high.
CHO.—In that beautiful land, &c.—*J. Nicholson.*

WE'VE A HOME, OVER THERE.*

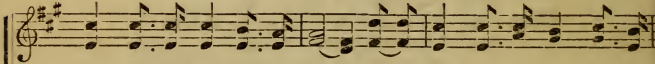
T. C. O'KANE.



1. O, think of a home o - ver there, By the

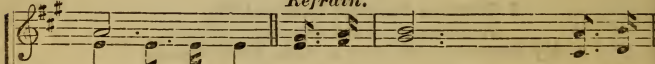


side of the riv - er of light, Where the
o - ver there,



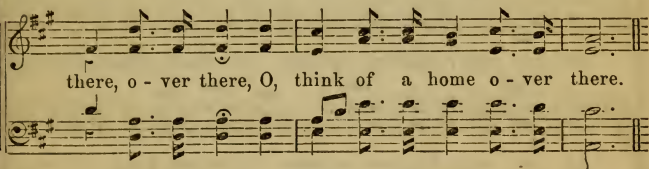
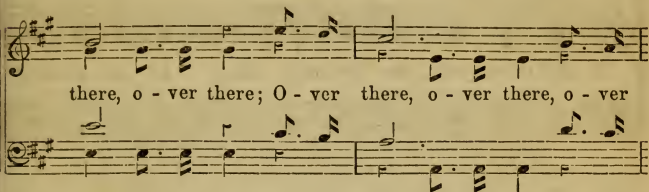
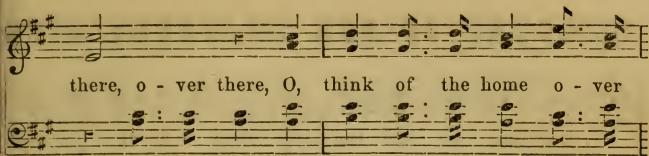
saints all im-mor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of

Refrain.



white, o - ver there. O - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver

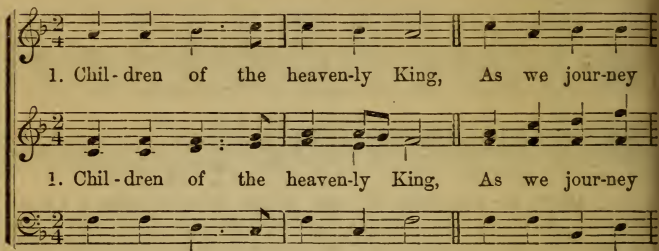
* From "Fresh Leaves."



No. 145.

- 2 O, think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.
Over there, over there,
O think of the friends over there.
- 3 My Savior is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Savior is now over there.
- 4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

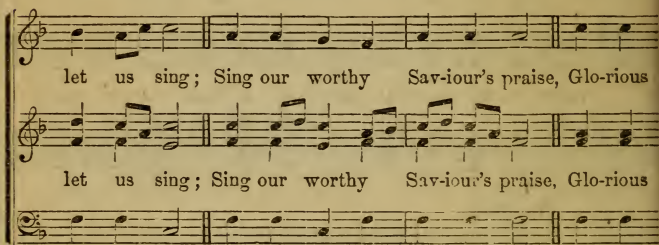
CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.



1. Chil - dren of the heav-en-ly King, As we jour-ney

1. Chil - dren of the heav-en-ly King, As we jour-ney

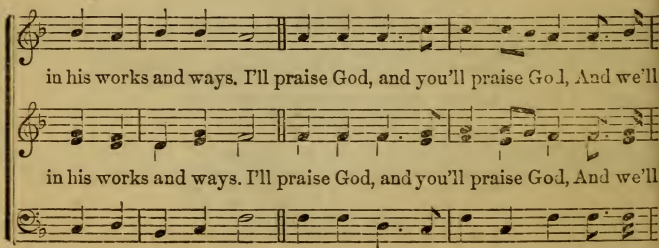
This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G-clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics '1. Chil - dren of the heav-en-ly King, As we jour-ney'. The second staff is a vocal line in G-clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics '1. Chil - dren of the heav-en-ly King, As we jour-ney'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment line in C-clef, 2/4 time.



let us sing; Sing our worthy Sav-iour's praise, Glo-rious

let us sing; Sing our worthy Sav-iour's praise, Glo-rious

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G-clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics 'let us sing; Sing our worthy Sav-iour's praise, Glo-rious'. The second staff is a vocal line in G-clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics 'let us sing; Sing our worthy Sav-iour's praise, Glo-rious'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment line in C-clef, 2/4 time.



in his works and ways. I'll praise God, and you'll praise God, And we'll

in his works and ways. I'll praise God, and you'll praise God, And we'll

This system contains three staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G-clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics 'in his works and ways. I'll praise God, and you'll praise God, And we'll'. The second staff is a vocal line in G-clef, 2/4 time, with lyrics 'in his works and ways. I'll praise God, and you'll praise God, And we'll'. The third staff is a piano accompaniment line in C-clef, 2/4 time.

all praise God to - geth - er ; I'll praise God for the
 all praise God to - geth - er ; I'll praise God for the
 work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for - ev - er.
 work that he has done, And we'll bless his name for - ev - er.

No. 146.

- 2 We are traveling home to God,
 In the way our fathers trod ;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.—I'll praise, &c.
- 3 O ye banished seed, be glad ;
 Christ our advocate is made ;
 Us to save our flesh assumes,—
 Brother to our souls becomes.—I'll praise, &c.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land ;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.—I'll praise, &c.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below :
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.—I'll praise, &c.

JESUS IS HERE.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

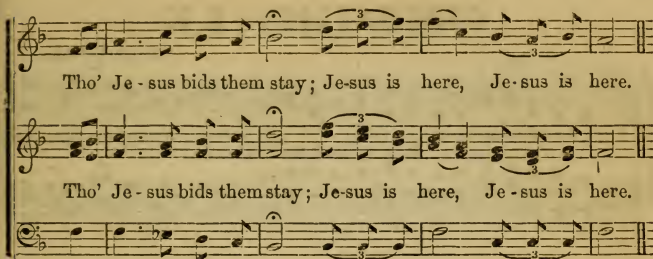
T. C. O'KANE.*

1. Oh, come to Je-sus now, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;

All low be-fore him bow, Je-sus is here, Je-sus is here;

Too ma - ny go a - way, Too ma - ny still de - lay,

* From *"Singing Pilgrim."*



Tho' Je - sus bids them stay; Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.

Tho' Je - sus bids them stay; Je - sus is here, Je - sus is here.

No. 147.

2 Oh, come this place within,
 Jesus is here;
 He sees you full of sin,
 Jesus is here;
 He knows you when you come,
 Poor, wretched, and undone,
 Seeking him and him alone;
 Jesus is here.

3 Come, then, to Jesus now,
 Jesus is here;
 All near him lowly bow,
 Jesus is here;
 Oh, ye that feel your sin,
 And coming long have been,
 Now find your rest in him;
 Jesus is here.

4 Oh, come to Jesus now,
 Jesus is here;
 Old and young together bow,
 Jesus is here;
 Oh, what a glorious thing,
 Sin's weary load to bring,
 And lose it while we sing;
 Jesus is here.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing The glories of my God and King, Tho
My great Redeemer's praise;

triumphs of his grace ; The glories of my God and King, The triumphs, &c.

No. 148.

General invitation to praise the Redeemer.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy Name.
- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease :
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.—*C. Wesley.*

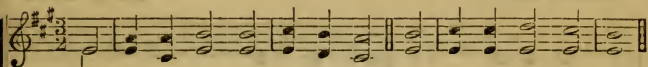
No. 149.

Crown him Lord of all.

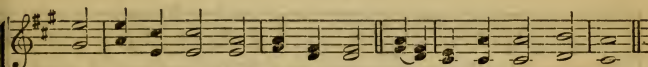
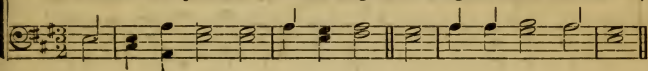
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name !
 Let angels prostrate fall :
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.</p> | <p>2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall ;
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.</p> |
|--|---|

AZMON. C. M.

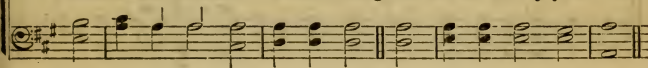
From GLASER.



1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne;



Ten thousand thousand were their tongues, And all their joys are one.



No. 150.

"Worthy the Lamb."

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus :"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honor and power divine ;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, forever thine.

The whole creation join in one,
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.— *Watts.*

No. 149.—*Concluded.*

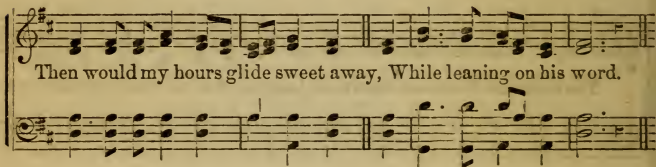
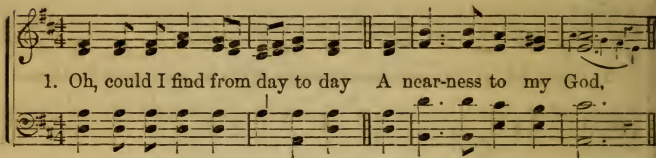
3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
 We at his feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

Perronet.

NAOMI. C. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



No. 151.

Desire for holiness.

- 2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give
 Nor ever take away.
- 3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.
- 4 Thus, till my last, expiring breath,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And when my frame dissolves in death
 My soul shall love thee more.—*Unknown.*

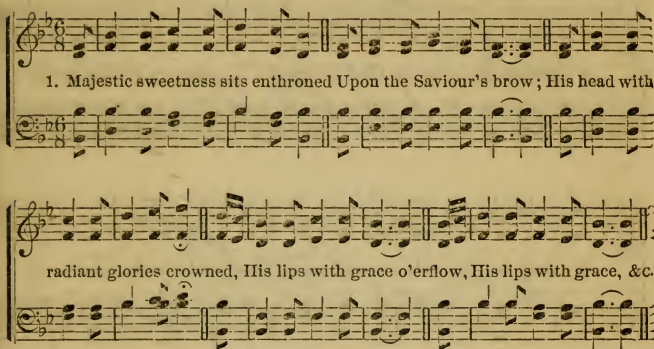
No. 152.

His quickening power.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.</p> | <p>2 Look how we grovel here below,
 Fond of these earthly toys;
 Our souls, how heavily they go,
 To reach eternal joys.</p> |
|---|---|

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



1. Majestic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Saviour's brow; His head with
radiant glories crowned, His lips with grace o'erflow, His lips with grace, &c.

No. 153.

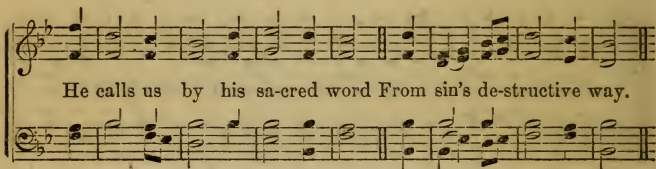
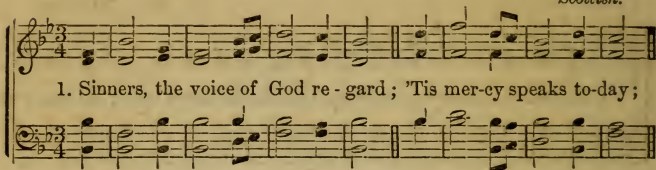
This is my friend.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he than all the fair
That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I own my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.—*Stennett.*

No. 152.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 In vain we tune our formal songs,—
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.</p> | <p>4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.—<i>Watts.</i></p> |
|---|--|

AVON. C. M.

Scottish.

No. 154.

No peace to the wicked.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell
Why will you persevere!
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?
- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.—*Fawcett.*

No. 155.

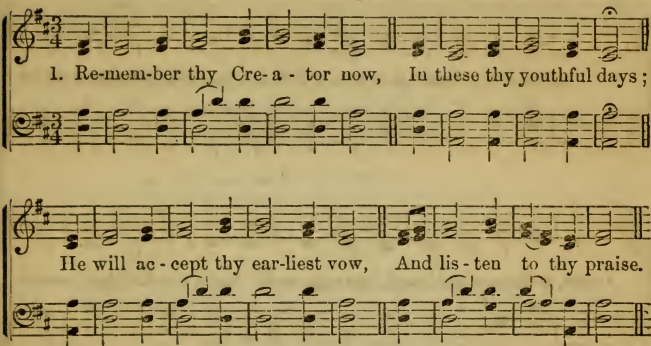
Sufficiency and freeness.

Oh, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river, rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

SCOTT. C. M.

From "Dulcimer."



1. Re-mem-ber thy Cre-a - tor now, In these thy youthful days ;

He will ac - cept thy ear-liest vow, And lis - ten to thy praise.

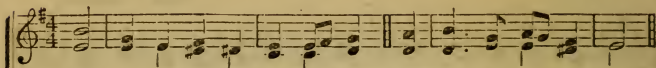
No. 156. "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

- 2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek him while he's near,
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.
- 3 Remember thy Creator now ;
His willing servant be :
Then, when thy head in death shal' bow,
He will remember thee.
- 4 Almighty God ! our hearts incline
Thy heavenly voice to hear ;
Let all our future days be thine.
Devoted to thy fear.—*Unknown.*

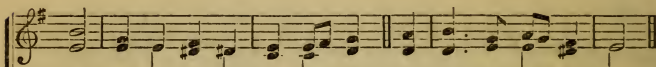
No. 155.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Come, then, with all your wants and
Your every burden bring :
Here love, unchanging love, abounds—
A deep, celestial spring.</p> | <p>[wounds ;
4 Whoever will—O gracious word !—
May of this stream partake ;
Come, thirsty souls, and bless the Lord ;
And drink, for Jesus' sake.—<i>Medley.</i></p> |
|---|--|

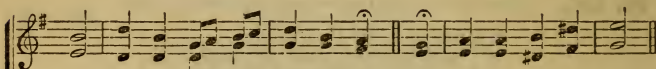
RESOLUTION. C. M. Double. (Old.)



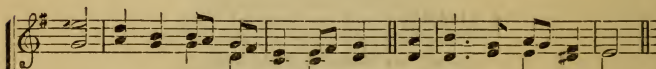
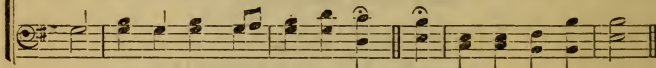
1. Come, humble sinner, in whose breast A thousand thoughts revolve,



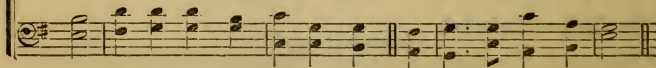
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed, And make this last resolve :



*2. I'll go to Je-sus, tho' my sin Like mountains round me close ;



I know his courts, I'll en-ter in, What-ev - er may op-pose.



* For the 5th verses of these Hymns repeat the last two braces of the music.

No. 157.

The resolution.

- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him, I'm a wretch undone
Without his sov'reign grace.
- 4 Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.—*Jones.*

OH, WHY SHOULD GLOOMY THOUGHTS ARISE.

No. 158.

Believe, and be at peace.

- 1 OH, why should gloomy thoughts arise,
And darkness fill the mind?
Why should that bosom heave with sighs
And yet no refuge find?
- 2 Hast thou not heard of Gilead's balm—
The great Physician there,
Who can thine every fear disarm,
And save thee from despair?
- 3 Still art thou overwhelm'd with grief,
—And fill'd with sore dismay?
Still looking downward for relief,
Without one cheering ray?
- 3 Lift up thy streaming eyes to heaven;
The great atonement see;
And all thy sins shall be forgiven:—
Believe, and thou art free.
- 5 For thee the Saviour suffer'd shame,
And shed his precious blood;
Believe, believe in Jesus' name,
And be at peace with God.—*T. Hastings.*

I DO BELIEVE. C. M.

1. Fa-ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er help I know
 Cho. I will be-lieve, I do be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me;

If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah! whither shall I go?
 And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 159.

Unwearied earnestness.

- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labor, to secure
 My soul from endless death!—*Cho.*
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power;
 And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
 In this accepted hour.—*Cho.*
- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 Oh, let me now receive that gift,—
 My soul without it dies.—*Cho.—C. Wesley.*

No. 160.

Lord, help my unbelief.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 How sad our state by nature is;
 Our sin, how deep its stains;
 And Satan binds our captive souls
 Fast in his slavish chains.</p> | <p>2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
 Sounds from the sacred word:—
 Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
 And trust a faithful Lord.</p> |
|---|--|

FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. I'm not ashamed to own my Lord, Or to defend his cause; Main -

tain the honor of his word, —The glory of his cross, The glory of his cross.

No. 161.

Not ashamed of the Gospel.

- 2 Jesus, my God!—I know his name;
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.—*Watts.*

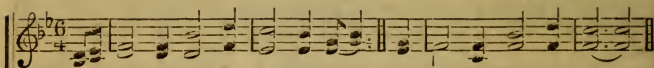
No. 160.—*Concluded.*

- 3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord;
Oh, help my unbelief!

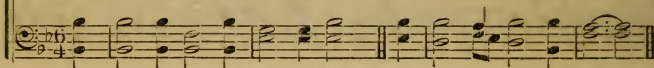
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my guilty soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

Watts.

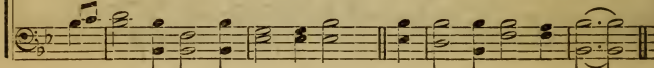
CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Western Melody.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?



No: there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.



No. 162.

The cross and the crown.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No: there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set us free,
And then go home my crown to wear.—
For there's a crown for me!—*G. N. Allen.*

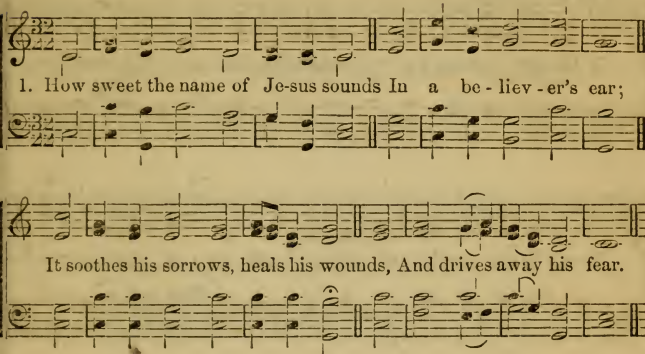
No. 163.

His humiliation.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1 AND did the Holy and the Just,—
The Sov'reign of the skies,—
Stoop down to wretchedness and dust,
That guilty man might rise? | 2 Yes, the Redeemer left his throne,
His radiant throne on high—
Surprising mercy! love unknown!—
To suffer, bleed, and die. |
|--|---|

BELIEVER. C. M.

Arr. by H. P. MAIN.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

No. 164.

The precious name.

- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
- 3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-falling treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace
- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.—*Newton.*

No. 163.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>To dwell with mis'ry here below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.</p> | <p>4 He took the dying traitor's place,
And suffer'd in his stead,
For sinful man—O wondrous grace!
For sinful man he bled.—<i>Stowe.</i></p> |
|--|---|

BALERMA. C. M.

Scottish.

1. Oh, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' press'd by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink Of an - y earth-ly woe;—

No. 165.

For victorious faith.

- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss
Of an eternal home.—*Bathurst.*

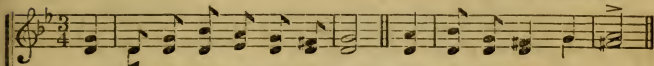
No. 166.

His amazing love.

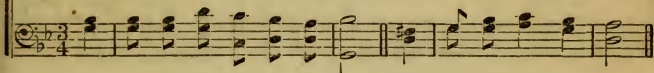
- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.</p> | <p>2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (oh, amazing love!)
He flew to our relief.</p> |
|---|--|

ROSCOE. C. M.

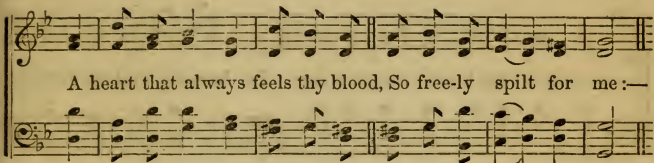
From "Psaltery."



1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;—



A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me:—



No. 167.

A perfect heart the Redeemer's throne.

2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,—
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him that dwells within:—

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.—C. Wesley.

No. 166.—Concluded.

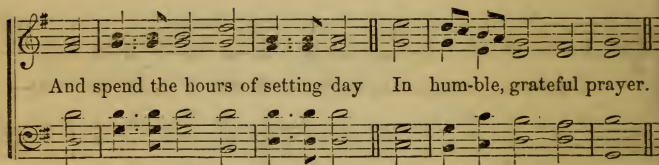
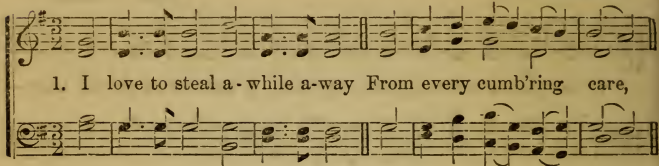
3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 Oh, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

Watts.

WOODSTOCK. C. M.

D. DUTTON, Jr.



No. 168.

Evening.—Solitude.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,—
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.—*Mrs. Brower.*

No. 169.

Comfort in God.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 DEAR Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.</p> | <p>2 To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.</p> |
|--|--|

SILOAM. C. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's shady rill How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dewy rose!

No. 170.

The Christian child.

- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.—*Heber.*

No. 169.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 But, oh, when gloomy doubts prevail,
I fear to call thee mine;
The springs of comfort seem to fail,
And all my hopes decline.</p> | <p>4 Yet, gracious God, where shall I flee?
Thou art my only trust;
And still my soul would cleave to thee,
Though prostrate in the dust.</p> |
|--|---|

Steele.

EVAN. C. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.*

1. In mercy, Lord, re-member me, Thro' all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously The safeguard of thy might.

No. 171.

Evening: cheerful confidence.

- 2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes
Since thou wilt not remove:
O, in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days;
Lord, take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.—*Moravian.*

Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

C. M.

No. 172.

Suffer the little children to come unto me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands,
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.</p> | <p>2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.</p> |
|---|--|

* By permission of MASON BROTHERS.

WARWICK. C. M.

STANLEY.

1. Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear My voice as - cending high:
To thee will I di - rect my prayer,—To thee lift up mine eye:—

No. 173.

Sunday morning: preparing for public worship.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to thy house will I resort,
To taste thy mercies there;
I will frequent thy holy court,
And worship in thy fear.

4 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.—Watts.

No. 172.—*Concluded.*

3 We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, | 4 Ye little flock! with pleasure hear,—
And yield them up to thee; | Ye children! seek his face;
Joyful that we ourselves are thine, | And fly, with transports, to receive
Thine let our offspring be. | The blessings of his grace.

Doddridge.

THORNTON. C. M. Double.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. } How hap - py ev - ery child of grace, Who knows his sins for-given !
 } This earth, he cries, is not my place ; I seek my place in heaven.
 d. c. To dwell for - ev - er with the blest, E - ter - nal joys to share.

Chor. O heaven, dear heaven, sweet land of rest, When sha my soul be there,

No. 174.

The full assurance of hope.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight,
 Yet, oh, by faith I see :
 The land of rest, the saints' delight,—
 The heaven prepared for me.—*Chor.*
- 3 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours !
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers,
 And ante-date that day :—*Chor.*
- 4 We feel the resurrection near,—
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,—
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.—*Chor.—C. Wesley.*

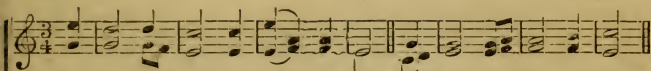
No. 175.

Entire purification.

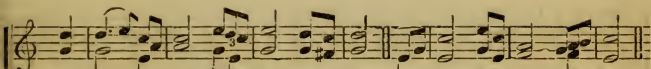
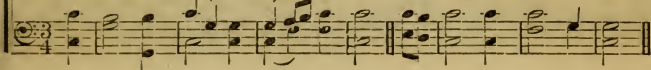
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|---|---|
| <p>1 FOREVER here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side ;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,—
 For me the Saviour died</p> | <p>2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.</p> |
|---|---|

CHINA. C. M.

SWAN.



1. Why do we mourn for dy - ing friends, Or shake at death's alarms ?



'Tis but the voice that Je - sus sends To call them to his arms.



No. 176. *Certainty of the Resurrection dispels the gloom of the grave.*

2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.

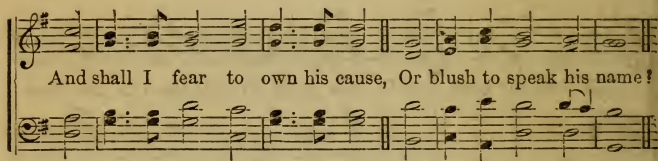
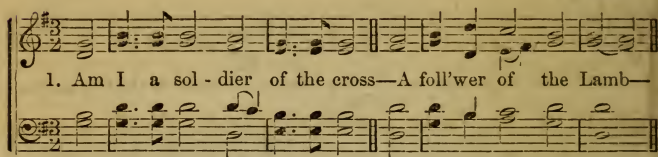
4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And soften'd every bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head ?— *Watts.*

No. 175.—*Concluded.*

<p>3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own; Wash me, and mine thou art : Wash me, but not my feet alone,— My hands, my head, my heart.</p>	<p>4 The' atonement of thy blood apply Till faith to sight improve ; Till hope in full fruition die, And all my soul be love.—<i>C. Wesley.</i></p>
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ARLINGTON. C. M.

Dr. ARNE.



No. 177.

Faith sees the final triumph.

- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease ;
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas ?
- 3 Are there no foes to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God ?
- 4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord ;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.— *Watts.*

No. 178.

The Promised Land.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.</p> | <p>2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises on my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.</p> |
|--|---|

STEPHENS. C. M.

JONES.

1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints immortal reign;
In - fin - ite day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.

No. 179.

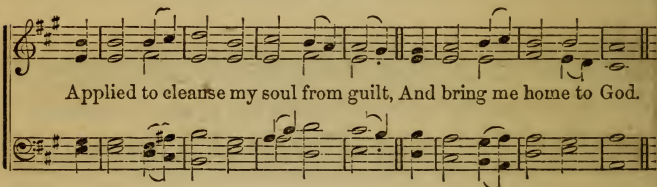
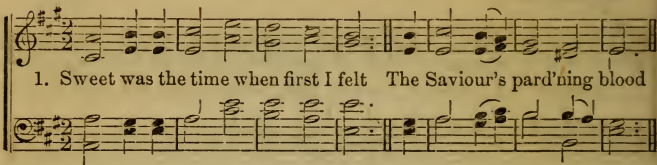
The heavenly Canaan.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.— *Watts.*

No. 178.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 There generous fruits, that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rock, and hill, and brook, and
With milk and honey flow. [vale,</p> | <p>4 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day:
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.</p> |
|--|---|

DEDHAM. C. M.

From GARDNER.

No. 180.

Mourning departed joys.

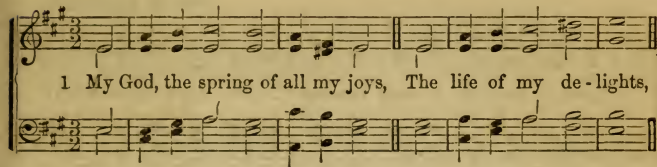
- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
His praises tuned my tongue;
And when the evening shades prevail'd,
His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer my soul drew near the Lord,
And saw his glory shine;
And when I read his holy word,
I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 But now, when evening shade prevails,
My soul in darkness mourns;
And when the morn the light reveals,
No light to me returns.—*Newton.*

No. 181.

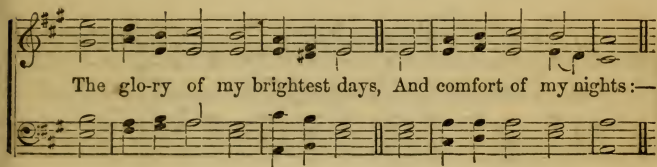
"Boast not thyself of to-morrow."

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1 Why should we boast of time to come,
Though but a single day?
This hour may fix our final doom,
Though strong, and young, and gay. | 2 The present we should now redeem;
This only is our own:
The past, alas! is all a dream;
The future is unknown. |
|---|---|

MELODY. C. M.



1 My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my de-lights,



The glo-ry of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights:—

No. 182.

Triumphant joy.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.— *Watts.*

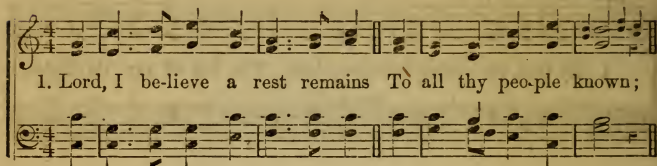
No. 181.—*Concluded.*

<p>3 Oh, think what vast concerns depend Upon a moment's space, When life and all its cares shall end In vengeance or in grace!</p>	<p>4 Oh, for that power which melts the And lifts the soul on high, [heart, Where sin, and grief, and death depart, And pleasures never die.</p>
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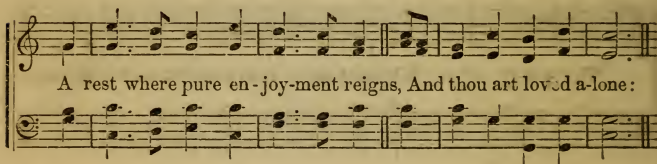
M. Wilkes.

BROWN. C. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest remains To all thy peo-ple known;



A rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And thou art loved a-lone:

No. 183.

The believer's rest.

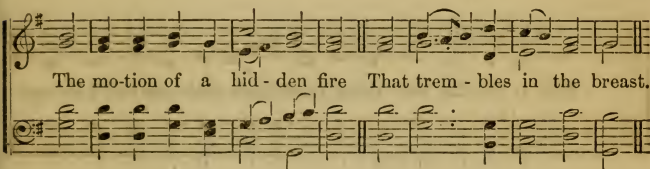
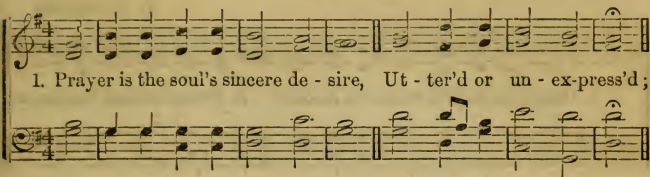
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in:
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove;
To me the rest of faith impart,—
The Sabbath of thy love.—*C. Wesley.*

No. 184.

Death, gain to the faithful.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?</p> | <p>2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.</p> |
|--|--|

PETERBORO'. C. M.



No. 185.

What is prayer?

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,—
The falling of a tear,—
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's native breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,—
He enters heaven with prayer.—*Montgomery.*

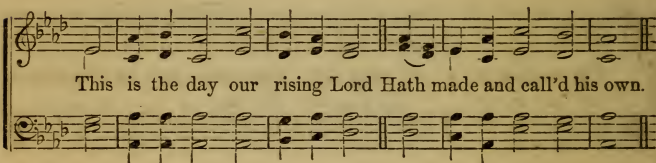
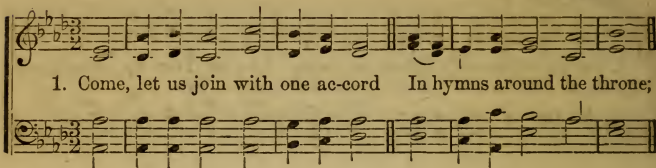
No. 184.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
And enter'd into rest.</p> | <p>4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recall'd his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say,—Thy will be done.</p> |
|---|---|

Conder's Coil.

SILVERDALE. C. M.

T. E. PERKINS.



No. 186.

The type of everlasting rest.

- 2 This is the day which God hath blest,
The brightest of the seven,
Type of that everlasting rest
The saints enjoy in heaven.
- 3 Then let us in his name sing on,
And hasten to that day
When our Redeemer shall come down,
And shadows pass away.
- 4 Not one, but all our days below
Let us in hymns employ;
And, in our Lord rejoicing, go
To his eternal joy.—*C. Wesley.*

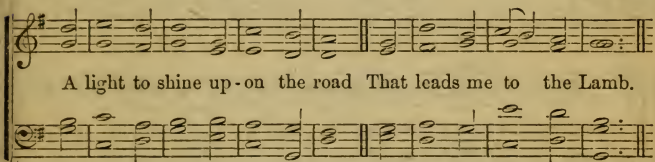
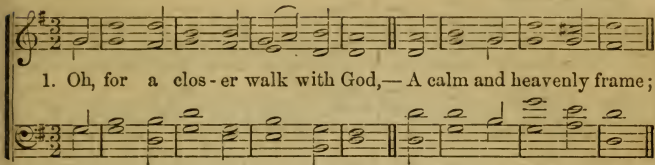
No. 187.

The dreadful sentence.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.</p> | <p>2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the word,—Depart!</p> |
|--|--|

MEAR. C. M.

Williams' Coll.



No. 188.

Lamenting the absence of the Spirit.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoy'd!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.—*Cowper.*

No. 187.—*Concluded.*

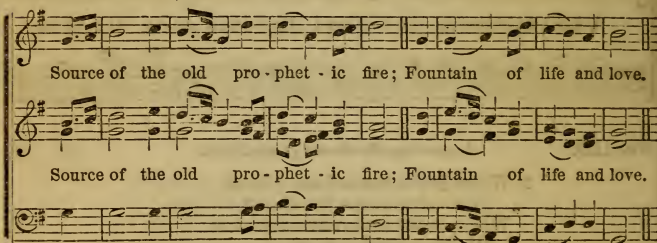
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|---|--|
| <p>What, to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die;
To linger in eternal pain,
And death forever fly?—</p> | <p>4 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love.—<i>Watts.</i></p> |
|---|--|

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

WM. TANSUR.



1. Come, Ho - ly Ghost, our hearts inspire ; Let us thine influence prove ;—



Source of the old pro - phet - ic fire ; Fountain of life and love.

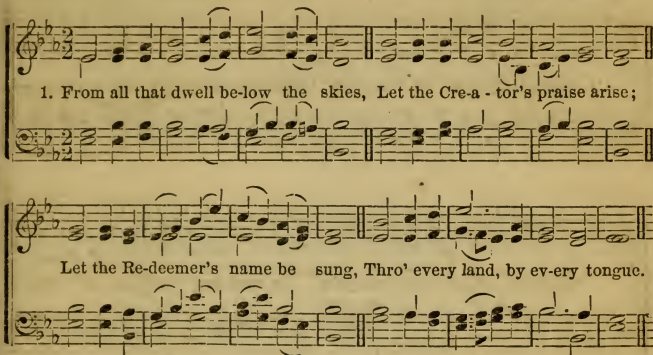
No. 189.

The Spirit's enlightening influences.

- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for moved by thee
The prophets wrote and spoke ;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key ;
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, Celestial Dove ;
Brood o'er our nature's night ;
On our disorder'd spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine ;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.—C. Wesley.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be-low the skies, Let the Cre-a - tor's praise arise;
Let the Re-deemer's name be sung, Thro' every land, by ev-ery tongue.

No. 190.

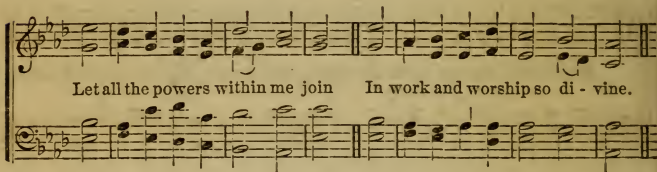
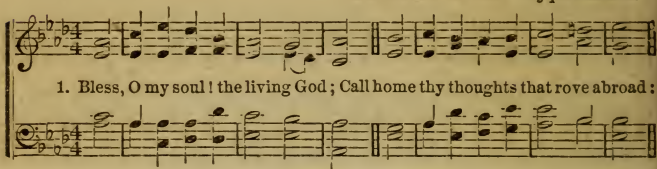
The creation invited to praise God.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till sun shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring ;
In songs of praise divinely sing ;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song ;
To every land the strains belong ;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.— *Watts.*

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

UPTON. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON. *By permission.*

No. 192.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul."

- 2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
His favors claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4-Let every land his power confess;
Let all the earth adore his grace:
My heart and tongue with rapture join,
In work and worship so divine.— *Watts.*

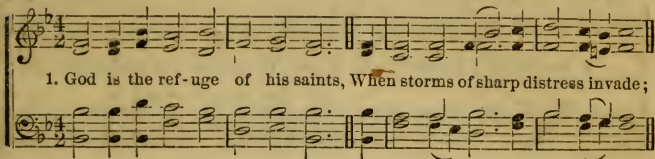
No. 193.

Jesus reigns.

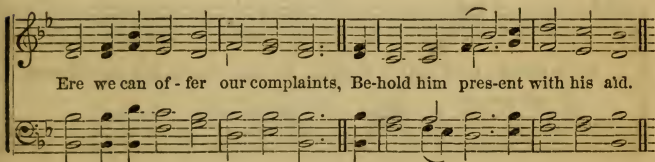
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|---|--|
| <p>1 COME, let us tune our loftiest song,
And raise to Christ our joyful strain;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.</p> | <p>2 His sovereign power our bodies made;
Our souls are his immortal breath;
And when his creatures sinn'd he bled,
To save us from eternal death.</p> |
|---|--|

WARD. L. M.

Arranged by Dr. MASON.



1. God is the ref-uge of his saints, When storms of sharp distress invade;



Ere we can of-fer our complaints, Be-hold him pres-ent with his aid.

No. 194.

God the refuge and portion of his people.

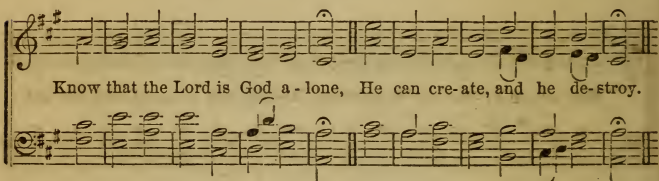
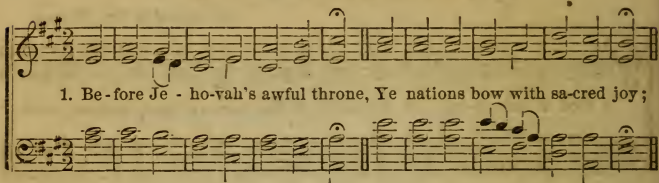
- 2 Loud may the troubled ocean roar ;
In sacred peace our souls abide,
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles and dreads the swelling tide
- 3 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.
- 4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Supports our faith, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.— *Watts.*

No. 193.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Burn every breast with Jesus' love ;
Bound ev'ry heart with rapt'rous joy ;
And saints on earth, with saints above,
Your voices in his praise employ.</p> | <p>4 Extol the Lamb with loftiest song,
Ascend for him our cheerful strain ;
Worship and thanks to him belong,
Who reigns, and shall forever reign.</p> |
|--|---|

West.

OLD HUNDRED. L. M.



No. 195.

Grateful adoration.

- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command:
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.— Watts.

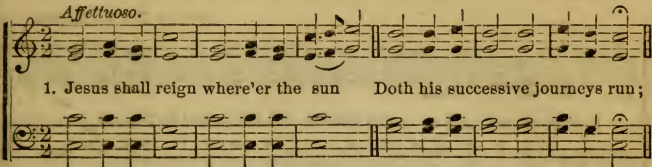
No. 196.

"My heart is fixed; O God, my heart is fixed."

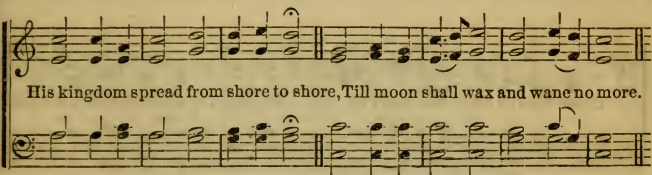
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|--|--|
| <p>1 My heart is fix'd on thee, my God;
I rest my hope on thee alone;
I'll spread thy sacred truths abroad,—
To all mankind thy love make known.</p> | <p>2 Awake, my tongue; awake, my lyre;
With morning's earliest dawn arise;
To songs of joy my soul inspire,
And swell your music to the skies.</p> |
|--|--|

SESSIONS. L. M.

EMERSON.

Affettuoso.


1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his successive journeys run ;



His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moon shall wax and wane no more.

No. 197.

Christ's universal and everlasting kingdom.

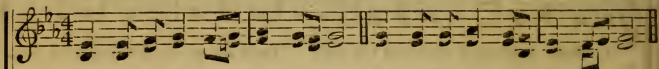
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.— *Watts.*

No. 196.—*Concluded.*

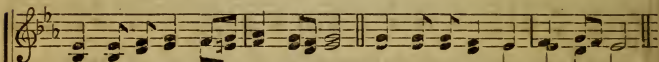
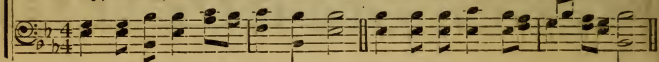
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|---|--|
| <p>3 With those who in thy grace abound,
To thee I'll raise my thankful voice ;
Till every land, the earth around,
Shall hear, and in thy Name rejoice.</p> | <p>4 Eternal God, celestial King,
Exalted be thy glorious Name ;
Let hosts in heaven thy praises sing,
And saints on earth thy love proclaim.
<i>Wrangham.</i></p> |
|---|--|

HAMBURG. L. M.

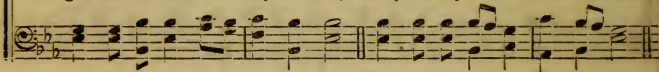
Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.



1. Say, sinner, hath a voice within Oft whispered to thy se-cret soul,



Urged thee to leave the ways of sin, And yield thy heart to God's control?



No. 198.

The voice within.

- 2 Sinner, it was a heav'nly voice,
 It was the Saviour's gracious call;
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
- 3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
- 4 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 Oh, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.—Hyde.

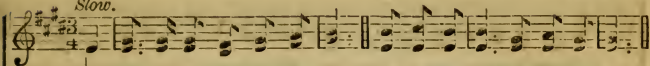
No. 199.

"There remaineth a rest for the people of God."

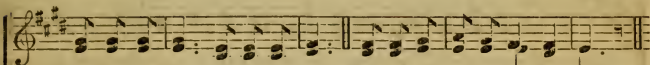
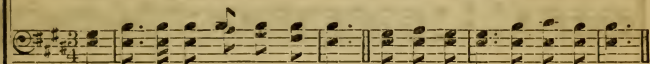
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|--|--|
| <p>1 COME, O thou greater than our heart,
 And make thy faithful mercies known;
 The mind which was in thee impart:
 Thy constant mind in us be shown.</p> | <p>2 Oh, let us by thy cross abide,
 Thee, only thee, resolve to know,
 The Lamb for sinners crucified,
 A world to save from endless woe.</p> |
|--|--|

HARTEL. L. M.

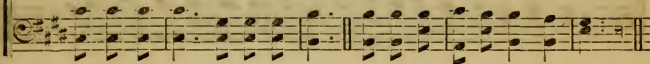
Dr. L. MASON.

Slow.


1. Be-hold! a stranger's at the door! He gently knocks—has knocked before;



Has wait-ed long—is waiting still; You treat no other friend so ill.



No. 200.

The waiting Saviour.

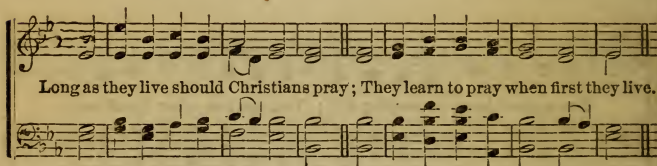
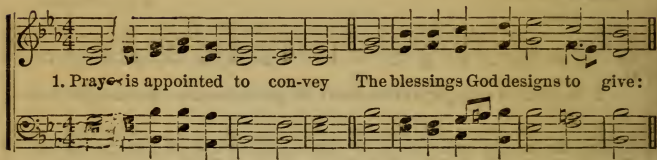
- 2 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will!—the very friend you need!
The Man of Nazareth!—'tis he,
With garments dyed at Calvary.
- 3 Oh! lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting hearts, and laden hands!
Oh! matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.
- 4 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hours at hand
When at his door denied you'll stand!—*Grigg.*

No. 199.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">3 Take us into thy people's rest,
And we from our own works shall cease;
With thy meek Spirit arm our breast,
And keep our minds in perfect peace. | <ol style="list-style-type: none">4 Jesus, for this we calmly wait;
Oh, let our eyes behold thee near!
Hasten to make our heaven complete;
Appear, our glorious God, appear.
<i>C. Wesley.</i> |
|--|--|

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



No. 201.

Design of prayer.

- 2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fear dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.
- 3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame;
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.
- 4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail:
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.—Hart.

No. 202.

Blessings of prayer.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy-seat;
Yet who that knows its worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there?</p> | <p>2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud
withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love;
Brings every blessing from above.</p> |
|---|--|

ILLINOIS. L. M.

Western Tune.

1. Lord, how se - cure and blest are they Who feel the joys of pardon'd sin ;

Should storms of wrath shake earth and sea, Their minds have heav'n and peace [within.]

No. 203.

The bliss of assurance.

- 2 The day glides sweetly o'er their heads,
Made up of innocence and love ;
And soft and silent as the shades,
Their nightly minutes gently move.
- 3 Quick as their thoughts, their joys come on,
But fly not half so swift away :
Their souls are ever bright as noon,
And calm as summer evenings be.
- 4 How oft they look to the heavenly hills,
Where groves of living pleasure grow ;
And longing hopes, and cheerful smiles,
Sit undisturb'd upon their brow.—Watts.

No. 202.—Concluded.

- 2 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight :
Prayer keeps the Christian's armor
bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Coroier.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

CAPTIVITY. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. How sweet the hour of clos-ing day, When all is peaceful and se-rene,

And when the sun, with cloudless ray, Sheds mellow lus-tre o'er the scene !

No. 204.

The Christian's parting hour.

- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour ;
So peacefully he sinks to rest ;
When faith, endued from heaven with power,
Sustains and cheers his languid breast.
- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek ;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can speak.
- 4 A beam from heaven is sent to cheer
The pilgrim on his gloomy road ;
And angels are attending near,
To bear him to their bright abode.—*Bathurst.*

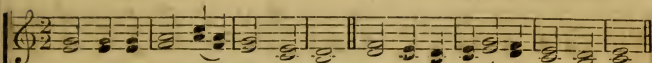
No. 205.

Earthly things vain and transitory.

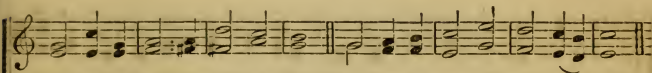
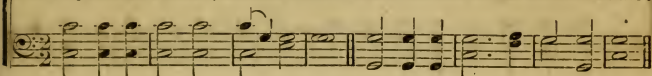
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|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 How vain is all beneath the skies !
How transient every earthly bliss !
How slender all the fondest ties
That bind us to a world like this ! | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
The with'ring grass, the fading flower,
Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
The glory of a passing hour. |
|--|---|

ZEPHYR. L. M.

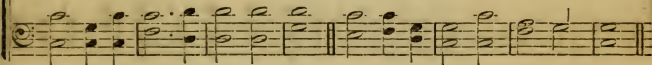
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. Why should we start, and fear to die? What tim'rous worms we mortals are!



Death is the gate to end-less joy, And yet we dread to en-ter there.



No. 206.

Christ's presence makes death easy.

2 The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh, would my Lord his servant meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she pass'd.

4 Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.— *Watts.*

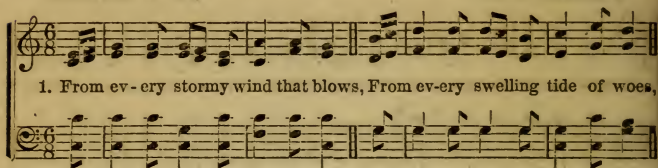
No. 205.—*Concluded.*

<p>3 But tho' earth's fairest blossoms die, And all beneath the skies is vain, There is a brighter world on high, Beyond the reach of care and pain.</p>	<p>4 Then let the hope of joys to come Dispel our cares, and chase our fears: If God be ours, we're trav'ling home, Tho' passing through a vale of tears.</p>
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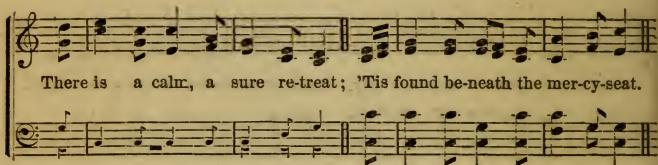
Pratt's Coll.

RETREAT. L. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.



1. From ev-ery stormy wind that blows, From ev-ery swelling tide of woes,



There is a calm, a sure re-treat; 'Tis found be-neath the mer-cy-seat.

No. 207.

The mercy-seat.

- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sunder'd far, by faith they meet,
Around one common mercy-seat.
- 4 There, there on eagles' wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.—*Stowell.*

No. 208.

Evening: Trusting in God.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.</p> | <p>2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill which I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.</p> |
|---|--|

BE STILL, MY HEART.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Be still, my heart! these anxious cares To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;

They cast dis-hon - or on thy Lord, And con-tra-dict his gracious word.

No. 209.

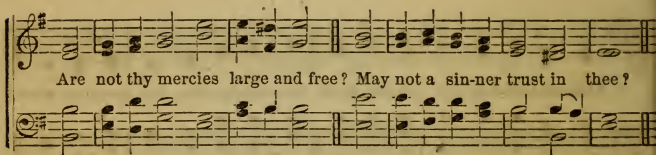
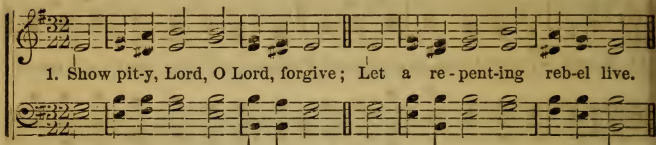
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide.
- 3 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise pass'd
That thou shalt overcome at last.
- 4 He who has helped thee hitherto,
Will help thee all thy journey through,
And give thee daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.

No. 208.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment-day.</p> | <p>4 Lord, let my soul forever share
The bliss of thy paternal care:
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,
To see thy face, and sing thy love.</p> |
|--|---|

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ.



No. 210.

Condemned, but pleading the promis

- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,—
So let thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,—
Some sure support against despair.— *Watts.*

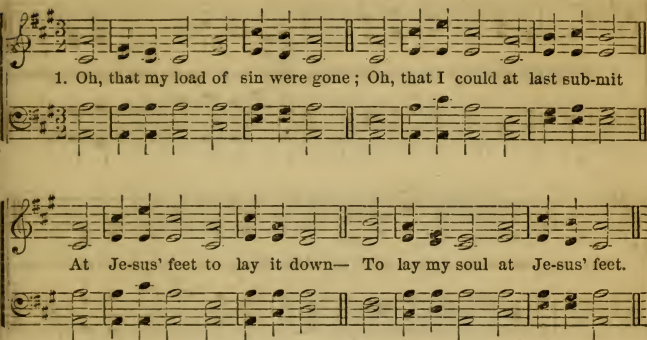
No. 211.

The dreadful day.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day—</p> | <p>2 When, shriv'lling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead?</p> |
|--|--|

FOREST. L. M.

CHAPIN.



No. 212.

The light yoke and easy burden.

- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free:
I cannot rest till pure within,—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood
The labor of thy dying love.—*C. Wesley.*

No. 211.—*Concluded.*

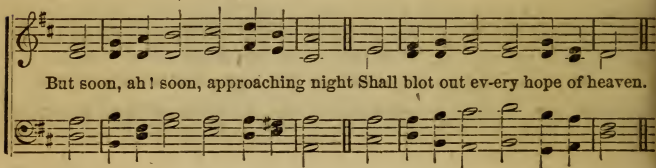
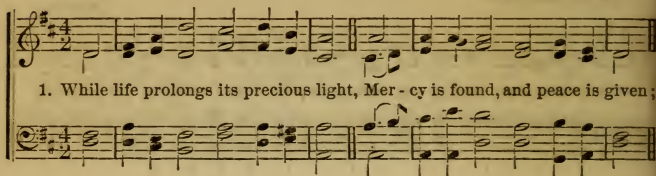
- 3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,
Be thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
'Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.
W. Scott.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRAISE to the Father, with the Son,
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
 As ever was in ages past,
 And shall be so while ages last.

WELLS. L. M.

ISRAEL HOLDROYD.



No. 213.

The accepted time.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's charming sound !
Come, sinners, haste, oh ! haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave,—
Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,—
No God regard your bitter prayer,
No Saviour calls you to the skies.—*Dwight.*

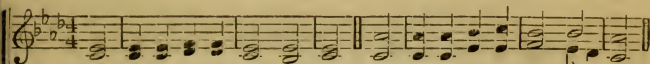
No. 214.

All-sufficiency of His grace.

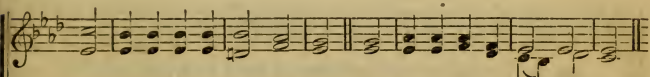
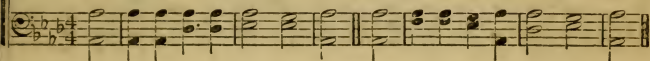
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|---|---|
| <p>1 Ho ! every one that thirsts, draw nigh :
'Tis God invites the fallen race :
Mercy and free salvation buy,—
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.</p> | <p>2 Come to the living waters, come !
Sinners, obey your Maker's call ;
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,
And find his grace is free for all.</p> |
|---|---|

OLIVE'S BROW. L. M.

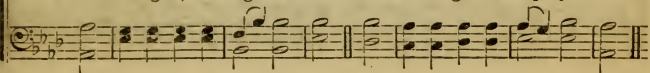
WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. 'Tis midnight; and, on Olive's brow, The star is dimm'd that lately shone;



'Tis midnight; in the garden now The suffering Saviour prays alone.



No. 215.

The conflict.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
Ev'n that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and, for others' guilt,
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt.
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and, from ether-plains
Is borne the song that angels know:
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.—*Tappan.*

No. 214.—*Concluded.*

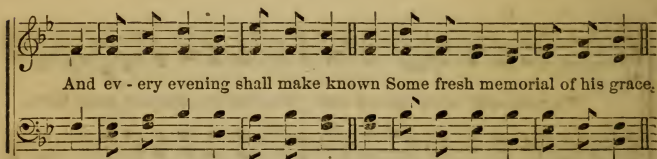
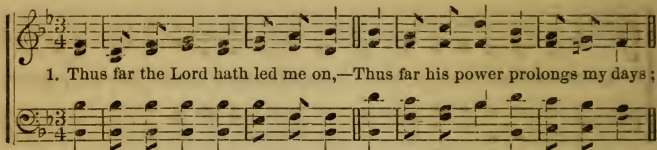
3 See from the Rock a fountain rise;
For you in healing streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor price,
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls.

4 Nothing ye in exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.

J. Wesley.

HEBRON. L. M.

Dr. L. MASON.



No. 216.

Evening : memorials of his grace.

- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home :
But he forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep :
Peace is the pillow for my head ;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 4 Thus, when the night of death shall come
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.— *Watts.*

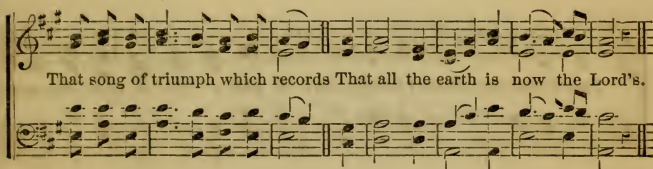
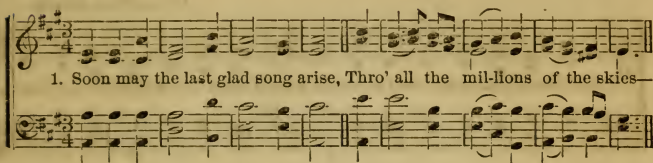
No. 217.

Jesus everywhere present

Jesus, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art
found,
And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 For thou, within no walls confined,
Dost dwell with those of humble
mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

MIGDOL. L. M.



No. 218.

The song of triumph.

- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms, be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee;
And every land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the sceptre of thy reign.
- 3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
'Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns — *Pratt's Coll.*

Dox. L. M. PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 217.—*Concluded.*

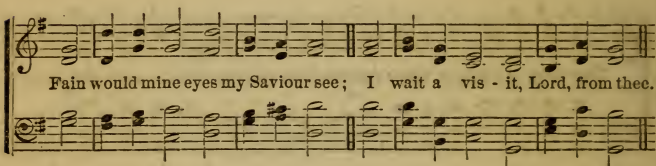
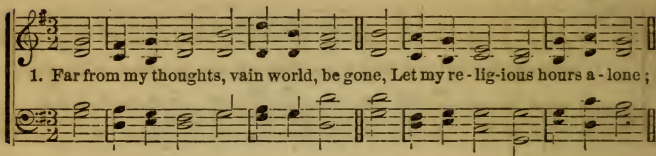
- 3 Great Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.
Cowper.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRAISE to the Father, with the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One;
As ever was in ages past,
And shall be so while ages last.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 219.

In the sanctuary.

- 2 Oh, warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.
- 4 Hail, great Immanuel, all divine!
In thee thy Father's glories shine;
Thy glorious name shall be adored,
And every tongue confess thee Lord.— *Watts.*

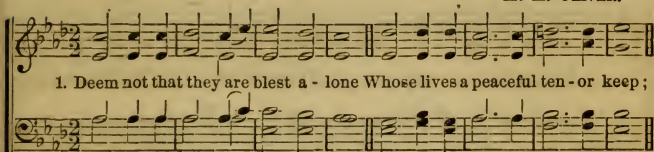
No. 220.

"The end of that man is peace."

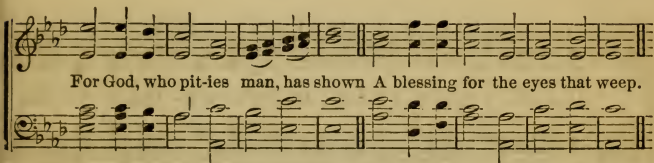
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 How blest the righteous when he
dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest!
How mildly beam the closing eyes!
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.</p> | <p>2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are
o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.</p> |
|--|--|

FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.



1. Deem not that they are blest a - lone Whose lives a peaceful ten - or keep ;



For God, who pit-ies man, has shown A blessing for the eyes that weep.

No. 221.

A blessing for those who mourn.

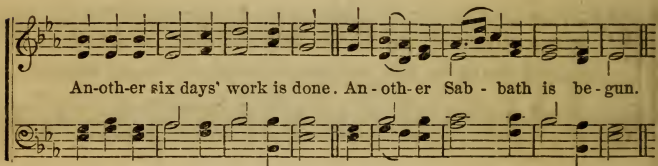
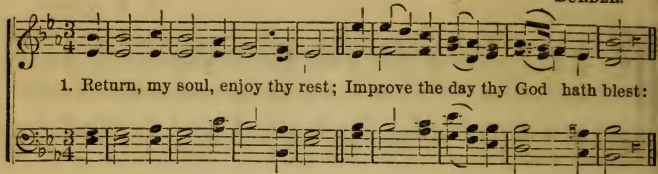
- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain,
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest,
For every dark and troubled night;
Though grief may bide an evening guest
Yet joy shall come with early light.
- 4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny,—
Though with a pierced and broken heart
And spurn'd of men, he goes to die.—*W. C. Bryant.*

No. 220.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.</p> | <p>4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell! [pears!
How bright th' unchanging morn ap-
parells, inconstant world, farewell!
<i>Barbault.</i></p> |
|---|---|

LUTON. L. M.

BURDER.



No. 222.

Pledge of endless rest.

- 2 Oh, that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from Christ that sweet repose,
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 3 This heavenly calm within the breast,
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy comforts pass away;
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.—*Montgomery.*

No. 223.

Triumphs of mercy.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Put on thy strength—the nations shake,
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.</p> | <p>2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
I am Jehovah—God alone:
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.</p> |
|---|--|

ANVERN. L. M.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. Triumphant Zion! lift thy head Tho' humbled
From dust, and darkness, and the dead!

long, awake at length, And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength, And gird, &c.

No. 224.

Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
Thy glories shall the world confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, has heard thy prayer;
His hand thy ruin shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

No. 223.—*Concluded.*

<p>3 No more let creature blood be spilt— Vain sacrifice for human guilt ! But to each conscience be applied The blood that flow'd from Jesus' side.</p>	<p>4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim, In every land, of every name ; Let adverse powers before thee fall, And crown the Saviour Lord of all.</p>
---	--

4 Almighty God, thy grace proclaim,
In every land, of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

Shrubsole.

GRATITUDE. L. M.

Bost.

1. How blest the sa-cred tie that binds In sweet communion kindred minds:

How swift the heavenly course they run, Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes
[are one !]

No. 225.

Church union.

- 2 To each the soul of each how dear !
What tender love, and holy fear !
How does the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin !
- 3 Their streaming eyes together flow
For human guilt and human woe !
Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
- 4 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When dimly burns frail nature's fire ;
Then shall they meet in realms above—
A heaven of joy—a heaven of love!—*Barbault.*

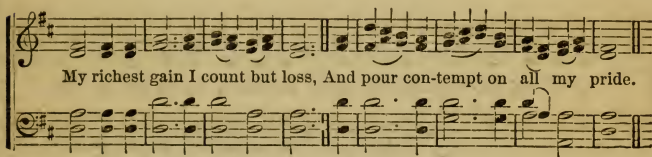
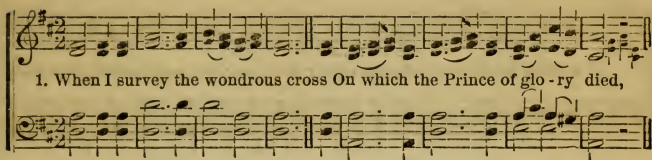
No. 226.

Thirsting for the fullness of love.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I THIRST, thou wounded' Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood ;
To dwell within thy wounds ; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.</p> | <p>2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee ;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.</p> |
|---|---|

OLIVET. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



No. 227.

Glorying only in the cross.

- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God ;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?
- 4 Were the whole realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.—Watts.

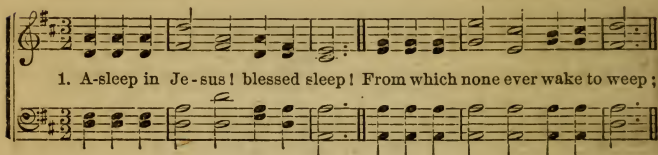
No. 226.—*Concluded.*

2 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !
Who thence their life and strength
derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

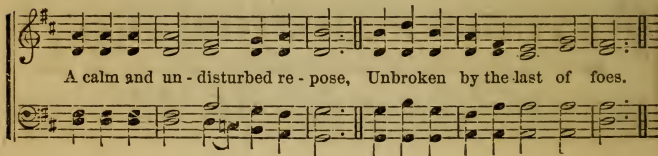
4 What are our works but sin and death,
Till thou thy quick'ning Spirit breathe ?
Thou giv'st the power thy grace to
move ;
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !
J. Wesley.

REST. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



1. A-sleep in Je-sus! blessed sleep! From which none ever wake to weep;



A calm and un-disturbed re - pose, Unbroken by the last of foes.

No. 228.

Asleep in Jesus.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing,
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.—*Mrs. Mackey*

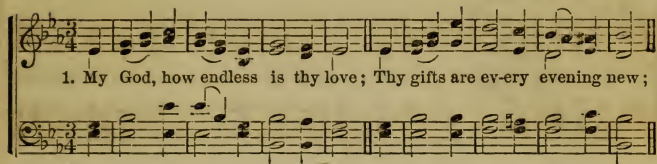
No. 229.

They are not lost, but gone before."

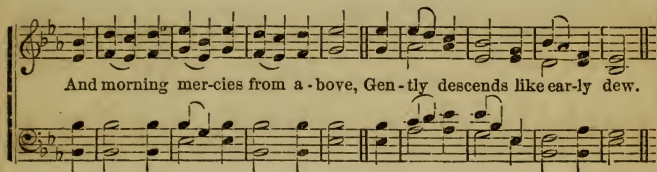
- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 DEAR is the spot where Christians sleep,
And sweet the strains their spirits pour;
Oh, why should we in anguish weep?
They are not lost, but gone before.</p> | <p>2 Secure from every mortal care,
By sin and sorrow vexed no more,
Eternal happiness they share
Who are not lost, but gone before.</p> |
|--|--|

SHEPHERD. L. M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. My God, how endless is thy love; Thy gifts are ev-ery evening new;



And morning mer-cies from a - bove, Gen - tly descends like ear-ly dew.

No. 230.

Morning and evening mercies.

- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sov'reign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield myself to thy command;
To thee devote my nights and days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.—*Watts.*

Dox. L. M. PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 229.—*Concluded.*

- 8 To Zion's peaceful courts above
In faith triumphant may we soar,
Embracing, in the arms of love,
The friends not lost, but gone before.
- 4 To Jordan's bank whene'er we come,
And hear the swelling waters roar;
Jesus! convey us safely home,
To friends not lost, but gone before.

PARK STREET. L. M.

VENUE.

1. Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears, And gird the gospel armor on; March to the
gates of endless joy, Where Jesus, thy great Captain's, gone.
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's, gone,

No. 231.

The march.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,—
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
Their peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.— *Watts.*

No. 232.

National blessings.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 GREAT God of nations, now to thee
Our hymn of gratitude we raise;
With humble heart, and bending knee,
We offer thee our song of praise. | 2 Thy Name we bless, almighty God.
For all the kindness thou hast shown
To this fair land the pilgrims trod,—
This land we fondly call our own. |
|---|--|

WARE. L. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

1. Oh, for a glance of heavenly day, To take this stubborn heart a-way;

And thaw, with beams of love divine, This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

No. 233.

The stubborn heart.

- 2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.
- 3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
- 4 But power divine can do the deed:
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt and change this heart of mine.—*Hart.*

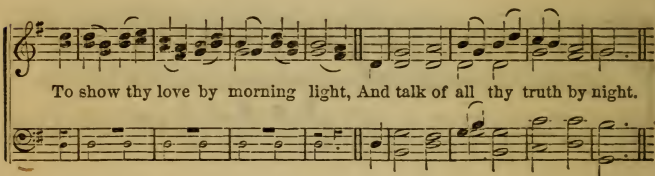
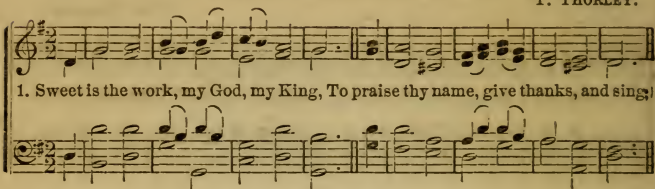
No. 232.—*Concluded.*

- 3 Here freedom spreads her banner wide,
And casts her soft and hallow'd ray;
Here thou our fathers' steps didst
guide
In safety through their dang'rous way.
- 4 We praise thee that the gospel's light
Thro' all our land its radiance sheds;
Dispels the shades of error's night,
And heavenly blessings round us
spreads.

The Psalmist.

PORTUGAL. L. M.

T. THORLEY.



No. 234.

The joys of the Sabbath.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.
- 3 When grace has purified my heart,
Then I shall share a glorious part:
And fresh supplies of joy be shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 4 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.— *Watts.*

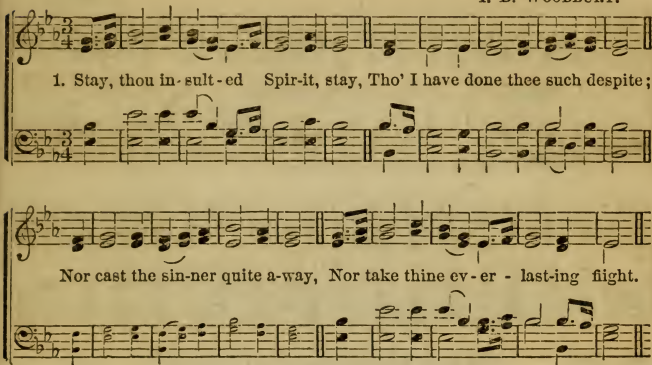
No. 235.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,—
Whose glories shine thro' endless days. | 2 Ashamed of Jesus!—that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend;
No!—when I blush, be this my shame,—
That I no more revere his Name. |
|---|--|

BOWRING. L. M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Stay, thou in-sult-ed Spir-it, stay, Tho' I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sin-ner quite a-way, Nor take thine ev-er - last-ing flight.

No. 236.

Deprecating the withdrawal of the Spirit.

- 2 Though I have steel'd my stubborn heart,
And shaken off my guilty fears;
And vex'd, and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years:
- 3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all who e'er thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved:
- 4 Yet, oh! the chief of sinners spare,
In honor of my great High Priest;
For in thy righteous anger swear
To' exclude me from thy people's rest.—C. Wesley.

No. 235.—*Concluded.*

- 3 Ashamed of Jesus!—yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain;
And, oh, may this my glory be,—
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

Grigg.

JUDAH. L. M.

A. DORY.*

1. A-wake, Je-ru-sa-lem, a-wake,—No long-er in thy sins lie down;
The garment of sal-va-tion take; Thy beau-ty and thy strength put on.

No. 237.

"Put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem."

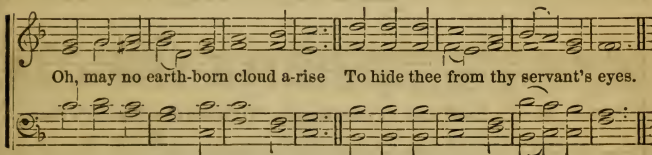
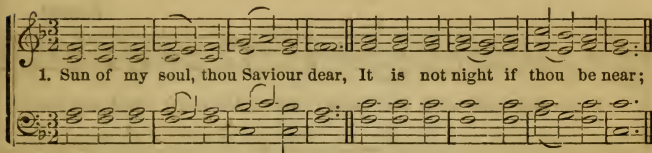
- 2 Shake off the dust that blinds thy sight,
And hides the promise from thine eyes;
Arise, and struggle into light;
The great Deliv'rer calls,—Arise!
- 3 Shake off the bands of sad despair;
Zion, assert thy liberty;
Look up, thy broken heart prepare,
And God shall set the captive free.
- 4 Vessels of mercy, sons of grace,
Be purged from every sinful stain;
Be like our Lord, his word embrace,
Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.—*C. Wesley.*

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

* From "New Hymn and Tune Book."

SUN OF MY SOUL. L. M.*



No. 238.

"Thou art my trust from my youth."

- 2 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 3 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 4 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 5 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

* From the "New Standard Singer." Sent to Mr. Phillips from Constantinople by our earnest Missionary, Rev. A. G. LONG.

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

HANDEL.

1. A-wake, and sing the song Of Mo-ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev-ery heart and ev-ery tongue, To praise the Saviour's Name.

No. 239.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

- 2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.—*Hammond.*

No. 240.

The universal King.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing :
Jehovah is the sov'reign God,
The universal King.

2 He formed the deeps unknown ;
He gave the seas their bound ;
The wat'ry worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

SILVER STREET. S. M.

I. SMITH.

1. My soul, re - peat his praise, Whose mer - cies are so great,

Whose an - ger is so slow to... rise, So read - y to a - bate.

No. 241.

Mercy of God.

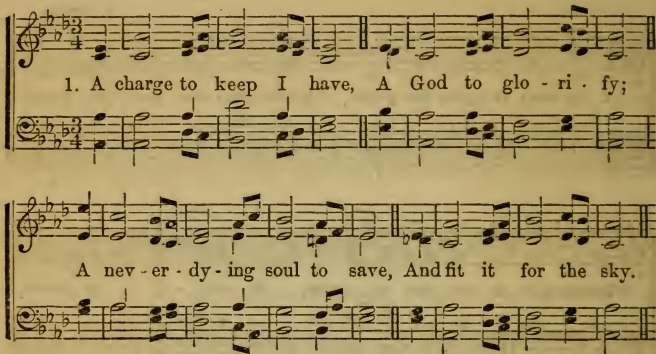
- 2 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.— *Watts.*

Dox. S. M. To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

No. 240.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own,
He formed us by his word.</p> | <p>4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.</p> |
|---|---|
- Watts.*

KENTUCKY. S. M.



1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.

No. 242.

For diligence and watchfulness.

- 2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh, may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.—*C. Wesley.*

No. 243.

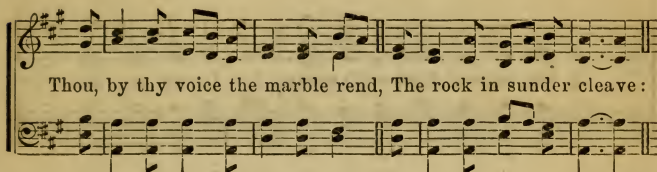
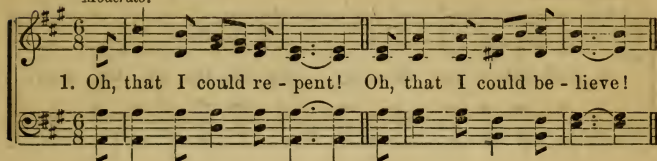
The spirit of prayer.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 THE praying spirit breathe!
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath
Call off my peaceful heart;</p> | <p>2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.</p> |
|--|---|

AYLESBURY. S. M.

Moderato.

HARVEY CAMP.



No. 244.

Hardness of heart lamented.

- 2 Thou, by thy two-edged sword,
My soul and spirit part;
Strike with the hammer of thy word,
And break my stubborn heart.
- 3 Saviour, and Prince of peace!
The double grace bestow;
Unloose the bands of wickedness
And let the captive go:
- 4 Grant me my sins to feel,
And then the load remove:
Wound, and pour in, my wounds to heal,
The balm of pard'ning love.—C. Wesley.

No. 243.—Concluded.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 Swift to my rescue come;
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace:</p> | <p>4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.—C. Wesley.</p> |
|--|---|

OLMUTZ. S. M.

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. And can I yet de - lay My lit - tle all to give?
 To tear my soul from earth a-way For Je - sus to re - ceive?

No. 245.

Embracing the all-sufficient portion.

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield;
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own thee conqueror.
- 3 Though late, I all forsake;
 My friends, my all, resign:
 Gracious Redeemer, take, oh, take,
 And seal me ever thine.
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove;
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
 With all thy weight of love.—*C. Wesley.*

No. 246.

Sow beside all waters.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,—
 Broad-cast it o'er the land.</p> | <p>2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
 The late or early sown;
 Grace keeps the precious germ alive
 When and wherever strown:</p> |
|--|--|

HUNTINGTON. S. M.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Far from these scenes of night, Un - bounded glo - ries rise,

And realms of joy and pure de-light, Un-known to mor - tal eyes.

No. 247.

The goodly land.

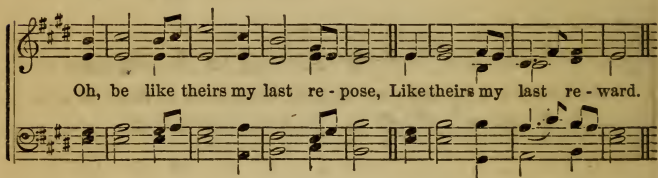
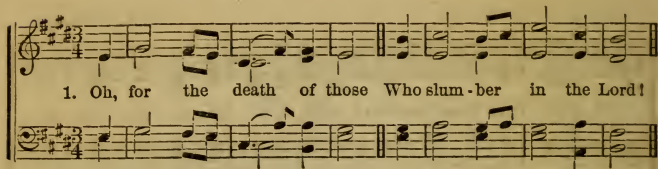
- 2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more !
- 3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 Oh, may the prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith, and strong desire,
Bear every thought above.—*Steele.*

No. 246.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 4 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky. |
|---|---|

Montgomery

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.



No. 248.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."

- 2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope, may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransom'd spirits soar
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.
- 4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.—*Church Psalmody.*

No. 249.

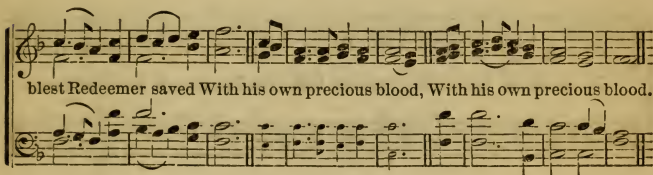
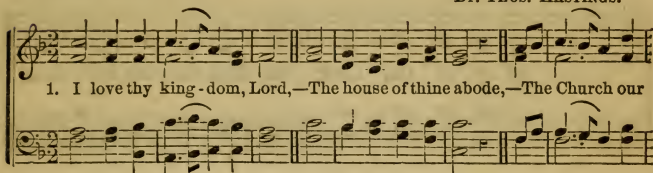
For a revival.

1 O LORD, thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By thy restoring power.

2 Oh, let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

LUTHER. S. M.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.



No. 250.

Love for Zion.

- 2 I love thy Church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my care and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.—*Dwight.*

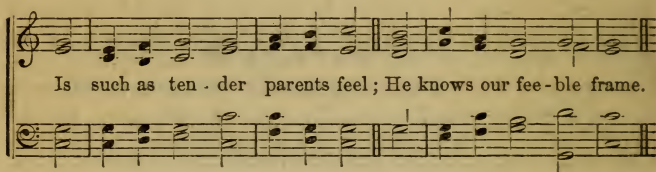
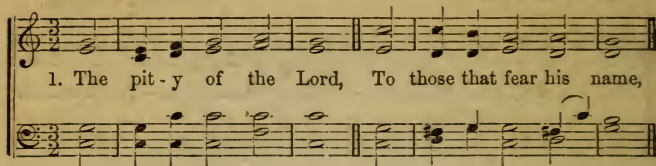
No. 249.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.</p> | <p>4 Now lend thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
Oh, come, and bring salvation near,
Our souls on thee rely.</p> |
|---|--|

Dr. Thos. Hastings.

BOYLSTON. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 251.

Kindness to our frailty.

- 2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered with every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
When blasting winds sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy word of promise sure.— *Watts.*

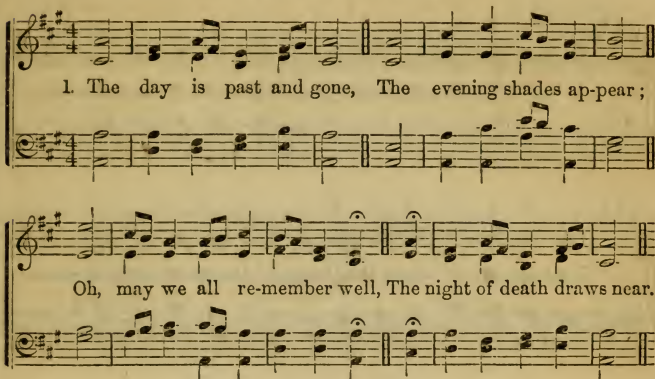
No. 252.

The Redeemer's tears.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see ;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul ;
He shed those tears for thee.

V E S P E R. S. M.



1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear ;

Oh, may we all re-member well, The night of death draws near.

No. 253.

Evening hymn.

- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest ;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possess.
- 8 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.—*Unknown.*

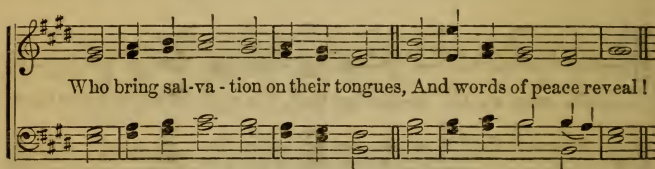
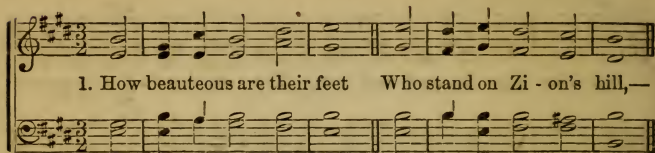
No. 252.—*Concluded.*

- 3 He wept that we might weep ;
Each sin demands a tear ;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.
Bed do mi.

DOXOLOGY.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

DOVER. S. M.



No. 254.

The joyful sound.

- 2 How charming is their voice,—
 So sweet the tidings are ;
 Zion, behold thy Saviour King ;
 He reigns and triumphs here.
- 3 How happy are our ears,
 That hear the joyful sound,
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes,
 That see this heavenly light ;
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.— *Watts.*

No. 255.

The whole armor of God.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
 And put your armor on, [plies
 Strong in the strength which God sup-
 Through his eternal Son ;</p> | <p>2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
 And in his mighty power,
 Who in the strength of Jesus trusts.
 Is more than conqueror.</p> |
|---|--|

FARLAND. S. M.

E. HAMILTON.

1. Here will I ev - er lie, And tell thee all my care,
And "Father! Ab-ba, Father!" cry, And pour a ceaseless prayer:

No. 256.

At the cross.

- 1 HERE will I ever lie,
And tell thee all my care,
And "Father! Abba, Father!" cry
And pour a ceaseless prayer:
- 2 Till thou my sins subdue,
Till thou my sins destroy,
My spirit after God renew,
And fill with peace and joy.—*C. Wesley.*

DOX. S. M. To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

No. 255.—*Concluded.*

- 3 Leave no unguarded place,—
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace
And fortify the whole;
- 4 Indissolubly join'd,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ your Head.
C. Wesley.

LISBON. S. M.

I. READ.

1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise:

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Lisbon. S. M.' It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics '1. Welcome, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise:' are written below the treble staff.

Welcome to this re - viv-ing breast, And these rejoicing eyes!

The second system of musical notation for the song 'Lisbon. S. M.' It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics 'Welcome to this re - viv-ing breast, And these rejoicing eyes!' are written below the treble staff.

No. 257.

Delight in ordinances.

- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day in such a place,
Where thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.— *Watts.*

No. 258.

Gentleness of God's commands.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well. |
|---|---|

SHAWMUT. S. M.

Arranged by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Ye wretched, starv-ing poor, Be-hold a roy-al feast!

Where mercy spreads her bounteous store For ev-ery hum-ble guest.

No. 259.

"And yet there is room."

- 2 See, Christ, with open arms,
Invites, and bids you come;
Oh, stay not back, though fear alarms;
For yet there still is room.
- 3 Oh, come, and with us taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.—*Steele.*

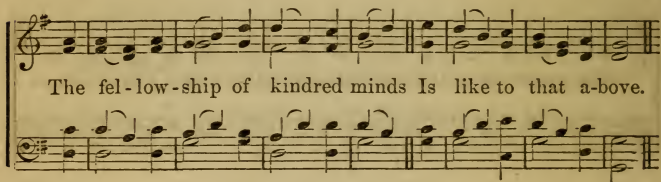
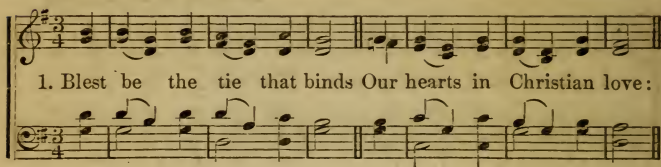
No. 258.—*Concluded.*

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

Doddridge.

DENNIS. S. M.

Arranged from H. G. NAGELL.

No. 260.

Sympathy and mutual love.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes:
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.—*Fawcett.*

No. 261.

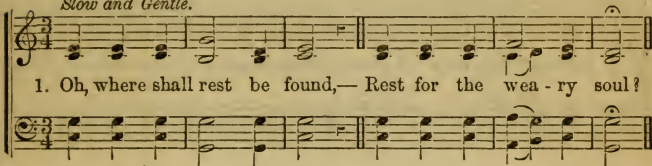
Meeting, after absence.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.</p> | <p>2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.</p> |
|--|---|

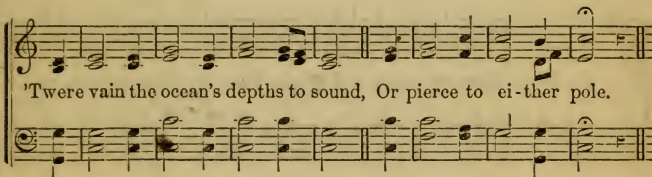
DOWNIEVILLE. S. M.

E. L. M., California.

Slow and Gentle.



1. Oh, where shall rest be found,— Rest for the wea - ry soul?



'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.

No. 262.

The horrors of the second death.

- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!—*Montgomery.*

No. 261.—*Concluded.*

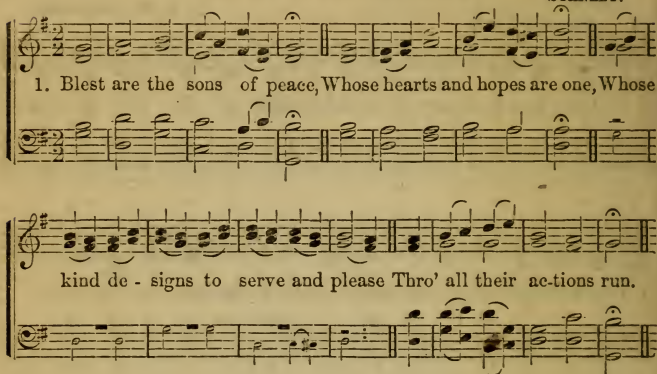
- 3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

- 4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love,
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

C. Wesley.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

STANLEY.



1. Blest are the sons of peace, Whose hearts and hopes are one, Whose
kind de - signs to serve and please Thro' all their actions run.

No. 263.

Sweet communion.

- 2 Blest is the pious house
Where zeal and friendship meet ;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.— *Watts.*

Dox. S. M. To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

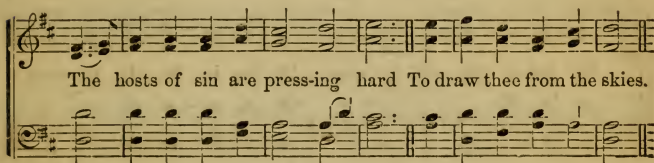
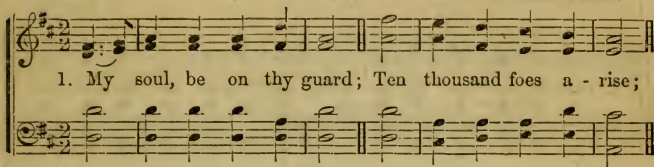
No. 264.

Sanctifying Influence.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 COME, Holy Spirit, come ;
Let thy bright beams arise ;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.</p> | <p>2 Convince us all of sin ;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.</p> |
|---|---|

LABAN. S. M.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



No. 265.

Perseverance.

- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.
- 4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.—*Heath*

No. 264.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none">3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love. | <ol style="list-style-type: none">4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new create the whole.
<i>Hart.</i> |
|--|---|

PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

J. PLEYEL.

1. Hast-en, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wis-dom if you still de-spise, Harder is it to be won.

No. 266.

The danger of delay.

- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.—*T. Scott.*

DOXOLOGY. 7s.

SING we to our God above,
Praise eternal as his love;
Praise him, all ye heavenly host,—
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EVENING SHADES.

D. A. JONES.

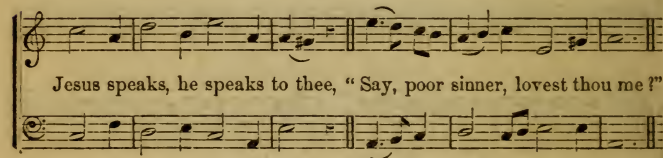
1. Si - lent-ly the shades of evening Gather round my lonely door;
Si - lent-ly they bring before me, Fac-es I shall see no more.

No. 267.

The lost and forgotten

- 2 Oh, the lost, the forgotten,
Though the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.
- 3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble
We still hoping for its end.
- 4 How such holy mem'ries cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

LOVEST THOU ME. 7s.



No. 268.

Love to the Saviour.

- 2 "I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when bleeding, heal'd thy wound,
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Thou shall see my glory soon,
When the work of faith is done;
Partner of my throne shalt be:
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?"
- 4 Lord, it is my chief complaint
That my love is still so faint,
Yet I love thee and adore,
Oh, for grace to love thee more!—*Cooper.*

No. 269.

The sinner at the judgment.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 WHEN thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
When is finished thy career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?</p> | <p>2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment-day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, oh, where wilt thou be found?</p> |
|---|---|

MARTYN. 7s.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 d. c. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

D. C.
 Hide me, O my Sav-iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

No. 270.

The only refuge.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone ;
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stay'd ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.</p> <p>3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want :
 More than all in thee I find :
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind ;</p> | <p>Just and holy is thy name ;
 I am all unrighteousness ;
 False, and full of sin I am ;
 Thou art full of truth and grace.</p> <p>4 Plenteous grace with thee I found—
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound ;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me think of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart ;
 Rise to all eternity.—<i>C. Wesley.</i></p> |
|---|---|

No. 269.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 When the Judge descends in light,
 Clothed in majesty and might,
 When the wicked quail with fear,
 Where, oh, where wilt thou appear ?</p> | <p>4 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
 Quickly to the Saviour fly ;
 Then shall peace thy spirit cheer ;
 Then in heaven shall thou appear.</p> |
|--|--|

S. F. Smith.

HORTON. 7s.

1. Come, said Jesus' sacred voice, Come, and make my paths your choice ;

I will guide you to your home ; Weary wanderer, hither come !

No. 271.

The Voice of Jesus.

- 2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn :—
- 4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.—*Mrs. Barbould.*

No. 272.

Thanksgiving.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song ;
Praises to our God belong ;
Saints and angels join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King.</p> | <p>2 Blessing from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land :
Kept by him, no foes annoy :
Peace and freedom we enjoy.</p> |
|--|--|

NUREMBURG. 7s.

Arr. by Dr. L. MASON.

1. Praise to God, im - mortal praise, For the love that crowns our days!

Bounteous Source of ev - ery joy, Let thy praise our tongue employ.

No. 273.

"Lord, thou hast been favorable unto thy land."

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield;
For the joy which harvests bring,
Grateful praises now we sing.
- 3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews;
Suns that genial heat diffuse;
Flocks that whiten all the plain;
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
- 4 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours
From her overflowing stores.—*Mrs. Barbauld.*

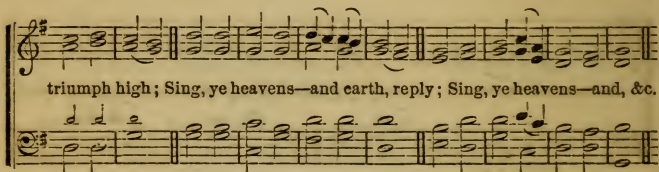
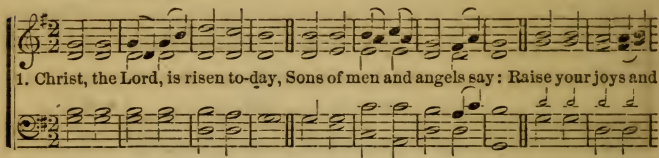
No. 272.—*Concluded.*

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey,—
Never feel oppression's rod,—
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

HENDON. 7s.

MALAN.



No. 274.

"If we suffer with Him we shall reign with Him."

- 2 Love's redeeming work is done,—
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.
- 3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,—
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has open'd Paradise.
- 4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?—*C. Wesley.*

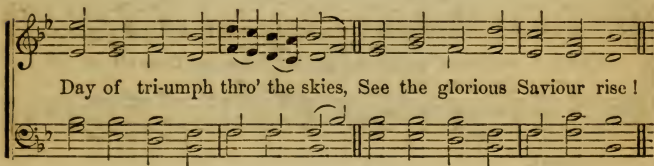
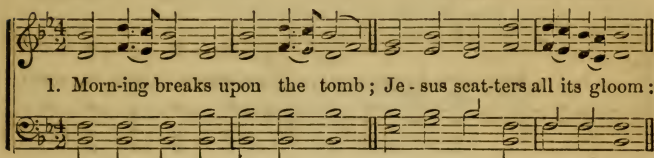
No. 275.

The Sun of righteousness.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1 HARK! the herald-angels sing,—
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,—
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With angelic hosts proclaim,—
Christ is born in Bethlehem. |
|--|---|

WILMOT. 7s.

From C. VON WEBER.



No. 276.

Morning at the tom

- 2 Christian! dry your flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 Ye, who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!
- 4 Lo! the rising sun appears,
Shedding radiance o'er the spheres;
Lo! returning beams of light
Chase the terrors of the night.—*Collyer.*

No. 275.—*Concluded.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!</p> | <p>4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,—
Risen with healing in his wings.</p> |
|---|--|

C. Wesley.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

J. T. GRAPE. *Arranged.**

1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength indeed is small;
 Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All to him I 'owe;
 Sin had left a crim-son stain; He washed it white as snow.

No. 277.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
 Thy faith, and thine alone,
 Can change the leper's spots,
 And melt the heart of stone.
 Cho.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

* From "Pilgrim Harp."

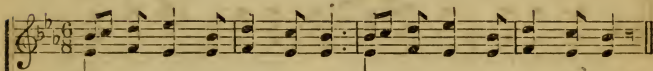
2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.
Cho.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.
Cho.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

5 And when before the throne
I stand, in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down, at Jesus' feet.
Cho.—Jesus paid it all, &c.

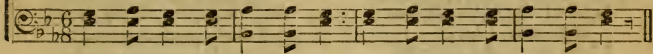
Mrs. E. M. Hall.

THE SWEETEST NAME. 7s. Chorus.*

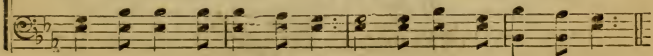


No. 278.

Sweetest note in seraph's song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue,

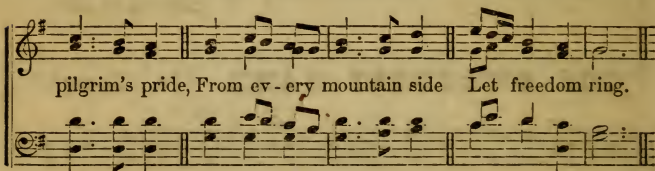
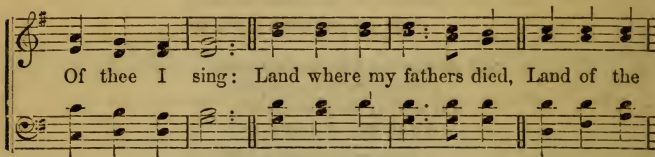
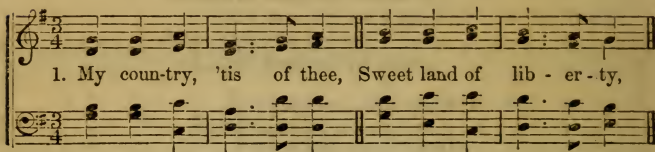


Sweet-est ca - rol ev - ersung—Je-sus! Je-sus! flow a - long.



* May be sung after any appropriate hymn in 7s.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s.



No. 279.

National hymn.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

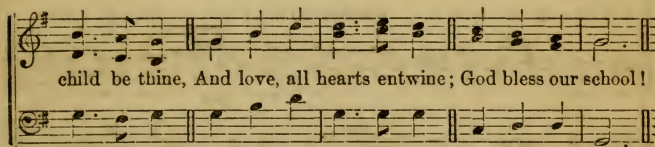
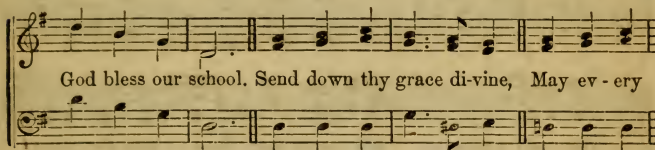
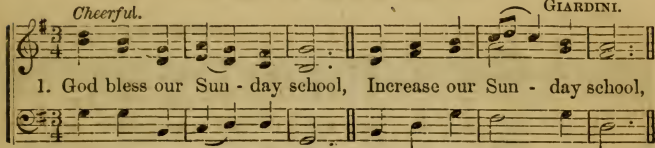
3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light.
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.—*S. F. Smith.*

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

Cheerful.

GIARDINI.



No. 280.

"The knowledge of the holy is understanding."

2 All our dear teachers bless,
And give them large success
In winning souls:
May they encouraged be,
And oft around them see
Their labors crown'd by thee;
God bless our school.

3 So may our school increase
In knowledge, love, and peace;
God bless our school.
And when death's arrows fly,
And useful teachers die,
Their places still supply;
God bless our school.

GOD BLESS OUR NATIVE LAND.

No. 281.

God save the State.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,
Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!—*Dwight.*

HINTON. 11s.

Arranged by S. J. VAIL.

1. De - lay not, de - lay not, O sin - ner, draw near,

The wa - ters of life are now float - ing for thee;
 d. s. Re - demp - tion is purchased, sal - va - tion is free. *Fine.*

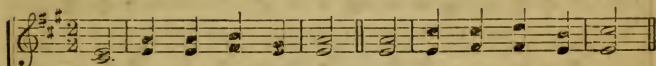
No price is de - mand - ed, the Sav - iour is here, *D. S.*

No. 282.

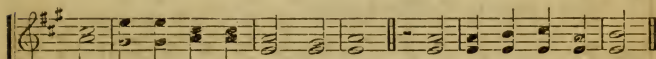
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
 A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleaned in his pardoning blood?
- 2 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
 Long grieved and resisted may take its sad flight,
 And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
 To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

DALSTON. S. P. M.

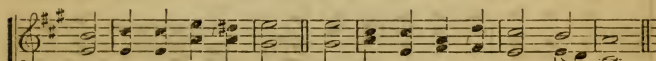
A. WILLIAMS.



1. How pleased and blest was I To hear the peo-ple cry,



"Come, let us seek our God to-day!" Yes, with a cheerful zeal



We haste to Zi-on's hill, And there our vows and hon-ors pay.

No. 283.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee
In thee our tribes appear [round:
To pray, to praise, to hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
Has fixed his royal throne;
He sits for grace and judgment there:
He bids the saints be glad,
He makes the sinners sad,
And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest:
The man that seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest!

LET US WALK IN THE LIGHT.

1. 'Tis re - li - gion that can give—In the light, in the light; Sweetest pleasure
'Tis re - li - gion must sup-ply—In the light, in the light; So - lid com-fort

Chorus.

while we live—In the light of God. }
when we die—In the light of God. } Let us walk in the light, in the

light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

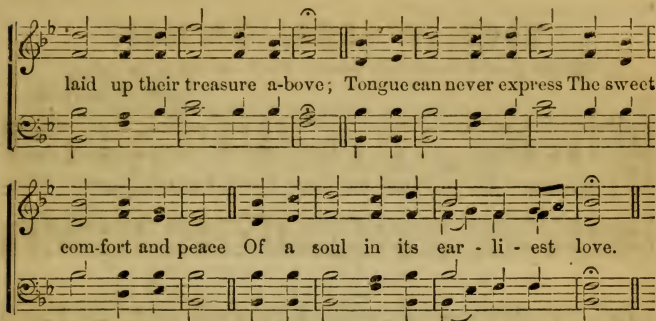
No. 284.

What religion gives.

- 2 After death its joys shall be—
In the light, in the light;
Lasting as eternity—
In the light of God.
Be the living God my Friend—
In the light, in the light;
Then my bliss shall never end—
In the light of God.

THE CONVERT. 6s & 9s.

1. Oh, how happy are they, Who the Saviour obey, And have



No. 285.

Joy of the young convert.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Then to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

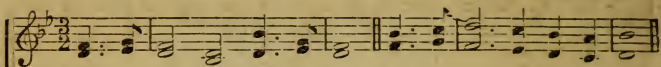
4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song:
Oh, that all his salvation might see;
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd, and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight,
Which I felt in the life-giving blood;
Of my Saviour possess'd,
I was perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fullness of God.—*C. Wesley.*

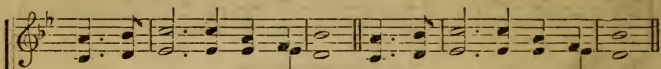
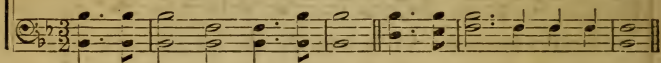
ROCK OF AGES. 7s (6 lines).

"But the Lord is my defence, and my God is the rock of my refuge."

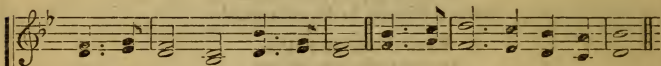
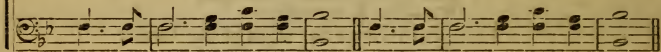
R. T. HASTINGS.



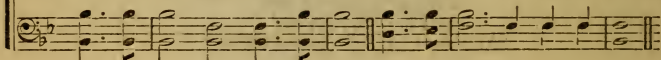
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee:



Let the water and the blood, From thy wounded side which flowed,



Be of sin the perfect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.



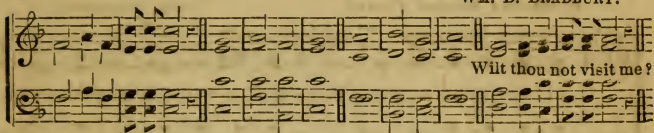
No. 286.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

WILT THOU NOT VISIT ME?

WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 287. "Our soul waiteth for the Lord. He is our help and our shield."

1 WILT thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy | gentle | dew ;
Each blade of grass I see,
From thy deep earth its quickening | moisture | drew.
Wilt thou not visit me?

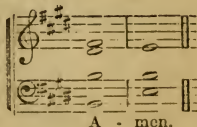
2 Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with | cheering | tone ;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, the voice of | thee a- | lone.
Wilt thou not visit me?

3 Wilt thou not visit me? I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or | grass the | rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to | live a- | gain.
Wilt thou not visit me?

4 Yes! thou wilt visit me :
Nor plant, nor tree, thine eye de- | lights so | well,
As when from sin set free,
Man's spirit comes with thine in | peace to | dwell.
Yes, thou wilt visit me.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(PITCH E.)* OUR Father which art in heaven, Hal-
lowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be
done on earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our
daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
give those who trespass against us. And lead us not
into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is
the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.



* Let the words be deliberately, distinctly, and reverently pronounced by a single voice, or in unison, adding the Amen in harmony parts, as written.

VITAL SPARK. 40th P. M.*First and Second Verses.*

TUNE—"ROSEFIELD."

1. Vi - tal spark of heavenly flame, Quit, O quit this mor - tal frame.

The first system of music is in 4/4 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying, O the pain, the bliss of dying!

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife, And let me languish in - to life.

The third system of music concludes the piece. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

No. 288.

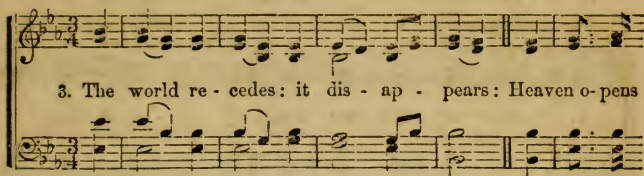
- 2 Hark! they whisper: angels say,—
 Sister spirit, come away!
 What is this absorbs me quite,—
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,—
 Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

• *Small notes for first verse only*

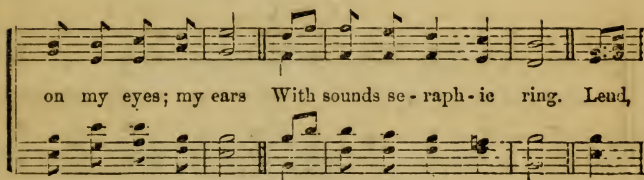
VITAL SPARK. CONCLUDED.

Third Verse.

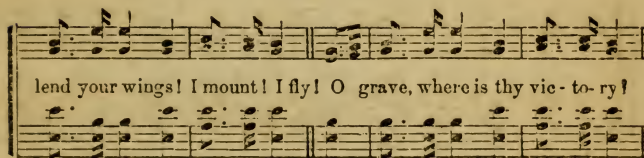
TUNE—"ARIEL."



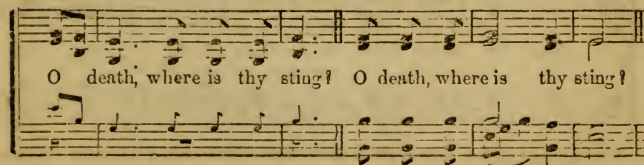
3. The world re - cedes : it dis - ap - pears : Heaven o - pens



on my eyes ; my ears With sounds se - raph - ic ring. Lend,



lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly ! O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry !



O death, where is thy sting ? O death, where is thy sting ?

LOVE BEYOND DEGREE.

"This I did for thee. What hast thou done for me?"*

Slow and expressive.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a treble and bass staff in 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened,

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics "shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened," are written below the treble staff.

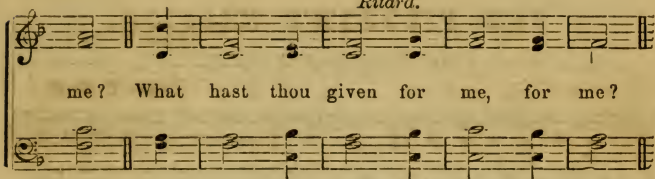
quickened from the dead. I gave my life for

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "quickened from the dead. I gave my life for" are written below the treble staff.

thee, for thee; What hast thou given for me, for

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "thee, for thee; What hast thou given for me, for" are written below the treble staff.

* Motto placed under a print of Christ on the Cross, in the study of a German clergyman. It is said that Count Zindendorf was first taught to love the Saviour by reading this motto.

Ritard.


me? What hast thou given for me, for me?

No. 289.

2 I spent long years for thee,
In weariness and woe,
That one eternity
Of joy thou mightest know.
I spent long years for thee, for thee;
||: Hast thou spent *one* for me, for me?:||

3 My Father's house of light,
My rainbow-circled throne,
I left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
I left it all for thee, for thee;
||: Hast thou left *ought* for me, for me?:||

4 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell.
I suffered much for thee, for thee;
||: What dost thou *bear* for me, for me?:||

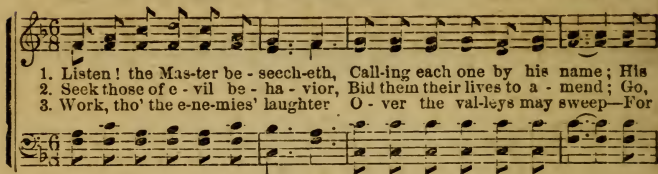
5 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my house above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my long.
Great gifts I brought to thee, to thee;
||: What hast thou *brought* to me, to me?:||

6 Oh, let thy life be given,
Thy years for me be spent,
World fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent.
Give thou *thyself* to me, to me,
||: And I will welcome thee, *yes* thee!:||

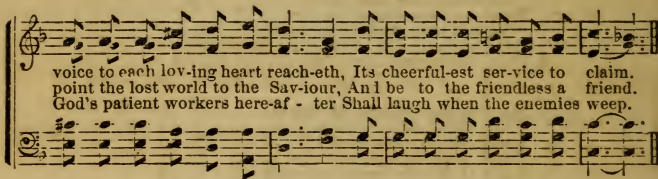
THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

"Go! work to-day in my vineyard."

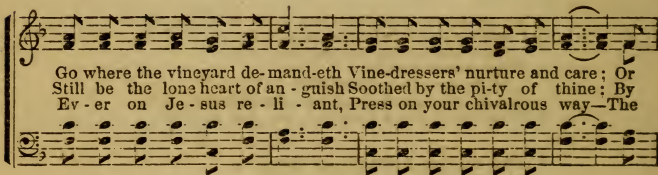
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



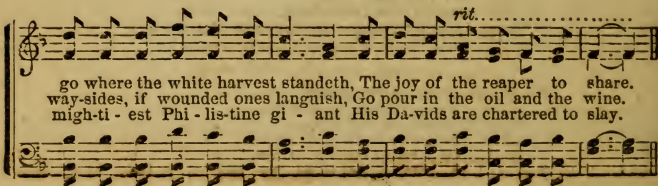
1. Listen! the Mas-ter be - seech-eth, Call-ing each one by his name; His
 2. Seek those of e - vil be - ha - vior, Bid them their lives to a - mend; Go,
 3. Work, tho' the e-ne-mies' laughter O - ver the val-leys may sweep—For



voice to each lov-ing heart reach-eth, Its cheerful-est ser-vice to claim.
 point the lost world to the Sav-iour, And be to the friendless a friend.
 God's patient workers here-af - ter Shall laugh when the enemies weep.

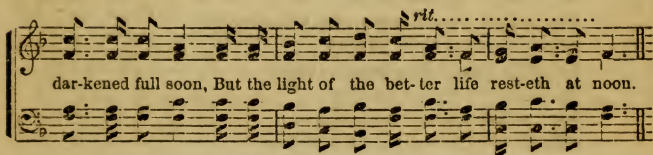
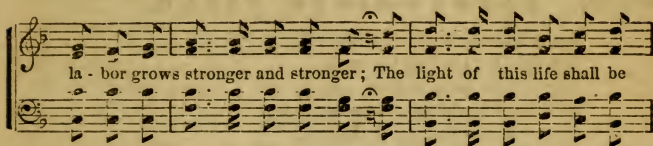
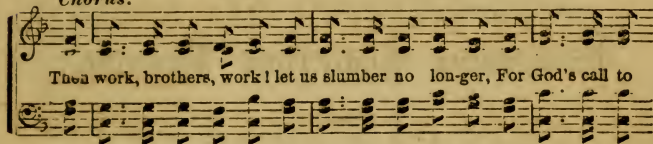


Go where the vineyard de-mand-eth Vine-dressers' nurture and care; Or
 Still be the lone heart of an - guish Soothed by the pi-ty of thine; By
 Ev - er on Je - sus re - li - ant, Press on your chivalrous way—The



rit.
 go where the white harvest standeth, The joy of the reaper to share.
 way-sides, if wounded ones languish, Go pour in the oil and the wine.
 migh-ti - est Phi - lis-tine gi - ant His Da-vids are chartered to slay.

Chorus.



- 4 Work for the good that is nighest;
 Dream not of greatness afar;
 That glory is ever the highest,
 Which shines upon men as they are.
 Work, though the world would defeat you;
 Heed not its slander and scorn;
 Nor weary till angels shall greet you
 With smiles through the gates of the morn.—*Cho.*

- 5 Offer thy life on the altar;
 In the high purpose be strong;
 And if the tired spirit should falter,
 Then sweeten thy labor with song.
 What, if the poor heart complaineth,
 Soon shall its wailing be o'er;
 For there, in the rest which remaineth,
 It shall grieve and be weary no more.—*Cho.*

RESPONSIVE SCRIPTURE READING.

No. 291. NINETY-SIXTH PSALM.

O sing unto the Lord a new song :

Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.

Sing unto the Lord, bless his name :

Shew forth his salvation from day to day.

Declare his glory among the heathen,

His wonders among all people.

For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised :

He is to be feared above all gods.

For all the gods of the nations are idols :

But the Lord made the heavens.

Honor and majesty are before him :

Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of people,

Give unto the Lord glory and strength.

Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name :

Bring an offering, and come into his courts.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness :

Fear before him, all the earth.

Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth :

The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved :

He shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice.

And let the earth be glad :

Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof.

Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein :

Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord ;

For he cometh,

For he cometh to judge the earth :

He shall judge the world with righteousness,

And the people with his truth.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

No. 292.

And God spake all these words, saying :

FIRST COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

We know that an idol is nothing in the world, and that there is none other god but one.—1 Cor. 8 : 4.

SECOND COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of *anything* that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them ; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

We ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device.—Acts. 17 : 29.

THIRD COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Let your yea, be yea ; and your nay, nay ; lest ye fall into condemnation.—James 5 : 12.

FOURTH COMMANDMENT.—Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work : But the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God ; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that is within thy gates : For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it.

The sabbath was made for man, and not man for the sabbath.—Mark 2 : 27.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.—Honor thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Children, obey your parents in all things : for this is well-pleasing unto the Lord.—Col. 3 : 20.

SIXTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not kill.

Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer : and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him.—1 John 3 : 15.

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

*Know ye not that ye are the temple of God ? * * * If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy.*—1 Cor. 3 : 16, 17.

EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not steal.

Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.—1 Cor 6 : 10.

NINTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth.—Eph. 4 : 29.

TENTH COMMANDMENT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.

How hard it is for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God !—Mark 10 : 24.

BEATITUDES.

No. 293.

Blessed are the poor in spirit :
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn :
For they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek :
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness :
For they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful :
For they shall obtain mercy

Blessed are the pure in heart :
For they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers :
For they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake :
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that dwell in thy house :
They will be still praising thee.

Blessed is he that considereth the poor :
The Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation :
For when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life.

The blessing of the Lord it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it.

REVERENCE.

No. 294.

O come, let us worship and bow down : let us kneel before the Lord our maker. For he is our God ; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.
—Ps. 95 : 6, 7.

God is a spirit : and they that worship him, must worship him in spirit and in truth.—Jno. 4 : 24.

The sacrifice of the wicked is an abomination to the Lord : but the prayer of the upright is his delight.—Prov. 15 : 8.

Return, we beseech thee, O God of host : look down from heaven, and behold, and visit this vine.—Ps. 80 : 11.

THANKSGIVING.

No. 295.

Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.—Ps. 149 : 1.

Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.—Eph. 5 : 19.

I will sing of mercy and judgment : unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.—Ps. 101 : 1.
Rejoice in the Lord alway : and again I say, Rejoice.—Phil. 4 : 4.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp ; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.—Ps. 98 : 5.

And I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps ; and they sung, as it were, a new song before the throne.—Rev. 14 : 2, 3.

I will sing of the mercies of the Lord forever : with my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to all generations.—Ps. 89 : 1.

Praise him with the psaltery and harp ; Praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Let every thing that hath breath praise the Lord.

CONSOLING PROMISES OF CHRIST.

No. 296.

Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.

Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you : ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.

He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

It is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.

I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am ye may be also.

And I will give them eternal life, and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hands.

Peace I will leave with you : my peace will give unto you.

They that seek me early shall find me.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard : neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

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